THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Followers After Strange Gods

By JOSEPH G. CANNON
Former Speaker of the House

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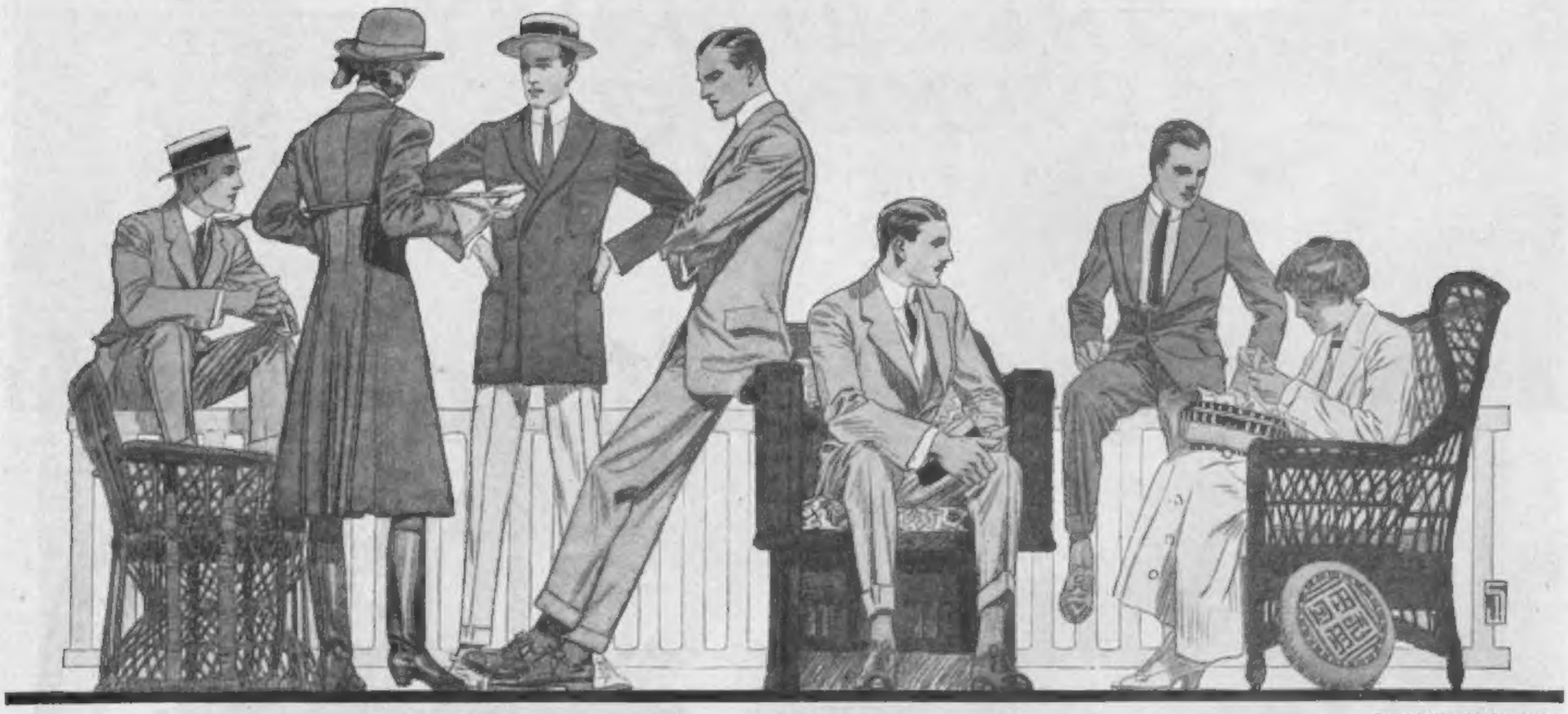

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Followers After Strange Gods

By JOSEPH G. CANNON

FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

CRUSADES for political regeneration come periodically, like other epidemics. They are as different as are the measles, the whooping cough and chicken pox. The crusaders are neither constant nor consistent. Each agitation is for a new idea, with new discoveries of shortcomings in the Government and new remedies.

I speak of these things with the utmost respect, because I have been a victim; and in my youth I sometimes despaired of the Republic and questioned the wisdom of the men who projected it. We had, back in the early fifties, the American or Knownothing movement, so called because none of those engaged in it professed to know anything about it. They were franker than many of their successors in the reform movements we have had since that time, for these gentlemen profess to know all about everything.

The Civil War absorbed the attention of the citizenship; but even then we had men and newspapers in the North who thought that Lincoln was "too slow and unprogressive" or "too rash and impulsive"; and so much did they think alike on the central idea of opposition to Lincoln that they easily compromised their differences on principles to unite in their prejudices in an effort to defeat the reëlection of the Great Emancipator before the war was ended.

Then we had the Liberal movement in 1872, with opponents of nationalism and protection supporting Greeley, the arch-opponent of state rights and free trade, with the assurance that they were the only men in this country governed by principle rather than by prejudice. Next came the Greenbackers, reënforced by the fiat money advocates, who insisted that the Federal Government could coin paper as well as gold and silver, and create wealth by the fiat of law. With them came the Prohibitionists, who believed that they could regulate man's appetite by statute; and the Labor party, which demanded special legislation for a class with the watchword of no class legislation.

The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon

The Jonahs of Politics

A FEW years later we had the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance, which went a step farther than the Greenbackers and insisted that Government deposits should be guaranteed by non-perishable agricultural products, which must have meant fertilizer, as that is the only non-perishable product of agriculture and the one into which all other agricultural products sooner or later resolve themselves.

Then came the Populist party—to reform everything; and a little later the Free Silver party, which was to the Democratic party as the whale was to Jonah until the Lord released him. Now we have the Progressive party, which seems to have almost played the whale to a Republican Jonah for the time being. These reform movements have all been earnest, and perhaps honest, though misguided, in demanding legislative reforms that could not be realized; and after each effort the people behind them found a place in one or another of the old parties.

The last impulsive movement of this kind is more ambitious and, in my judgment, more misguided than all the others, because it does not stop at legislative reform, but goes directly to fundamental principles and seeks to rewrite or destroy the primary law of the country as laid down in the Constitution. In all other efforts the people have been handicapped by tradition or sentiment, veneration or patriotism, or something that made them hesitate to lay violent hands on the Ark of the Covenant. But no tradition or veneration or sentiment has stayed the hands of the latest crusaders of reform; for they would unhesitatingly rewrite the Constitution or do away with it entirely as the fundamental law and convert this Government into a pure democracy, to be swayed like an old-time campmeeting by the fervor of the exhorter rather than by the logic of the ordained minister.

I have had some patience with all former reform campaigns, for in my younger days I had some of the same impulses; and, moreover, had any one of these campaigns succeeded, the experiment could have been undone as quickly and as easily as it was done, when the experiment proved that it was not the panacea for all our political ills. I have little patience with these latter-day reformers who would upset all the developments of more than a century of government by law and return to the old rule of the mob, led by men endowed with superior ability—or, rather, plausibility. Had the Progressive movement of last year succeeded in carrying with it a majority of the people, and had it been lasting enough to have abrogated the Constitution, this country would have been committed to revolution as completely as was France to that which placed that country under the rule of an unrestrained majority and a reign of terror. It would have required years of sanity to undo that work of the wreckers and patiently build up again a foundation of fundamental law.

To a man who has passed half a century in public life in the most strenuous and progressive period of civilization, and who has for nearly forty years had a part in the clash of opposing ideas, sentiment and prejudice in the House of Representatives, which is the clearing house of American policies, there has never been a more dangerous movement in American politics or one more reactionary than this which has caught the eye of many people with the alluring label of the Progressive party.

The Changes of a Generation

I HAVE, as a boy, watched the old weathervane on the barn box the compass in an hour on a gusty April day, and wished I could be as free in my movements and not controlled by the hand of necessity in driving a straight furrow to the end of the field. But after some years of experience I have no desire to see a Government of ninety-one million people modeled after the weathervane, and swing to all points of the compass in response to the zephyrs of impulse and the gusts of sentiment or the whirlwind of passion; to lynch a man in an hour and build a monument to him in the next hour as a hero and a martyr to rumor and prejudice.

No; the Constitution may have been the work of ordinary and even mediocre men, rather than of the great geniuses they are pictured by tradition; but that work is the foundation upon which has been built the greatest superstructure of legislative enactment, executive administration and judicial decision that has ever been known in civilization. I am not willing to see without protest government by dynamite, either by mistaken labor leaders or by other mistaken enthusiasts, who would apply the dynamite theory and blow up the foundation of a government by the people. I object to such methods, even though the wreckers may be as wise as Solomon, as devoted to the people as Brutus professed to be, or as virtuous as pictured in their own prospectuses.

I have seen this country develop under that Constitution so as to make the United States the marvel of the world and the model of free government everywhere, even in the Orient. I am old enough to have seen the railroads cross the Alleghany Mountains and spread like a spiderweb over the whole continent—to carry the products of the West to the seaboard more economically for the people than they could be exchanged in New England before this era of steam.

I have seen the reaper and mower, the gangplow and the whole revolution in agriculture by labor-saving machinery. I have seen the telegraph and the telephone when they were looked upon as experiments; the electric railroad and the electric power-plant development; and I was ridiculed as a reckless spendthrift legislator when I helped make considerable appropriations to aid Professor Langley in his experiments with the flying machine.

I have seen great discoveries in science and medicine that benefited the whole people in the years since I left North Carolina with my parents and heard my mother cry out, "Goodby, civilization!" because we were emigrating to the West. And I have seen greater development, not only of enterprise but also of education, charity and benevolence, by the people, as a whole, through the agency of the state and also by the efforts of the individual, than had developed before in all the years from Moses to the time when I was born!

I may be a little old-fashioned, a little wedded to the past, but I like to ride in an automobile; and when I engage a chauffeur I look to his familiarity with the machine and how it is made, rather than to his ability to toot a horn and turn on all the power to surprise and scatter the crowd with his nerve and speed. And in government I prefer a chauffeur who can turn a corner without skidding against the curb and wrecking the machine. The auto is a progressive machine and a promoter of business or funerals—it depends on the chauffeur!

In a government of the people and by the people there must of necessity be political parties to express the will of the people touching national policies. It has been so from the beginning and will be so to the end. There have been two great parties, under varying names, since the Government was founded, and for more than sixty years these parties have been under the names Republican and Democrat. The Democratic party is now in full power and has full responsibility for legislation. That party represents the will of the people by a constitutional majority, and the change has come without any manifestation of passion or revolutionary protest. We all accept President Wilson as our President and the Democratic Congress as our Congress, to make the laws and administer them. No better evidence could be presented that the American people are capable of self-government.

No one wishes the present Administration success more than I do, for the success of the Government represents the success of the people. That is what we are all striving for; and we shall all wait with patience to see whether the Democratic party, in carrying out its policies, can give greater prosperity more diversified among the people, greater peace and happiness, than followed the enactment of Republican policies. If they can succeed in doing this they will have long life and deserve it. There is, however, wise caution in King Ahab's advice to the King of Syria: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

There have been two great questions on which the American people have divided, and these two questions naturally created two great political parties. These questions were the extension of slavery into the national territory and the revenue policy. Both were fundamental. Other questions were secondary.

One of these questions has been settled—at great cost it is true, but in a way that no one now would have changed. The whole country has developed and prospered under the new freedom of men that could not have been under the old system of slavery. No one has more happily expressed the advantages of this change than did President Harrison in his inaugural address, when he said: "Mill fires were lighted at the funeral pile of slavery. The emancipation proclamation was heard in the depths of the earth as well as in the sky; men were made free and material things became our better servants."

An Era of Swift Expansion

MY HONORED friend, the leader of the majority in the House, Mr. Underwood, can testify to the force of this expression. I understand that the great industrial city where he has his home is the best illustration of mill fires lighted at the funeral pile of slavery that can be found in the country; for the iron ore, coal and limestone which give life to that city had lain for a hundred years under a cotton plantation, and that wealth was not brought to the surface until the emancipation proclamation was heard in the depths of the earth to make these factors better servants than had been slavery.

While I rejoice in the new development and prosperity of the South, and also of the East, let me briefly call attention to the development which came, with a force never before witnessed anywhere, by reason of the abolition of servile labor, by the granting of homesteads for the people on the National domain, and under the Republican policy of protection. We have some people now who fear the Government has been too liberal and has wasted its public land; but I can remember when the Government practically could not give away lands that are now worth two hundred dollars an acre. We have given away millions of acres of the public lands; but we have by so doing built up an empire in little more than half a century that could not have been developed in a thousand years under the old régime, and we have made men more of an asset than mere land. The map of the United States today, as compared with the map in the geographies when I was a boy, tells the story more graphically; and so do the reports of the Census Office.

When I left North Carolina to find a home in the West my map of the United States had little but Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as the West; and beyond the Mississippi River was marked the Great American Desert, the Staked Plains and the Rocky Mountains—a country of which few men knew anything. The United States was then practically east of the Mississippi River. There were but two states west of the Mississippi River—Missouri and Arkansas. Our total population was seventeen millions, with less than four millions west of the Alleghany Mountains. But today we have ninety-one million people in the United States, and forty-five millions of them are in that territory which was then called the West and the unexplored country beyond.

Why, in 1860 we had but thirty-one million people in this country, and only eleven millions west of the Alleghanies. We encouraged and protected manufacture and agriculture; we passed homestead laws; gave public lands to the people and to aid in the construction of the Pacific railroads. This legislation covered the whole country and gave an impetus to every kind of industrial development; and, with the settlement of the old question checking the extension of slavery, it made the East a center of manufacture and the Great American Desert and the Staked Plains the granary of the world. Even the mountain fastnesses have been converted into gardens, and millions of enterprising people there are still unable to estimate their wealth and opportunity.

I have no regret for the liberality of the Government in giving away public lands, for this liberality brought such results as would not have been recorded in many generations under the old policy of having the Government hoard its public lands and wait for purchasers. The losses to the Government were relative. The railroads and the homesteads were tremendous factors in the building of a nation; and today nearly one-half of our Western people are there, making two-thirds of all the wealth taken from the soil and two-fifths of all the manufactured products of this country. Yes; the Government has been liberal and liberally has it been rewarded.

We were liberal in our immigration policy, and millions of men and women from every civilized country under the sun took advantage of that liberal policy to come here and become American citizens. Who can look over this American commonwealth and tell from whence came the blood of the great body of the American citizenship? We have developed men from those who here first learned the meaning of the word manhood; and we have developed industry, skill, enterprise and intelligence in keeping with American citizenship. It is in this new West that we have the lowest percentage of illiteracy to be found in the United States. When I am inclined to grow pessimistic after reading some of the wailings and criticisms of latter-day economists and reformers, I take down the map of the United States and a volume of the census reports, and find there the realization of the wildest dreams of the greatest optimists who ever lived; and I am satisfied that the mistakes of the past were, after all, rather fortunate mistakes.

This marvelous development of the West, however, demoralized agricultural conditions in the East and in the older countries across the sea. It demoralized the Western people, too, for a time, because they could not measure their own opportunities with older conditions that prevailed elsewhere. The opening of the new prairie lands of the West made competition in the East embarrassing, and sent millions of acres in New England, the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic states back to the wild lands and abandoned farms.

The House of Representatives, where the membership is based on population, tells the story of our development as a nation. In 1840, when I went to the West, the old South had ninety-eight representatives; New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania had one hundred and twelve, and all the country west of the Alleghany Mountains had only thirty-two. Today, in the same grouping, the Old South has one hundred and nine representatives, the East one hundred and twenty-four, and the West two hundred and two; and there are one hundred and fifteen members now in the House who come from states that were unknown in 1840.

The statesmen in the Washington of that day, while talking about "fifty-four-forty or fight," had not yet determined that the Oregon country was worth keeping. Notwithstanding the explorations of Lewis and Clark in the early part of the nineteenth century, there were men in Congress in 1840 who insisted that the Rocky Mountains marked our western boundary, and that a statue of the fabled god Terminus should be planted there to warn our people against tempting fate by trying to go farther.

General Frémont had not then set out on his exploration of the West; and the old missionary, Marcus Whitman, had not made that memorable ride from Walla Walla down across Utah and Colorado and through Missouri in the winter, to tell the wise men in the National capital that there were Americans in Oregon who had made their way across the mountains and were beginning to set up housekeeping for themselves with a government under the American flag, but without the recognition of the parent Government. I have seen one-half of the forty-eight states admitted to the Union, and as a member of the House I have helped admit eleven of them.

The Westward Course of Empire

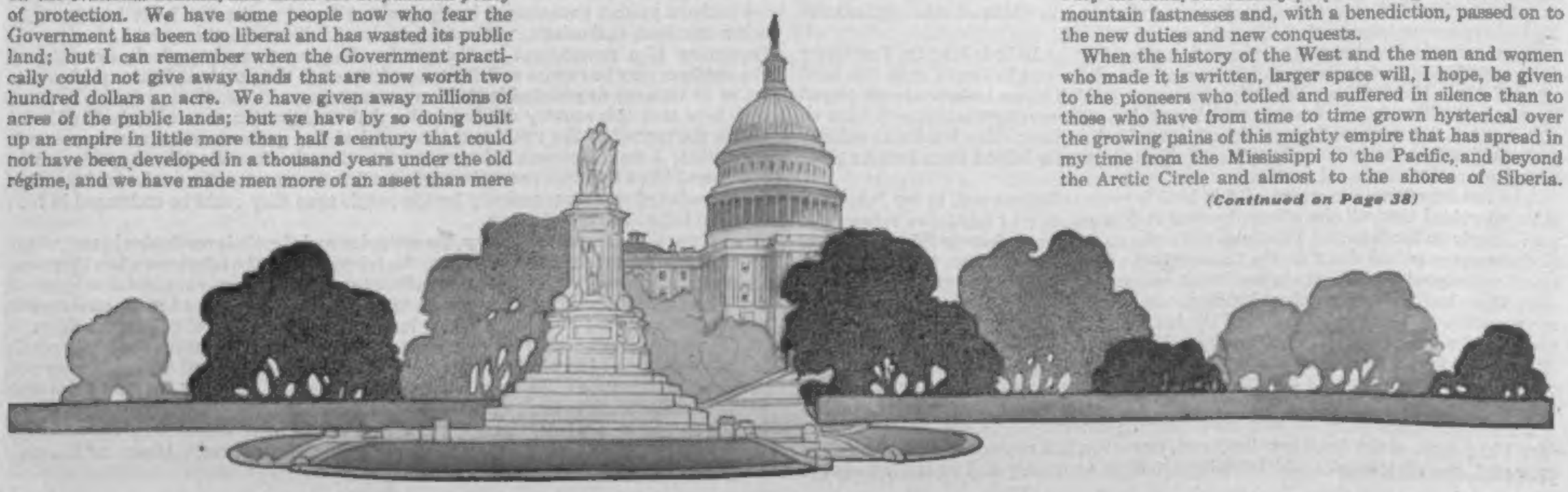
THE West is not all-wise and the demagogues have been as successful there as in the older sections of the country. They have preached new doctrines and are trying some experiments that have failed elsewhere. The people have been too busy to study these questions for themselves; but they will in time, and then they will cease to be gulled by demagogic theories as opposed to practical conditions. I have heard much talk about progress and progressive ideas and policies in the last few years; but I have seen no better evidences of progress than were manifest by the pioneers who peopled the West and created an empire greater and richer than was the whole nation, which at that time gave more of discouragement than of aid to their progressive efforts.

I have heard in Congress some of the men who aided in that first progressive Western movement denounced as reactionaries. They cannot protest, because they are dead; but that is the way of progress—in the hurry to get forward we fail to note the work of the front rank who blazed the trail and opened the way for the newer Progressives. When I see men beat the air and grow hysterical about progressive policies I am tempted to call their attention to the great picture that fills the wall space over the western stairway of the House wing of the Capitol, which portrays the progress of their forbears who went out and conquered the West. I have never been schooled in the arts, but to me that picture is one of the most inspiring paintings I have ever seen. I have passed it these many years; and I have never failed to look up at those heroic men and women who moved westward, scaling the Rocky Mountains, which some of those in Congress marked as the boundary the Almighty had placed there to limit the adventurous spirit of the American and forever fix the western confines of the Republic.

Those progressive spirits of the past did not make the air vibrate with lamentations, but with shouts of encouragement as the stalwart youths planted the flag on the higher cliffs to inspire with courage the women and children who were toiling up the path to find a way to the golden Pacific beyond. They did not even tarry long to bury the dead, but silently prepared the grave there in the mountain fastnesses and, with a benediction, passed on to the new duties and new conquests.

When the history of the West and the men and women who made it is written, larger space will, I hope, be given to the pioneers who toiled and suffered in silence than to those who have from time to time grown hysterical over the growing pains of this mighty empire that has spread in my time from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and beyond the Arctic Circle and almost to the shores of Siberia.

(Continued on Page 38)



THE SWEETEST SWEETMEAT

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

She Was an Automatic Doll Wound to Its Tightest

SPRING wears as many guises as Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. In the country she is a fay in drifting green draperies and apple blossoms, and dances to the music of trilling waters released from the bondage of ice. Her perfumes are distilled from the hearts of just-born lilacs and pale anemones. Her song, which rises over the tops of trees and out over new-turned meadows, is of love.

In the city she appears in a tan tailor-made suit, with a sprig of windowsill geranium in her lapel buttonhole, and brown walking shoes that clack smartly on the asphalt sidewalks. Her perfumes are the warming city smells and her music the cab horn; but her song, which rises over the tops of thirty-five-story skyscrapers and occasionally drifts down into the cañons of humanity, is of love.

One day she strolled down the thoroughfare of Twenty-third Street, smiling—as is her wont—right and left. Madison Square Park suddenly gave out the smell of rising sap; sparse, crescent-shaped tulip beds and park benches bloomed in an hour; truck-drivers folded their coats underneath the wagonseats and whistled as they rattled over the cobbles.

Just opposite the plot of Madison Square Park the Rainbow Candy Shop let down its red-and-white-striped awning, removed the pink gauze coverings from the ceiling fans; and the prophetic soda-water fountain doubled its ice-cream order and took on another clerk.

So much for spring—except that when Mr. Charley Sparrow, at the soda fountain, and Miss Delia Bonsack, behind her trays of fresh caramels and still-warm chocolate kisses, sniffed of the rising sap and the metamorphosed out-of-doors, they smiled across the aisle at each other. In Delia's eyes was the delicious weariness of spring, and Charley hitched his shoulders as if the woolens of winter were pricking him, body and soul.

"Say, Charley," cried Delia, tapping with a small silver hammer a slab of molasses taffy into small chunks, "what you serving over there these days for that tired feeling?"

Charley slid into his white-duck coat with silver buttons and "Rainbow" stitched in red letters across the corners of the collar, tore the tissue-paper wrappings off a lemon and placed it lightly atop an inverted tumbler.

"How'd a grape-juice phosphate suit you, Delia? Babies cry for it and it is swell for the voice."

"Aw, no! Mix me a Cupid Sundae, Charley, with plenty of marshmallow cream on top. I didn't even have time for breakfast this morning."

"Anything your little heart desires; but, say, I got a swell new one, Delia!"

"What?"

"The Angel Dip! I guess that's bad—it popped into my head after I left your house last night. Gee! If I'd stick to this job I'd make something out of this here counter!"

Delia flashed her radiant eyes and teeth across the aisle and dusted her hands by clapping them lightly together.

"That's dandy! Let me have one of them. When the fellow that had the fountain before you was here we used to think up fine ones too—the Cherry Flip, the Egg Julep, and things like that. The Angel Dip! Honest, Charley, you are real bright."

Down toward the bargain candies Miss Ella Rhinegold raised her autumn face from over a tray of peanut bars.

"The Angel Dip!" she repeated in a voice the frost might have nipped. "That's an old one! I seen it last summer pasted on all the mirrors in the Schuyler stores—'Angel Dip—fifteen cents!'"

Charley plunged a cone-shaped mould into a tub of shaved ice, withdrew it deftly, turned a small key at the apex of the inverted cone, and its replica in ice cream came out sleek.

"Listen to the joykiller!" he cried. "Say, Ella, I bet if I'd discover the North Pole you'd say the Rollins Sporting Goods Company, next door, had been selling them same poles all summer!"

"If you'd say you invented the original gasbag, Charley, I'd believe you."

"Then I'd sure explode!" said Charley, murdering repartee and the king's English at a stroke.

"That joke was used at Noah's funeral," retorted Ella.

"Quit your fussing, you and Ella! Honest, you're always picking at each other."

"How that girl loves me!" said Charley, clapping the palm of his hand against his cheek.

Ella's retort was irrelevant.

"Haven't them butterscotches come up yet, Delia?" she asked.

"No."

"Watch me make this dip, Delia. Say, if I'd 'a' thought I'd 'a' named it the Delia Dip."

She chirped out a laugh. "What's it like?"

"I thought I'd make it a regular ten-cent raspberry sundae, add a frill of whipped cream and put it in the fifteens."

"Oh, Charley!" she exclaimed, shaking a small wooden tub of bonbons into a tray in much the fashion that coals from a scuttle are heaped on the fire. "How can you think up such dandy things! I guess you're just like me when it comes to cooking—it just comes sort of natural to you."

"I don't know," confessed Charley, adding an extra daub of marshmallow cream. "I got a knack for doing almost anything. If I'd stick to this business I'll bet I'd double it in a month! Things pop into my head just like that!"

"Pop! Pop! Just like that!
Tra-la! Tra-la! Just like that!"

Delia snapped her fingers, tossed her head backward and sang in a voice as inspired as the theme of her ballad.

"You and Charley must think this is amateur night at the Fourteenth Street—the trade'll be here in a minute."

"Wait till you see the neat little song and dance me and Delia are working up, Ella—maybe that'll thaw your grouch."

"Tush!" said Delia. "I'd like to see myself work for any man!"

Charley crossed the aisle, and deposited his elaborate concoction on a small stand behind the counter. His back was at a careful angle to Ella, his voice carefully out of her reach.

"Little peach!" he said, regarding Delia with warmly insolent eyes.

"Gee, ain't you fresh!" she said, gouging a delicate spoonful out of the cream and drawing it off the tip with a pretty sucking motion.

"I think you're the real thing, all right!"

"Yes you do!" she said. "What about the little girl in the green hat who comes in here every day?"

"Aw, Delia, ain't I told you she's just my cousin?"

"I was only foolin', Charley."

A warm rush of air came in through the open doorway and lifted the curls about her ears.

"Get out of that draft, Delia," he said solicitously. "You'll catch a cold."

"Gee!" she said with dulcet quality in her tones. "Me and Melba can't be too careful."

"You think I'm kiddin', don't you? If I'm willing to get up an act with you, ain't that proof enough you've got the voice? Say, I'm a live one—I am. If I hadn't come along you'd be sellin' candy till the dentists found a cure for sweet tooth."

"Believe me, I ain't so stuck on selling candy; but I ain't cut out for play-actin'—honest, I ain't.

"With your looks and cute way of singing and all! Why, girl, I'm a pretty neat little dancer myself; but you're almost in my class."

"I—I'm going to ask him when he comes in today, all-righty, Charley. It's like you say—there isn't any harm in it, is there?"

"Harm! A girl with a nobby singing voice like yours! What if he does run the swellest café and cabaret in town—you can deliver the goods! Why, I'd ask him myself if a girl couldn't get it over with him easier."

"He's a nice man and he's always got a jolly for me; but I—I just feel kinda funny about askin' him. It ain't like I'd ever done anything in that line—if you hadn't heard me humming that day I never would 'a' ever known I could act!"

"Gee, it's easy, Delia! All you got to do is say: 'Mr. Latz, me and a friend of mine got a highclass singin'-and-dancin' act, strictly original; and we want to know if you'll give us a chance to try it out in your café—you having such a swell place and all.' We got a great chance if you do it right, Delia. I'd 'a' been a headliner long ago if I'd 'a' ever had your pull. I've always bucked up against the little fellows that didn't know a good act when they seen it. Why, we ought to get sixty a week on a turn like that—we—you and me, Delia. And then, honey, guess the rest!"

A riotous pink flamed into her face.

"Oh, Charley—as if I know what you mean!"

"I know what I'm talking about, too, Delia. The Sparrows—Song-and-Dance Artists! I guess that's bad."

She regarded him with eyes the color of wood violets.

"Those songs we practiced last night and my dances 'll go anywheres, Dellie. All you need is a little nerve. I tell you they were crazy about my steps up at the hotel last summer."

"Ain't I the limit!" she admitted. "I get so scared and tired—and everything."

"That's just because it's new. Gee! There was a girl down at the beach last summer—and maybe she wasn't crazy about me, too! She wanted me to go in with her in the worst way; but not much—it didn't look good to me."

"Why?"

"She had a singin' act that couldn't touch ours and not half your voice; but that there girl could practice three hours without stopping. I learned her all the swell songs she knew too; and she landed a thirty-dollar job with a stunt that couldn't even touch ours."

"Honest?"

"Sure! I could join her act tomorrow if I wanted to."

"Well, I'll do it, Charley," she said softly. "I'll ask him."

"That's the way to talk, Delia."

"I guess it's all in what you're cut out for. Now give me a needle and I can sew standing up; or put me in the kitchen and I can putter and putter, and never get tired."

"Don't let him know you're scary, Dellie. Go at him like you meant business."

"I'll do it all-righty."

"Tell him we got the goods to show, hon!"

Delia ran a small shovel into a mound of bonbons and rained them out again.

"I'll tell him we got the goods to show," she repeated.

The day's trade began to flow into the shop—a steady side stream from the surge of the sidewalk. Charley hurried back to his counter. All morning the Vichy spigot hissed and fizzed into tall glasses; two large nickel-plated urns sent up steady and graceful curls of gray steam; twice the fruit mounds at each end of the counter were depleted and twice restored. Charley sliced lemons into halves and mashed them dry in a patent device, nestled maraschino cherries into the cold hearts of fancy ices, plunged twin straws into frappéd glasses of orangeade, and concocted phosphates as translucent as topaz.

Toward noon the lineup on the revolving stools before the counter doubled, the spigots hissed faster, and Charley's smile across the aisle became less frequent. Only semioccasionally, in the confusion of heads and millinery between him and the candy counter, could he glimpse Delia as she nipped various sweets from this tray and that, assorted them in fanciful boxes, slipped notes beneath the lace-paper coverings, wrapped the boxes in glazed paper, and bound them crisscross fashion with gold twine.

Once, during the process of fitting a tall silver shaker over the mouth of a glass and mixing a milk chocolate to its proper frothiness, Charley caught her eye and held it for the briefest second—and the springtime in their blood sizzed as merrily as the spigots.

Ella folded a pasteboard box together and lined it with oiled tissue-paper.

"Say, Delia, if he looks over at you much longer that milk chocolate will be churned to butter."

"I should care!"

"This must be his slow day—I ain't seen the green hat or any of his regulars."

Delia flushed.

"Aw, Ella, forget it!"

"Sure, I'll forget it. Soda-water Charley don't leave no roses on my doorstep every morning —— Pay the cashier, madam."

"Charley's a real nice boy."

"With the brains of an insect and those lady-killin' airs of his! He couldn't fool round me if he was the king hisself."

"I don't see him tryin' to make you change your mind —— Caramels, madam?"

Delia stepped to a small speaking tube, pursed her lips against the mouthpiece and whistled.

"Send up a tray of caramels—and some cocoanut balls too, while you're about it. Aw, quit your kiddin' down there, Eddie, and get busy—I'm waiting!"

Then she smiled across the counter—and Charley broke an egg into a glass, added a spoonful of cocoa and a heavy dash of milk, clapped his shaker atop and mixed it until his evenly parted hair fell into his eyes and the red mounted up above his ears.

"Well, you got to admit he's a real nice-looking boy, Ella."

"Yes, but his own sister told me he didn't care for nothing but hisself. He's a pretty enough fellow, but blond men never were my style."

"Aw, Ella, you don't say a man's pretty—you say handsome! Forty cents, madam. They're still warm. Pay the cashier, please."

"Handsome!" said Ella, lining a ribbon-mounted box with chocolate peppermints.

Suddenly Delia colored the pink of pale coral, leaned her ten fingers lightly on the counter and smiled across a mound of pineapple slices.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Latz! Is it warm enough for you?"

Mr. Latz removed his hat and mopped at the inside leather band. He was large and ruddy-faced, with hair the shade of wet brown gravel and a corresponding mustache that curled pleasantly upward with his mouth. His eyes, behind heavy-lens glasses, had the peculiar translucence of a cistern when you look to its bottom.

"Looks like summer beat spring this year—don't it, girlie?"

"It sure does," agreed Delia.

He placed a hand on each lapel and smiled at her. His hands were large and firm, with a ring on his right third finger—a seal with a gold monogram engraved upon it.

"Anything new in favors today, little one?"

"Yes, Mr. Latz; we got in a new line this morning. Mr. Fred called up from the wholesale and said to be sure and show you these here little automobiles—they got 'em made up in gross already. They are the very latest. Look! Ain't they the niftiest little souvenirs you ever seen? You can have the name put right here on the side. And see how the top comes off, and that little place for bonbons underneath the seat—ain't it cute?"

Mr. Latz revolved the trifle in his hand and inspected the details critically. He exhaled a genial atmosphere of fresh-smelling soap and buoyancy of the flesh.

"It's put up cheap," he remarked.

"With that gold paper and all! That's the best-quality souvenir we make, Mr. Latz. And look! Mr. Fred said to show you these here hats—ain't they sweet? Two dollars a dozen! They sell for forty cents apiece out of stock. And see this little pickaninny! Honest, I laughed and laughed when I unpacked him. No, it don't work that way; there's the place for the candy—up in his head—see!"

"You tell Fred, if he can let me have 'em for twenty dollars a gross, to send me up a couple of mixed cases."

"Yes, sir. I'll tell him," she replied, replacing the favors in their glass showcase. "Anything else I can do for you, Mr. Latz?"

The propitious moment deepened the color in her cheeks. She glanced across the aisle. Charley was rinsing glasses beneath the counter; she could see the curve of his white-duck back.

"Wait on the lady first, little one. I'm in no hurry!"

"A pound of nougat, madam? Yes'm! Pay the cashier, please."

Mr. Latz followed her down the counter to the nougat trays. His glasses seemed to trouble him—he pushed them up and then down along the bridge of his nose.

"You're looking mighty sweet today, Miss Delia!"

"That's right, Mr. Latz—kid me along! I bet you're the fellow that put the kid in kiddin'."

He chuckled delightedly and smiled until his even upper and lower teeth showed to the gums.

"Smart ain't no name for you!" he cried. "Always got an answer for a fellow!"

"Oh, I'm a Weissenheimer twin, all right!" she said.

"What's the best candy you put up here, sister?"

"Eighty cents, Mr. Latz."

"Five pounds, little one, in the neatest box you got."

She selected a circular, pink-satin affair, padded like a jewel case and surmounted with a huge pompon of pink tulle and satin rosebuds.

"This," she said, "is the box that made candy famous."

"Bless me! She's as tasty as a menu!" he chuckled as he watched her sort her wares—pastel-colored bonbons in fluted paper cups; chocolates wrapped tight in gold and silver foils; roseleaves that might have candied with the dew still trembling on them; violets dripping sweet.

"I'll make a top layer of candied fruits!" she cried. "Look! Isn't that a beauty? It is a Bermuda quince. Aw, no, Mr. Latz; that ain't a peach—it's a pear."

"I know one little peach, all-righty," he said.

"Well, of all the nerve!" she replied, covering the top with a lace mat. "Well, of all the nerve!"

She smiled, however, fitted on the lid, patted the bows into place, and wrapped the box carefully in double-thick paper.

"There you are!" she said.

The smiling Mr. Latz moved still farther down the counter.

"Guess who this box of sweets is for, Miss Delia."

"Aw, Mr. Latz, how should I know—gentlemen like you meet so many and all."

"Come now, Miss Dellie, quit your foolin'! Didn't Mr. Fred tell you when he introduced

"Gee, Ain't You Fresh!"

us I was a regular old dodger when it came to the girls? I guess I'm pretty slow!"

"I forgot what he said—honest, I did."

"Guess again who this is for—go on!"

"Aw—your best girl!"

"Right-oh!"

"She'll like those quinces and pears."

"Will she?"

"Yes."

"Guess what my best girl looks like?"

"Say, if I could guess I wouldn't be sellin' candy."

"Three guesses, then."

"Honest, Mr. Latz, I dunno. It ought to take a pretty good looker to match up with you."

"Well, she's got eyes as blue as my grillroom delftware."

"Blue eyes!" repeated Delia.

"And hair the color of wine when it's poured."

"Some hair!" she commented.

"The neatest little figure you ever seen, and dimples big enough to hold a bluepoint!"

"Ain't you simply killing!"

"Now can you guess, little one?"

"Like I could guess!" she insisted. "When a man runs a swell café like you he meets so many."

He shoved the large box across the top of the case with the shamed face of a schoolboy.

"Take it," he said—"it's for you."

Delia edged up the counter a bit.

"Oh!" she cried. "Honest, it ain't right for me to take it, Mr. Latz."

"It's all right, Miss Delia," he urged—"just a little passin' trifle—that's all. Lordy, if you could 'a' heard me the day Fred brought me in here! The minute I clapped eyes on you across the counter, I says: 'Fred, who's the little lady!'"

"Honest, Mr. Latz, I don't think I ought to take it."

"Fred like' to toppled over too—he knows I ain't much when it comes to skirts."

"You going and doing a thing like this for me!"

"Tush," he said—"that's nothing to what I'd like to do."

"Honest?"

"Sure! I'd cut a slice of Camembert square out of the moon for you."

She leaned across the counter.

"All right, then, Mr. Latz. I'm goin' to ask you something—if you can do it, all right; and if you can't, all right too."

He struck the counter delightedly with his fist.

"That's the way I like to hear you talk; that's what I'm here for—to please little ladies like you! Go as far as you like, little one! What'll you bet I'll say yes?"

"You won't think I got nerve?"

"You—not in a thousand years!"

"Well, you see it's this way, Mr. Latz: One of my friends heard me singing the other day, and he—well, he thinks I got the voice; and he's one swell dancer, and we're sick of this here business; and—well, we got a stunt we think would go fine in a restaurant—in a cabaret show like yours."

"Oho!" said Mr. Latz with a flat note in his voice and waggling his forefinger at her. "That's what's got you, is it? You keep such nonsense out of your little head. You're better off right here."

"Oh, I'm not asking for anything, Mr. Latz. All we want is for you to look at our stunt, and if you like it well enough, give us a chance."

"I don't have anything to do with that part of it, pussy. I get my acts through an agency. Since this cabaret stuff has got into the business, it's like anything else—they get it down to a fine point."

"Oh!"

"I'd like to give you the chance if you want it, little one; but blamed if I know anything about it. I might send you down to my man, Sorloff, if that'll do you any good."

"Mr. Latz—if you would!"

Delia's eyes lighted and she drew the box toward her. Mr. Latz struck his palms together.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, just to show you my heart's in the right place. You let me see your little act and if it's a go I'll take you on my next week's bill myself, and book for a number less at the office. We change bills every month anyway."

"It's a singing-and-dance act, Mr. Latz," she explained in one breath—"all new stuff too."

"It's got to be first-class for my place, pussy. I got a menu card that adds up as stiff as the best in New York, and I got to give them trimmings to match."

"My friend's a swell dancer, Mr. Latz. He used to be a lifesaver down at Rockaway Beach last summer, and the folks at the hotel were always having him up to do specialty dances for their entertainments and all."

He leaned his elbow on the convex curve of a glass candy case.

"Cut out the teamwork, pussy—you're neat enough to do a single and get away with it. You drop in at the café tomorrow evening at eight and let me hear you. Meanwhile change your mind if you can. It's a good business to keep out of, Miss Dellie."

"Oh, Mr. Latz!" she cried. "Alone! Why, I—couldn't."

He smiled and regarded her with a caress in his kindly eyes. She leaned across the counter, her June face close to the smile—her breath might have been the perfume of that same June.

"It's my friend," she explained. "He's the one that got it up and all. He's the best ——"

"I'll try you for a week single, little one; then maybe we'll think about doubles. Teams ain't strong cards, somehow."

"Then—then maybe I could send—my friend—alone?"

"It's the pretty little girls that get them, pussy."

"Oh!"

"You ain't mad, are you?"

"Oh, no—you're awfully good!"

"If you want to come tomorrow evening, come in at the carriage side and give the doorman this card. My office is just behind the main dining hall. You think it over."

"Yes," she said, trying to smile down her chagrin.

"Eight—prompt?"

"Muffle the last stroke of the clock and I'll be there to take its place," she said.

Mr. Latz left her with a smile still curving his lips. Out on the sidewalk he paused and looked in through the plate-glass window. He could see her curls and the sepia-like outline of her profile in relievo against a blue-and-white barricade of candy boxes. He stood for a time regarding her doings; then the high tide swept him on.

Delia turned to the trade with the flush gone from her cheeks. A young man bristling with springtime and a new mustache ran a careful eye along the rows of sweets.

"Something dainty, miss—about five pounds—lots of these pink heart-shaped ones and some of those chocolate creams, and—er—some more pink ones."

"I Bet You're the Fellow That Put the Kid in Kiddin'"

Delia reached beneath the counter and came up with a pink-and-green heartshaped box, with a violent, pink-and-green cupid painted on the top.

"Bully!" cried the young man, slapping a gray suède glove across the palm of his bare hand. Across the counter their eyes met, and they smiled the smile of spring and understanding.

"Those green peppermints would make a nice top layer," volunteered Delia, with tongs poised over the tray.

"I'll leave it to you," said the young man, fluttering a bill to the counter and watching her flit—like a bee that knows its honey—from tray to tray.

"Pay the cashier, please," said Delia, scribbling her slip.

From across the square, the clock in the Metropolitan Tower chimed a solemn six; a violet-colored dusk came reluctantly. Out before the plate-glass windows arc lights began to sputter and seethe and then settle into a hard white gleam; street cars passed in slow and steady procession; electric signs sprang out against the sky; men with tired faces, tired souls and evening papers hurried to the subway hoods. Delia took down her new straw sailor from its hook and spread a careful layer of powder over her chin and nose.

"Good night, Ella!" she said.

"Good night!" replied her friend, with eyes on the circular package in the curve of Delia's arm.

A discreet second later Charley slid out of his white coat and clapped on his crush hat. He caught Delia at the opposite curb and linked his arm in hers.

"Well, hon," he cried, "did you spring it?"

"Yes."

They turned their faces toward the East River.

"He—he can't use us both, Charley. He says he can try me alone tomorrow night, but he says men singles ain't what he can use."

"He's crazy!" volunteered Charley. "Did you tell him your friend was the swellest little dancer he'd ever seen? Did you tell him I won the Tango prize at Rockaway last summer? I'll bet you only talked about yourself to him."

"I did tell him too; but he knows what he's talking about—and—I guess we'd better stick where we're at. He says it ain't much of a business, Charley."

"Aw, Dell, what's the use listening to that? They all say it. Wouldn't we stand a swell show of getting anywhere on my ten per! I'll bet he can't get a better Tango dancer in this town than me. If I had the pull I'd show 'em all!"

"Mr. Fred raised the last boy to fifteen after the first month, Charley."

"Nix on the soda-water business for me—you can have it if you want it, but not for mine! If we get an act that'll pay good I'll have a cinch of it then. Of course if you don't care—that's different."

"I—care; only you know, Charley, how Ella says you acted to that girl, Mae Pope. You was crazy about her when you thought she could sing; and then when she fell down on it you dropped—you got mad at her."

He flushed angrily.

"Ain't I told you how that happened often enough! That girl never had the talent of a flea—of course, if you want to listen to a old maid like ——"

"Aw, Charley, can't you take a joke!"

"You little tease!" he said—"just as if Mae Pope was in your class!"

They walked in silence.

"I got to hurry, Charley. Mrs. Snuggs gets sore if I'm late for supper."

He turned and looked down into her small face.

"You want to help me—us—along, don't you, Dell?"

"Yes."

"This way, I'm—we're workin', and nothin' to show for it—ain't it?"

"Well?"

"You go there tomorrow night, honey, and show him your part of the act; and if you get that over and go on for a week it'll be easy for me to come in on it later—see? You can strike him for twenty per easy in a single, Delia."

"Oh, Charley—I can't do nothin' alone."

He squeezed her arm and looked down into her face.

"I can get a dozen little girls to do it for me, but none of 'em look good enough. Honest, Dellie—you got the chance to sing in the swellest cabaret in town now, and if you do it right you can get me in on it too, honey! Why—why, there ain't nothin' it can't lead to, girl."

"Oh, Charley!" she said, clinging to his arm.

He patted the hand that lay in the curve of his elbow.

"Ain't it worth it, honey? Will you do that much for me—us?"

"I—yes."

"I'll be over tonight after supper and we'll fix up your part for a single—just you keep me out of it for the first week. You do swell in a single, and then you can fix it up for me."

She swallowed hard and smiled.

"All right," she said. "I'll fill in with the Chocolate-Cream Song."

"Sure!" he cried. "And after you're in it, it'll be easy for me."

"Oh, look!" she cried suddenly. "There's a little yellow flower growing between the bricks—ain't it sweet?"

"Silly baby!" said Charley. "That's only a little weedy dandelion."

The Café l'Art faced that part of Broadway which has the driest palate and the fattest purse. It was bounded by theaters, hotels and more cafés, façaded with electric lights, and set like a too-large jewel on the turbulent bosom of Broadway. A sultan would have marveled at it and bought it for the winter palace of his favorite sultana.

Even before you crossed the threshold, a bouquet of odors was wafted out to greet you—spices and Oriental incense; the smell of fowls still turning on the spit; the smack of fresh wines, stale wines and old wines; the conglomerate of perfume and fumes of flowers and flesh.

Thais, Bacchus, Thespis and Mr. Latz were hosts here.

At eight o'clock Delia sat in the small office adjoining the great dining hall. She could hear a medley of orchestra mingled with singing and talking voices that was like the moiling of a distant and restless sea.

Mr. Latz' office opened off a tapestry-and-cloth-of-gold hallway. It was a nine-by-nine room, with one window, a rolltop desk, a straight and a swivel chair; and on the bare floor was a red tin cuspidor with a gold band.

Delia occupied the straight armchair beside the desk; the roller top was thrown back and she regarded its array—samples of china teacups; a small fanshaped bonbon souvenir, which she recognized; a stack of menu cards; two crystal prisms that might have fallen from a chandelier; files of papers; account books; a wet sponge in a glass dish; the architect's drawing of the interior of Café l'Art, framed and signed; a cold cigar, burned halfway.

When Mr. Latz entered she started so violently that her small black handbag fell to the floor; her lips were pale and dry as if the bloom had been brushed off them.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, stooping to pick up the bag. "Bless my soul, if it ain't the little lady!"

She rose, smiled at him and opened her lips to speak, but her voice was so dry it stuck in her throat; so she smiled again, regarded his evening clothes and the wide plaited shirtfront with three small pearl studs, and raised her eyes timidly to his.

"Why, Mr. Latz!"

He made a great show of pushing the papers back off his desk and seated himself in the swivel chair, before it, with one leg swung over the other.

"Honest, Mr. Latz, I didn't know you without your glasses. Gee, you look grand!" They both colored.

"I been wearing them two years now; but I shed them today for good—the old eyetinker says I'm tiptop on optics now."

(Continued on Page 48)

"If I Had a Pattern I Bet I Could Copy That Pink Dress"

The Wife of the Hero-Worshiped

By May Kavenaugh Warwick

It Has Always Been My Theory That Husband and Wife Should Not Interfere With Each Other's Friendships

WHENEVER I hear a woman say, "I'm the happiest person in the world!" I take a sharp second look at her. I see that she is perhaps a bride, still on that blessed threshold of life the air of which is nectar, the skies of which are blue, and all the vistas roseate; and I send her a little wistful hope that her feet may linger there for a long time yet. Or perhaps she is a person who naturally exaggerates, and then I know she is speaking with especial thankfulness because her husband has lifted the mortgage, or because her child has recovered from a serious illness. And now and then that sharp second look shows me that the woman who is speaking is afraid her happiness is lost, and she says what she does to convince the world—even if she cannot convince herself.

I am the wife of a man who is worshiped by other women. I should be rich beyond the dreams of avarice if I had a dollar for every time women have said to me: "Oh, how fortunate you are to be the wife of your wonderful husband!" They all say it as if it were a brand-new thought. Some of them say it almost affectionately—as if they must appreciate the woman whom their hero has chosen out of all the world; but there are others who say it with a little amazement, as if marveling at what Roderick could have seen in me. And there are a few who say it with an implication that I don't deserve my blessing, and that Roderick must have married me when he was very young—before he had developed; and that if he were taking a wife now he would choose a very different person. I do not know which to prefer—the women who talk to me in that fashion or the women who do not talk to me at all because they have eyes only for Roderick. But you may be very sure that whatever my preferences are they make no impression on these women. They simply do not see me!

Some few years ago there was presented in New York a play called The Concert. The hero was a pianist, a man with that quality warranted to modify domestic happiness which is called temperament. He considered that to do his work well he had to keep his sense of youth and inspiration; he drew this from the admiration of women to which he could respond about as readily as he breathed. Love affairs seemed to be as necessary to him as daily bread. But quite a fundamental necessity also was his wife, a very real person, of infinite tact and patience, and some humor—a woman who went with him on tour, guarded him before the concert, stood in the wings to steady him between numbers, and stood in the background, ignored, when the concert was over and the other women flocked up to worship "the master." She was never invited to the little suppers afterward; she went alone to the hotel and tried to sleep.

When her husband came in he woke her up to tell her all about it and live over his triumph. Then, while he slept, she packed. When he went alone on weekend visits, or to little private concerts, she pretended to be deceived. She was one of those women who play their parts so perfectly that they never show until the very end how long they have stood at the breaking point of endurance. It was a good play and very amusing; but I am willing to wager that in every audience sat several women who, as they viewed it, felt anything but in the mood for laughter.

Beware the Fatal Barytone

WHEN I saw this play I sat behind a young woman whom I had seen in the hotel in which Roderick and I were staying. She was so strikingly pretty that I had asked who she was and had found out a few facts about her. I found out more as I watched her during the play. She wept freely and continuously, so that the girl who was with me said impatiently:

"Whatever is that creature dripping about! The heroine doesn't need such sympathy as all that."

The difference between the two was that the girl was an untutored spectator and the woman had lived! Afterward I came to learn her psychology as well as her story. Her husband was a singer with one of those fatal barytone voices that have all the sweetness of a tenor and all the strength of a basso. I call such a voice fatal because it is infallibly a fashioner of illusion. Those who listen to it, unless they are very callous indeed, are lifted up into a region of romance such as never was on sea or land. The young find that their visions of a perfect love are made more vivid; instinctively they lose their hold on reality, and believe that for them is coming the perfect mate never to live for any one else—not even himself or herself—so long as life lasts. Commend to me romantic love for an inducer of perfect egotism! The middle-aged and even the old, listening to such a voice, will feel a quickening of the blood that leads to a desire to make a last snatch at youth—by ways scrupulous or otherwise. I do not mean to have my daughters come under the spell of such a barytone if I can help it!

This singer's wife had a face quite as wonderful in its way as his voice, and she had an eager intelligence behind the face. She had not lacked for full admiration in the little Western city in which she lived.

"Of course I knew I was pretty," she said to me; "and, being twenty, I believed that beauty could buy everything in life—especially happiness. Now I believe that it is only luck or chance that brings you happiness. When I first heard my husband sing, two years ago, I loved him at first sight and sound. I know now that hundreds of women all over this country must have had precisely the same emotions I had—and I am very sure he knows it. They still do. The difference between them and me is that their emotions die out—or I hope they do—and that mine grew because they were fed; for my husband loved me too."

As she said this last her lovely face took on a soft radiance which showed me that romance could never quite desert her so long as she had that man and that voice.

"Of course I was flattered by his attention," she said, "which was immediate and absorbing. The other girls hovered over him; but he saw nobody except me. There was nothing in his attitude to show that other women ever had existed or ever could exist for him in even the most blameless way. His manner conveyed the impression that he lived only for his art and for me. Of course my parents objected to the infatuation. They didn't trust a singer; they did not like the fact that his wife would not have a permanent home for years to come; they objected to the circumstance that he was fifteen years older than I. They investigated him and found nothing in his reputation or financial standing that they could cavil at. So they made us wait, trusting to time to separate us. But time only helped. My husband spent his vacations with us, again conveying the impression that there was nothing in the world but me and his art.

"A year later we married, and we had three most beautiful months in Italy and France. Toward the end I noticed a desire on my husband's part to get back to work that was quite to be expected. We returned and began a series of concerts in the Middle West, in cities where he had appeared before. Shall I ever forget that first week! My husband sang on Monday night in Chicago. On Tuesday about noon, when we were having a late breakfast in our suite, he telephoned down to have his mail sent up."

Incense and Coffee

"'I WANT to see what the little darlings have to say this morning,' he remarked.

"There was a package of envelopes—twenty, I should think—all in feminine handwriting. I sat drinking cold coffee while he opened them. He read them one after another, amused, interested, not at all disgusted, tossing them one by one to me. I read them, too, and I wonder he did not notice how the paper crackled under my trembling hands. There was not one of them that did not give him a chance for an appointment. There was not one of them that did not talk of sympathy and understanding and inspiration—all things I had said myself, supposing, poor fool, that no one but myself had ever said or thought them. I suppose I took it for granted that, since he was my property, no other woman need feel it worth while to be drawn to my husband. Two or three letters were frankly love letters. Strangely enough, some of them seemed to be written by women of breeding and refinement."

I had been listening to her, ready to take the part of a calm adviser—ready to show her the wise philosophy of a woman older than herself, who had trodden the difficult road along which she was now taking her first steps. But at this point I dropped my self-appointed part and said bitterly:

"That's the worst of it! Somehow, some of them are gentlewomen. What they lack is not breeding, but sex-loyalty. You'd think when they know how terribly monogamous a woman is in feeling that they'd have some mercy."

"That was my thought too," she rejoined. "I was terribly disgusted with these creatures for flinging themselves at my husband's head; but the first thing I said to him as soon as I could steady my voice was: 'Do these ladies know you are married?'

"'Some of them don't know and don't care, and some of them know and don't care,' he said, laughing—and so pleased was he with his epigram that he did not notice my face at all.

"He went on eating and reading. Finally he flung the last letter to me, remarking:

"'Seems like old times—silly little fools!'

"Then he saw my expression and said, all tenderness and solicitude: 'Surely you don't mind, dear? I don't know these women from Adam—shan't ever meet them. I'd run a dozen miles if I saw them coming. You know that all platform men get these letters—don't you?'

"I did not know it. Of course, young as I was, I knew there was a deal of evil in the world, part of which consisted in marital unfaithfulness. I had heard, too, of the casual love affairs, based on just such letters, of one or two musicians. But I had supposed it was merely because they were not nice men. Now my husband was a nice man—and yet he got such letters!

"I realized that for years he had not only been getting them but also that he liked it. Maybe it was just because it was an old habit—maybe he drew some kind of inspiration from them; but the fact was and is that he likes these feminine outpourings. He never keeps them, as some men might; he never refers back to yesterday's crop, or alludes to tomorrow's crop until it arrives. But the fact remains that these letters are part of his life. He is as straight as a die; he doesn't love any one but me. But—you see, I am quite enough for him. I haven't the faith in my prettiness I once had. How do I know but that, with his temptations,

some day the pretty woman who is his wife may have less charm and mystery for him than a less pretty woman who is not his wife? I've got no children and no home—nothing but him; while he has not only me but his work and a large background of emotion supplied by willing women. It's wiser for me not to seem to mind; but that's one of the reasons why I go to pieces and cry when my mind is hit by something like The Concert."

Of course I said the obvious things. I reminded her that the fact that her husband was fifteen years older than herself was a great point in her favor, because when he was tired and wanted to settle down she would still be young and could bring youth back to him; that the day would come when she would be everything to him, and art and the world in the background. I said a good many other things that chance might make true, as is the way with us women when we are trying to comfort each other. I advised her to have children; and then, if she felt she must, leave them with nurses and relatives later on and travel with him. Even if she could not leave them, I told her, still children are and always will be the safest tie between a well-intentioned man and his wife, even if that well-intentioned man tends to be poisoned by the flattery of other women.

I think I comforted her and I know I comforted myself. Not that I am unhappy. I am, I suppose, as happy as the average woman—and we all know what that means. Life imposes on all experienced women a kind of brave conspiracy. We must be illogical if we are to keep sweet and helpful—that is, we must ignore or at least minimize what makes us uncomfortable, and magnify our joys.

There was a time when I thought my lot was harder than most because it called for constant self-sacrifice; because it entailed being slighted and overlooked, regarded critically and, what was more, occasionally pitied; and, most of all, because it entailed so many hours of loneliness, such hard effort to bring up my children without much of their father's help. But now I know that other women have trials, too, and that if I have been distressed I have also been joyful. Life gives me quite as much to be thankful for as it gives the average woman—and that is saying a good deal. I do not know how I could have borne it if Roderick had developed as much temperament as some men.

In a way I am responsible for the fact that I am the wife of a hero-worshiped. The singer did not have to be urged into his attitude; he was born with his temperament. But except for me, Roderick's chance to allure women might have been kept in the background. I wonder, could I have foreseen, whether I should have done as I did? Nothing is easier or more disconcerting than to look back over the way one has come and see how much oneself is responsible for the very things one does not like. When we were married I was a school-teacher, rather pretty, with a fairly good mind and a big ambition. It was for Roderick rather than for myself.

He was an instructor in a small college, receiving a small salary. We had to be economical; but we saved a little, because I was determined that he should study abroad, and thus gain enough scholastic distinction so that he might have a better position in a larger college.

Four Happy Years

I SUPPOSE those first two years of marriage and the two abroad were the happiest of my life. I studied too; and as my mind developed I sometimes had doubts of my Roderick's power to win any of the great rewards of scholarship. He seemed to me not so capable of sustained mental effort as some of the other scholars I knew, and as liking to play too much. But I put such thoughts out of my head; and it was the easier because when we got back he did obtain a good position in an Eastern college.

Our first child—the boy—was born the next year; and for three years he was very ill—so much so that we were in debt to my people. I leave it to other average women to say how agreeable it is to have your husband owing money to your relatives. When Ned was three the twins were born; and then and there I made up my mind to exploit the quality in my husband that had caused me the most uneasiness, so far as his career was concerned—his love of people, his joy of playing with them.

"Roderick," I said bluntly, "why should you be on so many committees, do so much for this university in the way of endearing yourself to the students and making them love their Alma Mater—and yet get no reward for it? Your salary has not been raised."

"Well, you see," he explained, "they don't promote me because they expect a man to do research work, and I've not had time. Ned has been so ill, and there have been other interruptions. I do the committee work because it seems to come my way."

It has always been a fiction of Roderick's that he has helped me with the children. He means to, but his imagination runs ahead of reality; he tells a few stories to the children and believes he has formed their taste in literature; he has undressed them a few times, and the pleasant domestic feeling he has thus savored has loomed large in his consciousness. This quality is not irritating; indeed it only adds, somehow, to his lovableness, making me feel that he is my big, unconscious, unrealizing boy; but it has to be reckoned with.

I accepted his explanation as to why he had never been able to fulfill that part of his work which in a university makes a man's reputation—"contributions to existing knowledge," as the results of research are called. Then I suggested that, since he talked so well and so thoroughly inspired his students, this talent of his should have a wider scope. He ought to give lectures to the public at large. At first he demurred. Like most university teachers, his ideal was to be scholarly; he had a shrinking from being popular. He would not believe me now if I pointed out to him that such had once been his attitude; for today he thinks that it has always been his ideal to get away from the narrow academic world and give his ideas to the world at large.

I was able to overcome his objections, and even to fill him with a certain enthusiasm for the new project. Two or three of his former students, who had become principals or superintendents of schools, gave him the opportunity to talk at teachers' institutes. By the time the twins were two years old his summers were filled, and he had made a thousand dollars—a sum that almost cleared us of debt. There had been disadvantages. Roderick had been able to spend only weekends at home, and twice he had not been able to do even that. He complained a good deal about this, for he loved his home, even if he was restless enough to be glad of an occasional change. During the first summer he had seemed rather bored with the work.

It is a Very Exceptional Woman Who Enjoys Thinking of Her Husband as Having Tea With a Beautiful Woman a Thousand Miles Away

"What's the matter, Roderick?" I asked. "It's much like your classwork in college—only more diluted."

"Yes, I know; but you can't do much with any subject in just five days. I'm not long enough with the same people. It would be better to take some popular thing that I could treat in a lecture or two. And then the teachers seem to me so jaded, so wedged in their own little rut. The young, fresh members of my student body are more inspiring."

I realized that he was succeeding admirably and my ambition grew. A thousand dollars in two summers was not enough, since the demands of the children were increasing. I wanted him to make more money, though when I put it up to him I spoke of a wider field. Summer chautauquas were the first reaches of our wider field, and the whole family passed a picnicky time, traveling from one lake to another, spending a week or two weeks in each place. That traveling about was harder work than I had supposed it would be; but I kept at it, for it was and is my belief that a family should not be separated. Children need their father as well as their mother.

Hundreds of Women at Roderick's Feet

IT WAS at one of these chautauquas that I got a new angle of vision upon my husband. I suppose there are always little recesses in the nature of the person we live with that we have not explored. A girl who is engaged thinks she knows her lover through and through. As a rule, she does not. When she marries him she has a new man to learn—her husband. Though there may be points about her husband that the average wife does not understand, she grasps enough to be able to adjust herself to him and his ways. Sometimes she does just what I did—stops at that and forgets her husband may change with time.

I remember well the afternoon when I discovered something in Roderick that had not been there when I married him. It was toward the end of the season and we were in a very large chautauqua. So far I had not heard any of the lectures; but on this afternoon I had found a student to look after the children and had gone to hear three lectures, one of which was to be Roderick's. I was sitting in a large white hall, with open sides, through which could be seen green trees and well-trodden paths. I had arrived early and I watched the women coming in, one after another, until there were perhaps a hundred. They were of all sorts—young, old and middle-aged. Some were there to get culture and some were there to kill time. Some carried note-books and some carried fancy work. The lecturer came on the platform, and I remember thinking how typical he was of the kind of men who lecture to women—tall, thin, light-haired, light-voiced, with little virility and little real conviction or force.

Before his lecture was over the hall began to fill with women, who slipped in quietly to the seats on the edge. Outside stood other women waiting for the speaker's last words. Down the paths were coming still other women—and they were all hurrying to hear Roderick. Five minutes after the lecturer had left the platform the hall was packed with nine hundred women and perhaps one hundred men. I was not surprised that my Roderick was popular; I only felt sorry that so many of his hearers were women, for I remembered how, in the coeducational teaching he had done, he had always preferred boy students—not because they had better minds, but because they were boys. Most professors have that feeling. I had not heard Roderick talk in public for five years; I was curious to hear how he got on with a popular audience; I had a little fear lest he might occasionally get beyond them.

I saw him coming down the path—and so did that audience of women. I cannot describe the little flutter that went all over the hall. It straightened my spine with a jerk. From my seat at one side I looked at these women. The front rows were crowded with ardent-faced girls, their eyes already worshipful though Roderick had not yet reached the platform. I smiled at them; it would not hurt them to be enthusiastic about my husband. But scattered here and there throughout the audience was a type not germane to chautauquas—a type I was to meet later among women's clubs and still more frequently among fashionable groups; women of between thirty and forty, rather clever, well-dressed, good-looking, charming, with considerable

(Continued on Page 53)

THE LITTLE BROWN ONE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE beautiful Miss Page was sitting under the shade of a white birch on the green slope that led down from the long row of camp cabins to the blue mountain-rimmed lake, her arms behind her golden head, her lovely white throat rising bare from the collar of her blouse, her feet in their white canvas ties stretched out before her, while her flower-blue eyes looked up at John Lanniston, who stood, a slender, well-knit figure in maroon jersey and white ducks, bending over her. If his gaze didn't speak his admiration—and something more—it wasn't his fault. He had handsome eyes, with eyelashes so long that they had been freely caricatured at college.

And just at that moment the little Staimer boy, an infant of two, with a round, red head and smiling, ever-wet pink mouth, cast himself, pailful of stones and all, upon her white skirt with an air of one confidently expecting approbation; and she had pushed him away with a quick exclamation of disgust. It wasn't so much the words, it was the manner to a little child that jarred on Lanniston; it interfered, esthetically, with his idea of what a woman should be. He was critical. He owed it to this quality that at twenty-nine he was still unwed, in spite of his extreme and chivalrous susceptibility to beauty; two weeks or so was usually the duration of his devotion to a girl, in the subconscious quest of an ideal. The hint of an imperfection in so exquisite a creature as Miss Page hurt him.

"Sweetness—Miss Rudner, that is"—Miss Rudner was the lady who had preceded Miss Page in his affections—"wouldn't have done it," he said to his confidante, a small, extremely plain girl in a brown jacket and white skirt, who listened to him now with a half-smile in her brown eyes as he performed his self-imposed, after-supper task of escorting her down the trail to the spring, to help her fill the jug that her uncle required. After the manner of invalids, unless she went for it herself the old gentleman was never sure that it had been filled at the spring.

"Sweetness—Miss Rudner—had heart." He forbore to mention that he had once kissed Miss Rudner, with the foolish sensation afterward of having no desire to repeat the process. "Now Snow White—Miss Page ——"

"You needn't keep on translating," said his companion dryly. "I know your names for them by this time! By the way, you haven't told me mine."

"Yours?" Lanniston laughed with a slight embarrassment. "You're the little Brown One. When you all first came into the dining room I said: 'Ah, an Invalid Gentleman, a large Gray Woman'—I thought she was with your party—'and a little Brown One.' Of course I didn't know then that your name was Brownell. You don't mind, do you, Browny?"

"Not in the least," said the other promptly. She had a particularly sweet voice with a contralto note in it. "And I shouldn't take your Snow White too seriously if I were you; that kind is always the craziest about her own children."

"Very likely," said Lanniston absently as if he had already forgotten the question. He strode beside her without speaking until they reached the spring, but in spite of his abstraction always seeing when to hold a branch aside for her, or help her jump down lightly from the high rocks that jutted into the trail. It was a nice way about him that, no matter how immersed in himself, he always remembered the feminine person in little ways. He had the charm of something almost boyishly sweet and kind in him; one couldn't help hoping that life wouldn't disappoint him too much.

"Let's sit down for a moment," he said, pointing as he spoke to a rock near the lake, after the jug had been filled with the water that welled up clear and cool among the pine-needles from its mysterious depths. "It will be half an hour yet before any one is ready for the dance at the boathouse. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Certainly not," said the Brown One.

He took out a cigarette and lit it, with an instinctive glance under his eyelids at his companion. It was always a shock that no moment of surprise could make the Brown One pretty. Her small hands and feet, the nape of her neck, the curve of the cheek promised well, seen from the side; but when she turned there was a shock. Her skin, though clear, was dull, the nose too short, the mouth too large, the brown eyes insignificant, her eyebrows too slight—the whole effect irredeemably plain. Lanniston gave an instinctive sigh of pity that any woman should look like that.

"Do you think I've got any chance there?" he asked abruptly.

"With Snow White? Why not?"

He shook his head. "I give you my word I don't know whether she cares for me one jot more than the first day she saw me. Sometimes I think she may—a little; and then she acts in a way that makes me furious. She's like a beautiful statue: she hasn't any heart."

"Oh, yes, she has," said the Brown One comfortably. "She likes you a great deal better than you think."

"Well, then, why does she let that cad Talcott hang round her when I'm not there?" flashed Lanniston hotly. "When I see him with her, grinning, I'd like to throttle him. Can't you see the kind he is?"

The Brown One nodded: "Oh, yes, I can, but girls don't always; besides, he's so rich that it casts a glamour. Your Snow White is really younger than her twenty-four years. She's shy and conscious under all her dignity; and she's been so much admired that it perhaps takes away a little from her powers of perception. She's always been made to look at herself. She probably wouldn't know that she cared for you until something stormily made her find it out. But you've no reason to be jealous of Mr. Talcott. If I could tell you—but I won't. Besides, my uncle will be looking for me now."

"Ah, tell me!" cried Lanniston, jumping up and following her, the jug held carefully in one hand, while she sprang lightly over the rocks of the trail. In his haste he nearly careened against the stately, gray-pompadoured Mrs. Speir, emerging from the cabin door of a sick neighbor.

But talks with the Brown One always left Lanniston in a comfortable glow. It lasted now through the evening of the dance; it almost seemed as if it brought some answering warmth into the loveliness of Snow White. Her tall beauty struck one afresh every time one saw her; it was almost too perfect tonight in her pearly satin gown, with her golden head held high.

But later she was a vision subtly to take the breath, as she sat with Lanniston out in the moonlight round the corner of the low piazza, the gold-pathed lake in front, the boats tethered to the float below bobbing up and down and bumping into it with soft thuds, and a hooded launch tumbling grotesquely farther out, while the piano and violin played within to dancing feet. One end of a silver scarf lay in her lap, a folded heap of sparkles, underneath the cover of which one might occasionally have the thrill of capturing transiently a cool and elusive hand.

She Had Said: "Don't Clutch Me!"

"Who is that going down the steps?" asked Snow White suddenly.

"Miss Brownell. It's late for her to be out. She didn't see us."

"She's ever so nice," said the younger voice dreamily. "She helped me with this dress. Mrs. Speir says she has been a slave all her life to that uncle. But, oh, I'd hate to be as homely as she is! You couldn't fall in love with a person who never looked pretty to you, could you! Mrs. Speir says she was engaged to be married once, and the man jilted her—he thought she had money. I'd die if such a thing happened to me!"

"As if it ever could!" said Lanniston. "Any man who once got you ——" he leaned over her. As her lovely eyes met his it almost seemed the foretold moment had arrived—before a voice on the other side announced: "Our dance, I think, Miss Page."

"Did you have a good time last night?" asked the Brown One as she met Lanniston the next morning.

"Oh, yes, good enough," said Lanniston casually, and yawned as one wearied with the social strain.

The Brown One's gaze rested on him with a penetratingly quizzical gleam before her eyelids dropped.

"Ah, look here!" he protested, laughing, yet reddening consciously. "You know too much!"

"I'm glad it was too nice to tell," she said at once with that sweet, candid warmth of hers.

"Well, it's no secret anyway that she's going down the trail with me this morning," he responded blithely. "We ——" he stopped short; his lips formed into a soundless whistle. The Brown One, turning to follow his glance toward the lake, saw that Mr. Talcott was beamingly handing Miss Page into his canoe.

"Well, what do you think of that?" breathed Lanniston with a contemptuous fury and passion that had in it also some of the surprise of a hurt child. "Why does she want to act like this? But I'll get even with her! You'll see!"

II

THE evening talks with the Brown One, as they sat by the spring together, grew to be a feature of the day. Lanniston boyishly saved up the tale of happenings and perplexities for her unfailing sympathy and encouragement. Snow White was, of course, the theme; every point was exhaustively discussed. One day she was kind; the next oblivious. What did this mean, or that? Her loveliness was so great that it intensified her smallest act; he criticised bitterly for the comfort of hearing the Brown One defend her.

"I don't think she quite believes in you yet," said the latter once.

"Why not?"

"There was Miss Rudner ——"

A Pale Grayness, That Was the Dawn, Sifted in Through the Small-Paned Window

"Oh!" said Lanniston in surprise. He paused for thought. "But see here, Browny, that was so different!"

"Yes, of course." There never was any sarcasm, loathed of mankind, in her tone. "But your Snow White is one of the women who really care only for their own possessions; when you make her own you for one you won't need to complain."

There was something about the Brown One that restored and invigorated, while it soothed Lanniston. He found that she had been for the last three years the companion of her uncle, who was never ill, yet never well—leading that dreariest of existences, the going from one health resort to another. He was kind, but her every individual act was bounded by some fancied need of his; no one hour in any day was wholly her own.

Where couples strolled until midnight in the moonlight, she must be inside the cabin door by nine o'clock lest her light footfall should wake him. To be ever within sight of that white, clean-shaven face, within sound of that querulous, scholarly voice! Lanniston momently shivered at the thought.

Yet, oddly enough, it was impossible to pity the Brown One, or consider her as an appendage to anybody. Some quality in her made it incongruous. She appeared instead to radiate a healing pity upon others; she was so ready to give, and she was so clearly herself. Her interest in books and people and places and life seemed to make a vital source of perpetual replenishment; she was like the bubbling spring itself. But nothing could make her anything but a disappointment to look at.

"Why do you always wear those thick brown things?" he asked as they sat on the rock facing the lake one evening in the fading afterglow, with the blackness of the pines behind them.

"Don't you like them?"

"No."

She laughed at his tone. "Indeed, if I had others with me I'd wear them for you. It's too bad, but you see we came here at a moment's notice. I have a quilted crimson kimono, but it's not suited for public wear. You haven't told me yet what kind of a time you had on your mountain climbing party this afternoon."

"I didn't go. I went fishing with old Meredith instead."

"What! After all your planning!"

Lanniston shook his head.

"Too many going—Talcott with the rest. He spoils anything for me! So I went to Snow White and begged her to cut the crowd and row over to the cove instead. She said she could not. Then I asked her if she wouldn't do it this once, just to please *me*."

"Of course that's always fatal!" said the Brown One resignedly. "Oh, don't ask me why! But it invariably makes the other person obstinate. I suppose it's the plea of self that antagonizes."

"Well, perhaps," said Lanniston, staring. "I felt pretty sore, but I'm ahead in the game now!" His eyes flashed triumphantly; he touched the pocket of his jacket involuntarily. "She didn't come in to supper. Mrs. Speir said she had a headache—but I sent in a little note to her. I've the answer here. She's promised to go with me in my canoe down the lake to the picnic tomorrow. We'll settle this cross-purpose business once for all. I can hardly wait for the night to be over!"

There was a dreamy silence—only the water gently lapped against the rock, the damp night scent of the pines drew closer. Lanniston felt that even the starlit afterglow couldn't make the Brown One pretty, but she was dear; she held out her hand to him—a soft little hand with a warm friendliness in its clasp that reached the heart. An angelic patience seemed to shine from her eyes as she said:

"I foresee that our talks are over. I wish you the very best there is!" She wondered, with a sudden pang, if Snow White had a heart after all.

III

THE night which Lanniston had wished soon over happened to be the one of those, anxiously ignored afterward by the management, when half the members of the camp spend the long hours, unknown to each other, in the fell grip of semi-ptomaine poisoning; appearing pale and wan the next day to recount their experiences. This time it was whispered darkly afterward that the lobster Newburg had been canned. Companions of the sufferers, in the absence of medical aid, snatched at such measures of relief as the camp afforded; lanterns went swinging back and forth and muffled figures rapped at friendly doors in the long camp row of log cabins, with whispered demands for alcohol lamps, kettles and medicines.

One knocking at Lanniston's to wake him swiftly besought a flask, and Lanniston had come into the outer room, which had the damp chill of a grave, fumbling for matches for hours, it seemed, before he could find one.

As the messenger sped away, and before the candle was extinguished, there was a light tap at the still open door.

"Oh, I'm so glad to find you up! I was afraid I'd have to wake you!" breathed the voice of Miss Brownell.

The wavering lantern she held wound her in alternating rings of light and shadow against the background of varying depths of blackness made by the sky, of the massed mountains opposite and the water that rippled grayly below.

If it hadn't been for the voice Lanniston would hardly have realized at the moment that this was the Brown One. She wore a crimson silk kimono that had evidently been thrown over her night garments; a soft laciness showed below her small bare throat. The crimson seemed to envelop her like a flame, and bring out rare tints in her dark cheeks and her lips and give a brilliance to her eyes. Her dark hair hung in a long, heavy braid that whipped her knees; her little feet were in crimson slippers.

She went on speaking rapidly:

"Will you let me have some of those tablets for pain you spoke of the other day? Uncle has been in the most frightful pain for the last two hours ——" Her face suddenly quivered as if something had struck her; she put her hand to her heart; her eyes besought him. "It's terrible! It began so suddenly—I had no time. Our cabin is so far off! I've done what I could, but ——"

"All right, I've got the tablets here," said Lanniston. "Is there anybody with him?"

"Only one of the younger chore-boys."

"I'll go back with you. I've had charge of a boys' camp. Give me the lantern. Now you've lost your slipper!" She lifted her foot and he put the slipper on and, linking her arm in his, they ran across the dark wet grass and up the slope toward the woods. The odor of the wet pines seemed to wall them in. Something in the contact with her gave him a strange sensation of lightness, as if they could run on in this way forever through the night, gaining in an intoxicating power of swift motion as they went. Her crimson silk gleamed redly under the lantern circles; he thought involuntarily of the line:

And run upon the mountains like a flame.

"You've dropped your slipper again! What fool things to wear," he breathed prosaically as they halted perforce.

"Yes, I know. Oh, listen!" It was a moan of agony that greeted them as they crossed the threshold. Through the open door of the inner room one saw the sharp white face upon the pillow.

"I'll go right in," said Lanniston.

By his orders the sleepy chore-boy came out to pile more logs—and more still!—on the smouldering ashes of the hearth in the strangely desolate living room, and keep up a blazing fire.

All the rest of the night those big logs crackled and sung, the red lights of flames dashing up into the rafters, playing over the two empty rockers with their red cushions, and the pine boughs and photographs on the wall, seeking to drive out an insidious, clammy, creeping chill that wrought terror in its touch. The water in the tin pail, which the chore-boy purveyed from somewhere for the flannels to be dipped in, bubbled and sang; the ruddy glow from the fire filled up the doorway of that inner room. And all through that night Lanniston and the Brown One battled against the forces of pain and death, working together with that stark, matter-of-fact intimacy that the mortal need of a sickroom brings.

The Brown One's feet were encased in tennis shoes, her red robe was girt tightly round her as she toiled out and in, obeying Lanniston's orders, bending over the patient with Lanniston, strong to lift, to help; to chafe the hands, the feet. In some of those awful paroxysms great drops stood on both their foreheads. Yet after those endless minutes, filled with hurry and strain, the paroxysms began to grow less—one could hardly believe it!—to come at longer intervals.

A pale grayness, that was the dawn, sifted in through the small-paned window; the fire in the outer room died down. The chore-boy had slipped away.

Lanniston and the Brown One, sitting motionless on either side of the wide wooden bed that nearly filled the small room, looked at each other over the closed eyelids, the gaunt yet peaceful features of the spent and sleeping man, and the eyes of the Brown One suddenly filled with tears. Her face was pale and drawn, her head bowed as if with the burden of the night, yet she smiled—and Lanniston thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as that smile. It was as if he beheld her spirit, and knew that he could never unsee it again.

He rose cautiously and, motioning her to do the same, put his arm round her to support her stiffened limbs through the doorway; the touch of her brought that same curious feeling of lightness as on the night before.

He placed her in a rocking chair, tucked a blanket, brought from the other bedroom, round her, the long braid hanging down over it, and put her feet on a pillow. She watched him, still with that smile, as he began to replenish the fire, laying the sticks soundlessly on it one by one, and waving mute congratulation and encouragement to her between times. Presently he tiptoed over to the door and in a whisper promised to be back in a minute. He returned with a filled coffee pot, and set it on the fire to boil. The heavenly aroma of the coffee filled the air.

"It's good," she whispered as kneeling beside her he held the steaming glassful—the cabin was deficient in crockery—to her blue lips that rapidly got back their color as she sipped. "But it's almost too hot."

"You've got to drink it hot," he whispered inexorably. It was strangely sweet to take care of the Brown One.

After she had finished he drank his portion, looking down at her as she gazed at him, lying back relaxed in her chair. The good warmth filled his veins, life-giving as no draught had ever been. The moment had something almost sacramental in it.

"He'll sleep for a while," he murmured with a gesture toward the inner room.

(Continued on Page 73)

"I Shouldn't Take Your Snow White Too Seriously, if I Were You"

THE DOOR-STOPPER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OVER the bar-mirror of Patsy Burke's Hotel in Caropolis hung an ancient pepper-box pistol. Beside it was a cardboard sign, strangely malapropos in a house that permitted no gambling. "A silk hat for a straight flush!" it read. Within the cigar case the boxes of cigarettes rested upon a disk of polished wood, ill adapted to its uses. And the door that opened into the lobby was kept open daytimes by a square, singularly heavy door-stopper, covered with carpet.

Now these signs and tokens are only mere details in the mass of objects that litter a small hotel. You or I might have lived in Patsy Burke's a year without appreciating their significance. But the habitués of the place—the regular customers—they knew at once. For twenty years they had been enjoying covert jokes over these souvenirs of their profession. The pepper-box pistol, for example, was an old stage property of Gentle Willie Harriman; he used it in his justly celebrated impersonation of the gambler of the West during his three-card-monte days.

Any grafter on the road would have recognized the sign. For once, as all the underworld knew, the Missouri Kid, greatest of all card cheaters, visited a backwoods gambling house in Arkansas. The Kid was a little drunk that night, which made him reckless and humorous. He perceived the sign; and it was his whim to deal himself six pat straight flushes in succession. He did this all so cleverly that the lookout, who knew an artist when he saw one, had not the heart to interfere, or the bouncer to shoot. Laughing immoderately, the Kid had traded his hat for the sign itself and borne it off to Patsy for a souvenir. Just so, the disk of wood was the base of that old squeeze wheel with which Sugarfoot Johnson used to work the country fairs.

Such was the real history of these little mementos that formed part of Patsy's stock in trade. Least significant of all to the uninitiated was that carpet-covered door-stopper.

Every confidence man, wiretapper, three-card-monte worker or professional card cheater among Patsy's guests understood what lay concealed under the piece of carpet—a set of three professional gold bricks, made of lead and brass composition, weighted with mercury, thinly covered with a plating of gold leaf. It looked so innocent—it was potentially so deadly—that it had become a tradition of the place; in fact, it had crept into the slang of those who frequented Patsy Burke's. When talking cross-boards, with a stranger present, the professional, be he greengoods man, monte steerer or boxworker, used to refer to the staple article of his merchandise as "the door-stopper." There it lay until—but I must explain still further.

Caropolis lay in a fat and fertile region of the Middle West. The state of that town, in the days when these things occurred, is a matter for the muckraker—not for me. By connivance of a corrupt municipal government, bossed by a retired gambler, it was a City of Refuge for the Knights of Their Own Wits. By tacit understanding with the police no prying detective from outside points ever found his man in Caropolis. In return the grafters paid their regular tribute to mayor, police and newspapers, and agreed not only to leave home folks alone but to deal discreetly and moderately with strangers. So had they a pleasant home, where they could rest in security between high farings on the great road. For them, the heart and center of Caropolis was Patsy Burke's Hotel. Time out of mind it had been the regular station on their journeyings between the Gold Coast and the Greenback Coast.

No stranger would have perceived this, any more than he would have perceived the esoteric meaning of the door-stopper, for example. Indeed, had you registered—an unsuspecting stranger—at Patsy Burke's, you would have been charmed by an atmosphere rare in American hostelries. Middle-aged gentlemen of distinguished bearing and perfectly fitting clothes loafed all day in the row of chairs that fronted Wabash Avenue. Their manners were quiet and somewhat reserved, but friendly and cordial withal.

The first art of the confidence man being that of making himself agreeable, the air of cordiality enveloped even the hotel employees. To behold Jerry Taber walking from the dining room to the bar for his morning cigar was to receive a lesson in democratic cordiality. What though he were chewing a toothpick and attending to his nails? With his straight, trim figure; his fine, full, amiable blue eyes; his thatch of grizzled hair; his pin-checked morning coat, innocent of padding—he was all distinction, nevertheless. As he strolled through the lobby he spoke without condescension and yet with the proper detached air to the bellboy, the porter and the clerk; and for each he had some peculiar and personal jest.

Let us begin with Jerry as he made this morning pilgrimage on a certain spring day. He had reached the bar; in the phrase of his regular morning jest he had asked Tom, the bartender, for "one of those cooking cigars," when his roving eye, alert to everything, caught sight of a little man with prominent features who sat submerged in thought at one of the corner tables.

Jerry started, emitted a low whistle and stepped over beside him.

"Who's looking for you, Ike?" he asked softly.

The little man started ever so slightly, dropped the mask of innocence across his face and responded calmly:

"And who's after you, Jerry?"

Both laughed under their breath and shook hands with a certain quiet meaning. Jerry dropped into a chair beside Ike; Tom, scenting old friendship, brought over Jerry's "cooking cigar."

"Take it away!" said Jerry. "A pink-stamped Havana for my friend here. Perfectos—the kind that come over in a ship, you know."

"I didn't know you and Mr. Moritz knew each other," said Tom with the easy familiarity of the privileged.

"Too well!" replied Jerry. "Too well!"

Ike Moritz, at this, parted his close-shaved lips over a set of small, regular teeth and laughed gently, though without rancor.

Then, as Tom turned to execute the order, Jerry remarked in a voice that carried just far enough:

"About the last Havana perfecto I'll be buying here for some time—unless ——"

"It ain't no use trying to touch me," said Ike in the same tone. "If the world was up for a cent I couldn't buy enough dirt to stop a watch. So help me! I'm getting tick here only because Patsy ——"

The return of Tom with the cigars interrupted the conversation momentarily. The discreet Tom, perceiving that he wasn't wanted, withdrew to the far corner of the bar, which he mopped perfunctorily.

"Thought you had good graft in Chicago?" ventured Jerry.

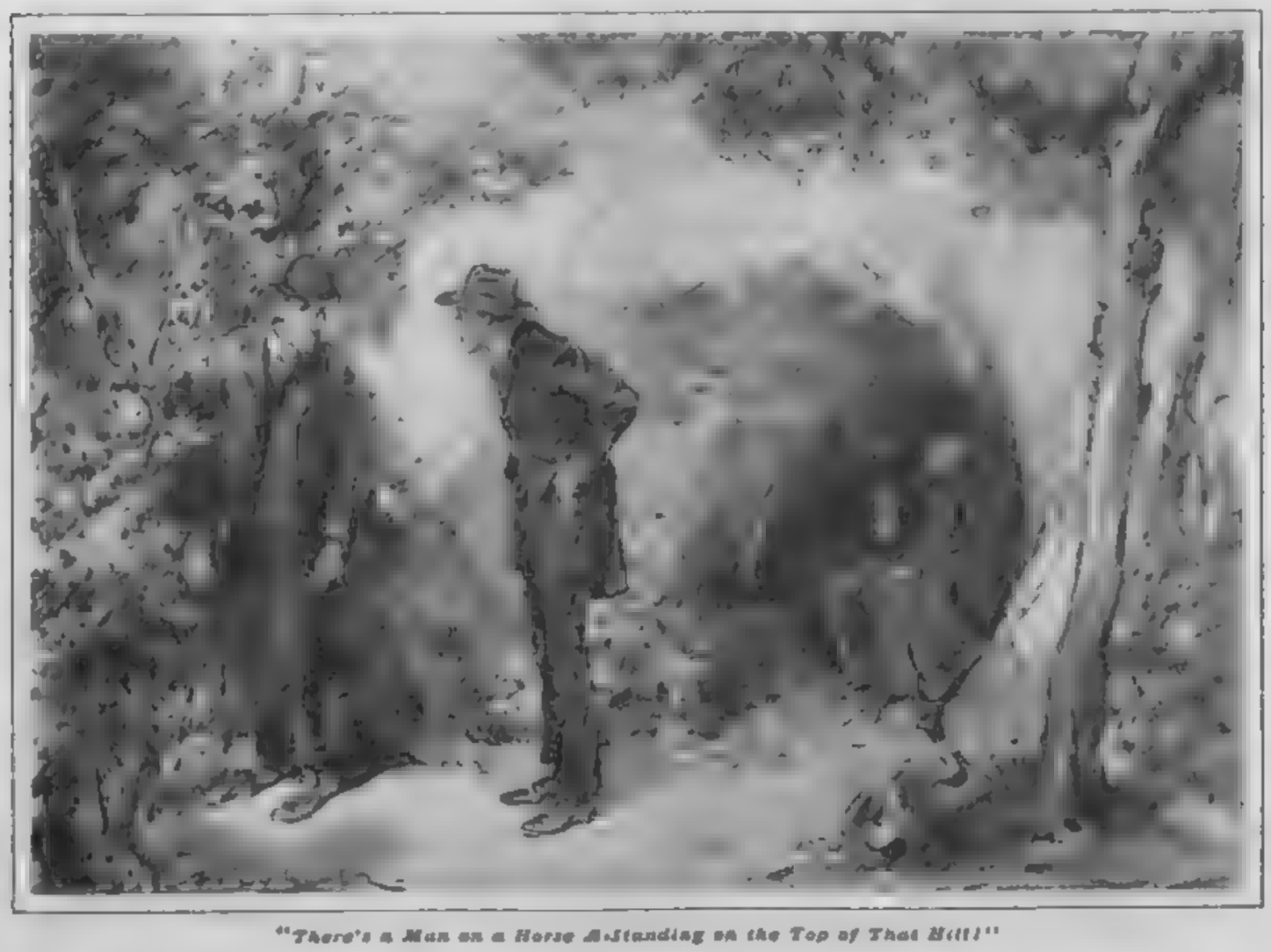
"Reform spasm!" replied Ikey laconically. "Subpœnas out! If I swore in favor of the cop that took my graft I'd have got mine for perjury. If I swore against him ——" He made an expressive gesture toward the back of his neck. "Cost everything I had to make a getaway. Your play!" continued Ikey.

"General hard luck," replied Jerry, "ending when I played for a Dakota alderman with wireless wiretapping—that's been my game lately; but it's no good any more—believe me, Ike! The Dakota alderman, as you have perhaps already suspected, was a fly cop. I got the tip one day too early for him. My stake just got me here."

"Patsy know about it?" asked Ikey.

"He will tonight—settlement day," said Jerry. "You can't pull any stand-off on Patsy."

They nodded solemnly together over this great, cosmic truth. The best con talk of the world had been ripening



"There's a Man on a Horse Standing on the Top of That Hill!"

Patsy Burke's experience for twenty years. The device that would get extension of credit from him remained to be invented.

Tom had rested from wiping the bar and stood with his eyes on this conversation. With him, too, experience had ripened judgment. He could read a full bankroll in the turn of an eye and a bluff in a single gesture. The purport of such whispered conferences as this he knew from old regrets of the house. Also, beneath his hard mask he hid human likes and dislikes. And he had a partiality for Jerry Taber. Tom hesitated, fumbled a moment with a whisky-glass, and turned in decision toward the corner.

"Broke, gents?" he asked abruptly. Dealing with those who fight by indirection, Tom had found directness the best method.

Ikey let that close-shaved upper lip of his curl in a half-sneer. When Ikey sneered the craft—the ferret quality—that underlay his face came to the fore.

"What's it to you?" asked Ikey.

But Jerry Taber had looked Tom over and reeled off a few yards of his quick, accurate thought. And he brought a sudden nudge from Ikey's foot by answering:

"Sure, Tom, we're broke. Any suggestions?"

Tom stood polishing and repolishing the whisky-glass.

"Because," he said, "I was waiting to tip somebody off to something. A sucker blew into my boarding house yesterday. The ripest boob ever I saw ——"

"Tom," said Jerry, "sit down. Get yourself a cigar. You're a life preserver—you are!"

Tom grinned, but declined the invitation with a wag of his head.

"You just oughta see him!" said Tom. "He's up from a farm down Maidsville way. He told us all about it the first breakfast and he's telling about it yet. Seems he's been sitting on the farm reading how-to-get-rich stuff until he's plumb dotty. His old man—they ran the farm together—tried to put the screws on him and he broke away. He had a little pile of his own, this Abel Strong—that's his monaker. He took it and started for the great, wicked city, to find an opening. This," added Tom, with a backward jerk of his head, "is his idea of a great, wicked city!"

"How big's the roll?" asked Ikey, going characteristically toward the main point.

"Fifteen hundred dollars—about!" said Tom.

"Lead me! Lead me!" exclaimed Jerry.

"But how does the chief stand?" asked Ikey.

"Well, you know," said Tom, "it's hands off of Caropolis people, all right. But when a guy comes from outside it's his own risk—if the touch ain't too raw. Of course the chief will want his; but ——"

"How much?" inquired Ikey.

"Three hundred would fix him, and no questions if it was done quiet and you got right out," said Tom. "Just about pay the department for its trouble looking for you and not finding anything. But you've got to be quick. He's laying round to be picked up, and you know Caropolis! You just can't believe this Abel Strong—he's that easy! Now if you—or you and Mr. Moritz ——"

"Should just pick up that money to keep it out of unworthy hands—how about it, Ikey?"

"Sure," said Ikey, "and much obliged."

"So the only question before the house," said Jerry, "is how? What's going to be our door-stopper?" And on the word he turned toward the actual door-stopper, lying there in its carpet wrapper, half obscured by the shadows. And as he looked his fine, full lips parted in a smile which became a controlled laugh.

"Tom," he said, "lend us your gold bricks."

"Gee!" said Tom. "You'd better not! That's too old!"

"Not for Abel Strong," said Jerry—"not unless you've got him wrong. Every game's new every few years. Chances are that the Farmer's Hearthside Companion has wised this granger to the new and nifty games like boxes and wiretapping. Nobody'd think to tell any hayseed about the gold brick game—he's supposed to get that in kindergarten, like Columbus discovered America. Besides" here he laughed again over the joke of it "the good old door-stopper at work again!" he gasped. Tom and Ikey joined in. "Do you mind?" asked Jerry.

He crossed the room, shoved a cuspidor against the door, and picked up the door-stopper with both hands. Painfully he bore it to the table and set it down before the eyes of Ike and Tom.

"How's their condition?" he asked.

"Looked fine when I sewed a new carpet on 'em five years ago," said Tom—"couldn't see that the plating had wore anywhere."

"Where did you get them?" asked Jerry.

"I dunno all about it," said Tom—"some grafter who came here and died on us, Patsy tells me."

Jerry had been opening his knife. With a turn of his eye he asked permission of Tom; with a nod of his head Tom gave it. Jerry ran his knife along the seam, peeled away the stiff covering of carpet, dusted off the kernel with his handkerchief. It revealed a dull, tarnished, yellow surface.

"Fine!" Jerry lifted out the three gold bricks. "The plating sure is good." He lifted the bricks, one after another. "I'd say that each one of them assayed something over four thousand in phony gold—shouldn't you, Ike?" He picked at a corner. "Pretty good stuff. Shouldn't wonder if Perkins made 'em—the weighting's mighty even. And, say! See what this fellow did! Here's where they've bored, and he's set in a piece of real gold right at that place. Soft for us, Ike! We don't have to put up good money for any gold filings. It's right here—you remember we used ——"

"You gents have worked this game before," said Tom.

"Started out in business with it twenty years ago," replied Jerry. "Ike was the Indian in them happy days. He was the first living scientist to prove and demonstrate the celebrated theory that the Children of Israel and the American Aborigines were one and the same race!"

"Where'll I get my makeup?" interrupted Ike, his mind still on the practical aspect of the subject.

"From the drug store—and Tom," said Jerry. "Tom will stake us to a few. The noise hasn't been broken to him yet, but he gets his bit out of this. Fifteen hundred—three hundred to the cops and two hundred to Tom. That's the smallest ever we played for; but beggars can't be choosers or grafters losers."

"Yes—and what are we going to do about an assayer?" Here, as always, Ikey's mind was on the practical problem.

"Sure! That's so!" admitted Jerry. "'Tain't worth ringing in another man on a little fifteen-hundred-dollar touch. Suppose there's any jeweler in this town who'd risk it?"

This time it was Tom who put in the practical suggestion.

"Chase, of the Diamond Palace up the street, did it once when the game was good," said Tom. "He don't take no risks. If anybody calls him, he was only assaying a little gold for some strangers. Course it'll cost you a hundred—he's wise. Say," added Tom, "we can't lose our door-stopper, of course. When you see the chief you tell him that after the boob reports on us he's to grab the gold brick for evidence, and send it back here when the case is dropped. Patsy will holler as it is."

"That's only four hundred and fifty apiece!" remarked Ikey.

"I repeat, Isaac, beggars can't be choosers," said Jerry. "Suppose we put a little mellerdrammer into this show," he added. "You know, Ike, the horse-thief story?" His eye lit as he put the gold bricks carefully back in their casing. "Welcome home, old friend!" he said. "Now, Thomas, lead us to this Abel Strong."

"Well, Abel—Got Enough, I See!" Said the Storekeeper

Two days have passed, and a little cave which pierces the bluffs on the Mason and Dixon side of the river is the stage-setting of a singular tableau. Just at the cave's mouth, but in a position where the sprouting elderberry bushes conceal him from the casual eye, sits Ikey Moritz. His countenance, stained a dirty brownish red, simulates perfectly the mask of an Apache chieftain. He wears an old hickory shirt, nondescript trousers and beaded moccasins. His curly, oily black hair, which stands to ruin all the realism of his performance, is covered with a flopping slouch hat, pulled close over his ears. From time to time he draws closer about him, against the raw spring morning, an old red blanket; and he pokes a little fire, built with Indian economy from a few broken twigs. Then he falls again to an intent perusal of The James Boys on the Trail; or, Tracked to the Ozark Fastness.

Presently from the woods in the distance sounds the hoot of the whippoorwill. Instantly Ikey becomes all alertness. He deposits The James Boys on the Trail in the fire, and sees that it is burning briskly and completely before he raises his hands to his lips and emits twice the whippoorwill's answering call. He crawls back to the cave and seats himself cross-legged at a point among the shadows where the darkness would half obscure him but for the fitful gleams of the fire. Dropping into the part with his cue, he draws out from the blanket an Indian pipe of red clay, fills it from a beaded pouch, and begins smoking lazily, stoically. Through a rift in the bushes he perceives that two men have climbed the fence of the pasture lot and are making toward him. One, for all his slouch hat and generally careless appearance, is certainly Jerry. Ikey spares him no more than a glance; he is intent on the other man, who advances with a kind of loose, awkward strength.

As Jerry Taber and Abel Strong, his boob, picked their way across the humpy pasture lot Jerry was talking steadily, volubly and low. Abel Strong, listening with his mouth open, was a tall youth, whose wrists, neck and ankles started forth from his store clothes. Whenever he ventured an answer to Jerry's swift questions his Adam's apple ran up and down above his low collar like the mercury in a thermometer. He had a dull and fishy eye; a thin, prominent nose; and a set of large teeth. Sometimes a man really looks the part. Abel Strong did.

"Gosh!" said Jerry, speaking with a loose Western accent. "You never can tell nothing about an Injun; but this is a new one on me. Just as soon as he got to the river he took the notion he couldn't cross it. 'Bad medicine!' he says, and gives it out official that I've got to buy him out in two days or he'll go back to Arizona with his bricks. But I told you all that a'ready. What we better do right now is have a business understanding before we see him. The bricks are worth a little over thirteen thousand—I won't know exactly how much until we weigh 'em." Here Jerry indicated an irregular package he held under his left arm. "You're going to give him fifteen hundred for his share—if we work our game right, of course—and give me your note for four thousand for mine.

After you've cashed in you're to send me the money as soon as you get my address."

"Looks all right," said Abel, a little dubiously, somehow.

"Looks all right!" exclaimed Jerry. "You're going to drill 'em all yourself to prove by the assay that they're real gold—ain't you? And we're going to weigh 'em—ain't we? And Mr. Chase gave us a table of this here troy and aderverpoise weights to figure it out yourself—didn't he? I ain't slippin' nothin' over on you. Gee-whiz!" added Jerry, "you're getting enough out of me alone—more'n six thousand dollars for my note for four thousand!"

"I ain't saying you're dishonest, Mr. Jones," put in Abel Strong.

"Well, I know one thing," said Jerry in an aggrieved tone: "you or nobody else wouldn't be getting my share a dollar under its value if I didn't have to lay quiet on account of getting mixed with that hoss-stealing transaction. No, sir! I'd have the prominent bankers of this here town jumping up and down to buy it at a five-per-cent discount. Well, anyhow," added Jerry, as though mollified by his own eloquence, "I'm damned glad I run on to you. 'Tain't often you find a young fellow that's square and sees through a proposition. Gee-whiz! I kind of hate to let it go——" A pause here. "Anyhow, I said it, Mr. Strong, and it goes! Now run along easy with the Apache. Lead him on. Just flash the money on him sudden. He don't know what his gold is worth—I've took good care of that. Just remember this!"—Jerry tapped impressively on the upper button of Abel Strong's waistcoat: "Don't you slip up and give this Apache the slightest notion that his share of the bricks comes to a cent more than fifteen hundred! You're all right. I sized you first time I saw you for a fellow that knew his way about——"

"Sure! I'm on!" said Abel Strong. He gulped two or three times, and his Adam's apple danced with the motion. His skin, clear and yet tanned, grew a shade paler. "Hadn't we better start?" he asked.

Jerry raised a finger to his lip, made business of searching the horizon, and uttered again the whippoorwill call. The double answer came from close at hand. With stealthy step Jerry—Jeremiah Jones for the day—and his fellow conspirator, Abel Strong, parted the sprouting elderberry bushes and looked upon the tableau of Red Spring Ikey Moritz smoking a pipe among the shadows and meditating upon the wrongs of his people.

"How!" said Jerry. Red Spring removed his pipe and grunted. "Now look here, you pizen Apache, this thing has gone far enough. I've got a gentleman here who'll buy your share of that brick for more'n it's worth just to get you off my hands."

"Maybe I no sell," said Red Spring in thick accents.

"Well, I'll tell you what you will do," declared Jerry: "You'll let this gentleman look over the goods. It's as much mine as yours. Come through now!"

Red Spring removed his pipe and sat immobile as though letting the thought percolate to his stupid intelligence.

"All right!" he grunted at length. He laid aside his pipe, pulled from his belt a sheath-knife and began digging in the dust. The knife grated on something hard.

"Wait a minute!" hissed Jerry. He sprang from the bushes and scanned the horizon before he commanded: "Coast clear! Go on!"

And presently the trembling hands of Abel Strong were brushing off the three gold bricks that made up Patsy Burke's old, familiar door-stopper. Jerry, watching him closely, noted in satisfaction the clutch with which he grasped them. Thereupon Jerry unwrapped his package and took out a set of counter-scales and a jeweler's drill. The intent eyes of Red Spring followed every motion.

"Now we better be quick!" said Jerry. "You can't tell when some yap is going to walk into this place." He scraped a level spot in the dust, set the scales down, and lifted a gold brick, with an effort, to the tray.

"Weigh it yourself," he said laconically.

Abel Strong weighed with the greatest care. As the balances trembled at the exact point Jerry silently noted the figures on a card. In equal silence he added the figures, multiplied and divided them by Mr. Chase's troy and avoirdupois scale, and set down the final sum—$18,172.50. Abel Strong took the card from his hands and breathed ponderously as he ran his pencil down column after column. As he handed the card back he nodded in satisfaction.

"There you are!" said Jerry aloud. "Injun, if you could read I'd show you these figgers. Your share's worth just fourteen hundred dollars. Want to drill it now?" he asked Abel.

"Sure!" said Abel Strong. "I ain't buying any pig in a poke."

"That's right!" declared Jerry. "That's just the way I want it. You don't go away from here and tell people that Jones tried to slip anything over on you!" He fitted the point of the jeweler's drill, which he had borrowed that morning from the accommodating Mr. Chase. "Just pick out any place you like," continued Jerry—"unless you want to do your drilling yourself."

"That's all right," replied Abel Strong, eyeing the machine as though uncertain of his own skill. "I'll watch you."

"You'll do more'n that," said Jerry. "You'll hold this piece of paper to catch the filings. There's the place where we drilled before—the time I bought my share from Red Spring. Pick another place."

Abel Strong picked; holding the newspaper to catch the filings, he watched with intent eyes while Jerry drilled one brick after the other. Red Spring Ikey watched also; for a few minutes nothing was heard in the little nook

(Continued on Page 69)

What Swept the American Flag From the Sea?—1815-1915

IS THE INLANDER INTERESTED IN A MERCHANT MARINE?

Duluth Harbor

By A. C. LAUT

IS THE American farmer interested in a merchant marine? To those who know, the question is a grim joke. Read in the Congressional Record what the representatives of the American farmer have said about it: "It's all a howl by the shipbuilders." "Whole thing a graft for subsidy hunters." "Subsidy contrary to the Constitution." "Why should we pay taxes for a four-hundred-million-dollar canal and then make a free present of it to the steamship men?" "Let the cheapest carriers get the freight—no matter who!"

That is just the crux of it. Are the carriers who are getting the freight the cheapest? Or are we "paying tribute to Rome"? For every bushel of Western grain sold on the market in Liverpool, from one-quarter to one-third of the ultimate price goes for transportation charges. For every bushel of Western grain sent across the Great Lakes—say, when Chicago and New York prices are ruling at eighty and ninety cents—only from one and a half to four cents, or one-twentieth of the ultimate price, goes to transportation.

Why is it so much of the price is absorbed in foreign transportation and so little in domestic carriage? If the foreign carriers who get the freight are the cheapest how comes it that in a year of big farm crops, like 1912, grain freights for the sea nearly treble and cotton freights more than double? How comes it, in a big crop year like 1912, farmers' prices are the lowest, ocean freights are the highest, and the stock of the foreign ship pools pays the highest dividends known in ten years?

Look below the skin of things! Is it a certainty that the carriers who get the freight are the cheapest? If so why was it that American vessels, offering cheaper freights in the days when there were American vessels, were left to rot dismantled, while the foreign carriers demanding the higher freight got the cargo? San Francisco, Portland, Seattle—all could tell you a story of this.

Tell the average inlander that National prosperity is a triangle, with agriculture and manufactures forming the two sides, but the base always transportation—and the inlander is not very much interested so long as the sides of the triangle keep growing higher and higher. Any child knows that if you keep building a block house higher and higher on the sides and narrower and narrower as to base, something is going to drop; but the inlander does not care so long as his potatoes and wheat do not drop. But is not that exactly what they did do? In 1912 did they not drop? The world ate just as much bread and potatoes; and the total for the agricultural products of 1912 was something sufficiently colossal to swell out the patriotic chest; but, somehow, when you worked that total out in terms of a bushel and a man it did not figure any profit to the grower—it figured a whale of a profit to ocean carriers!

Take wheat, for instance. A few years ago, when prices ranged very much as they have ranged in 1912—from eighty-seven cents to one dollar—the open rate on wheat for export from Mississippi points to New York was twelve cents a hundredweight. The ocean rate to Liverpool was about three cents. Add elevator, commission and handling charges—the Western farmer could put his wheat on the Liverpool market under twenty cents a hundred, or twelve cents a bushel. Deduct twelve cents from the minimum Liverpool price of eighty-seven cents and the farmer had seventy-five cents left for his grain.

Put the average wheat yield at twenty bushels to the acre—the average is below that for almost every grain area in America—and the farmer has fifteen dollars an acre from his wheatfield. Now it cost five dollars an acre to break, disk and seed—two dollars an acre to harvest, thresh and market. The farmer realized net eight dollars an acre for his wheat. If farm products go much below ten dollars net an acre they have crossed the deadline to a decline. Within the last three years ocean rates on grain have doubled and trebled—foreign freighters, of course; there are no American. Instead of costing the Western farmer twenty cents a hundred, or twelve cents a bushel, to lay his grain down in Liverpool—there are just as many bread-eaters in Europe today as ten years ago—it costs him from thirty-seven to forty-five cents a hundred to lay his grain down in Liverpool, and more than these figures in winter, when navigation has closed—close to fifty-five cents for farmers in the Far West, as Dakota or Alberta. Now forty cents a hundred means twenty-four cents a bushel. Deduct twenty-four cents from eighty-seven cents, and you get a net for the farmer of sixty-three cents a bushel—or, at twenty bushels to the acre, twelve dollars and sixty cents gross an acre. Deduct seven dollars an acre for cost of labor from that twelve-sixty and you have a net for the Western farmer of five-sixty an acre—four-forty below the deadline.

And that is exactly what has happened in the West this year. If you doubt it—this was the most bountiful year of farm crops on the continent—I can give you the addresses of grain farmers in Alberta, in Saskatchewan, in Dakota, in Kansas, who found that the game was not worth the candle. Why? Because in big crop years foreign carriers shove up their rates, so that the cream of the profit goes not to the United States pocket but to the foreign pocket. "Our tribute to Rome"—the conquering foreign carriers of the sea!

Precisely the same story could be told of Hood River and Grand Junction apples; of Minnesota and Maine potatoes; of Galveston and Savannah cotton. Is the American farmer interested in the merchant marine? Is it all "a howl by the shipbuilders"? Are the cheapest carriers getting the freight?

Now go back to that comparison of prosperity to a triangle—one side, agriculture; the other side, manufactures; the base, navigation or transportation to market. Agriculture has shot up into a total of billions. Manufactures have shot up into billions. What about the base of the triangle? There are on the seas today, engaged in international commerce, never more than twelve ships carrying the American flag—seldom more than eight ships; to be accurate, usually one ship on the Pacific and eight on the Atlantic. All other carriers of American commerce belong to foreign pools. To put it another way—of America's total foreign commerce only nine per cent is carried in American vessels.

How about that triangle? When the house of blocks grows too high as to sides and too narrow as to base, something drops. Well—for the farmer—wheat, potatoes and apples dropped hard.

The year 1815 witnessed the beginning of the decline of America's merchant marine. Will the year 1915, the opening of the canal that is to reverse the conduits of world traffic, witness the revival of the marine? Is the inlander interested? Of the country's population of ninety-five millions the inlander's vote represents fifty millions. It is his mandate and his alone that will determine Congress. Is he interested? Does he want the country to go on drifting and paying tribute to foreign carriers? Or does he want a marine of his own—a delivery cart to carry the goods of Uncle Sam's shops to his European customers? Lacy would not do very well if he had his goods delivered by Bannamaker; and Bannamaker would not do very well if he had his goods delivered by Beers Gobuck, of Chicago. Yet that's the course Uncle Sam is following in his international trade. Suppose the inlander wants Uncle Sam to have his own delivery cart for the seas, does that mean another pork barrel for special interests? If it means higher taxes Uncle Sam will have to pull a lot of hayseed out of his whiskers before he sees it. If it means lower taxes you will have to show him.

When you talk rivers and harbors to an inlander he goes up in the air with enthusiasm, though the total be forty million dollars, as this year, or sixty million dollars, which is what the rivers-and-harbors people want. Uncle Sam can see that.

Civic Barge Built by Kansas City, Missouri

It is dead plain. Here's a bale of cotton to be sent down to Mobile. Rail, one dollar; barge, twenty-five cents—saving seventy-five cents! Hurrah for rivers and harbors! Here's a bag of wheat at Duluth. At the highest rate it can be sent down the Lakes one thousand miles for five cents from Port Arthur to Georgian Bay. At the lowest rate it has been sent as low as one cent and a half for two thousand miles all the way to Buffalo. By rail that would cost not less than ten cents, and west of the Mississippi cost all the way from sixteen to twenty cents—saving at least fifteen cents. More hurrahs for rivers and harbors! Farmers do not raise coal; but they buy it. Coal by rail from the Mississippi states to the South costs all the way from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two-fifty a ton; by river, fifty cents—saving near a dollar! More shouts and huzzas and salvos for rivers and harbors!

One Dollar Will Ship a Ton of Freight on the Navigable Rivers Two Thousand Miles

To put the figures in a nutshell—I am quoting from Mr. Thompson, secretary of the Rivers-and-Harbors Congress—one dollar will ship a ton of freight on a good wagonroad ten miles; or on a railroad, one hundred and twenty-seven miles; or on the Great Lakes, twelve hundred and fifty miles; or on the navigable rivers, two thousand miles. Now the buyer does not pay the freight, though you ship every day in the week F. O. B. Prices are determined by supply and demand. Returns to the grower are determined by supply and demand, minus transportation. Otherwise, why should a grain-grower in Dakota get only seventy cents for his wheat when the grower in New York gets ninety for his?

The inlander looks at those comparative figures—one dollar for one hundred and twenty-seven miles by rail or two thousand miles by river; and he is for rivers and harbors with both hands!

Along the Mississippi and Ohio and Missouri alone there is an inland area the size of Austria and Germany and France and Italy and Portugal and Spain and the Netherlands and Great Britain! One can understand why rivers and harbors get boundless backing from the inlander; but when you ask the inlander what good on earth rivers and harbors are to convey farm produce cheaply to a foreign market when there is not a single American ship to carry the freight on from the harbor to the foreign market, he scratches his head vaguely and talks about letting the cheapest carriers take the freight! He ignores the fact that there are today no cheap foreign carriers. That day passed when the foreign carriers drove the American flag from the seas.

Ask an inlander about gold panics, and he is not very much interested. In the bottom of his heart he may be a

Kansas City Established Municipal Boats to Reduce Rates of River Navigation

Open Style Coal Docks, Duluth

little gratified that when gold panics occur Wall Street "gets it." If Wall Street continues to get too much of the gold panic the inlander knows that it reacts in tight money for the movement of the crops, and may very seriously lower values for the crops themselves. He may vaguely wonder why, if gold flows out to Europe to pay for what we buy, it does not likewise flow back to America to pay for what we sell. He ignores the fact that we yearly pay to Europe a freight and insurance tribute on United States commerce alone of from two hundred and seventy-five millions to three hundred and seventy-five million dollars in gold. When the 1907 panic hit Wall Street I was in Dakota. It was impossible to cash a draft on New York inside of two weeks. From the Mississippi to the Rockies there was not a hamlet untouched by the panic. Yet what is a merchant marine to the inlander of the United States?

In 1891 the freight, postal and passenger bill to foreign carriers for American commerce was $312,500,000. If that bill had to be paid in wheat it would take half of the biggest wheat crop the United States has ever had! It is equal to three-quarters of all the gold production of the world for a single year, or three times the gold production of the United States and Canada for a single year. And in what was the bill paid? It was paid in a tribute levied on everything the farmer and the lumbermen and the manufacturers exported. The gold that came from Europe to America on those sales forthwith went back from America to Europe in freight for the carriage of United States products. That is the way we pay modern tribute to foreign conquerors, because we have no merchant marine!

Ocean Rates Rise Like Rockets

I WAS talking to one of the biggest wool-dealers in the United States. He is an inlander and a reactionary—and a Westerner. He does not believe in the new-fangled imperialism, and expansion of boundaries, and foreign trade, and "this business of digging a four-hundred-million dollar ditch for the foreign nations of the world. See what a mess we have involved ourselves in!" he said. "The Panama Bill excludes railroad ships. Now you know, and so do I, that there is only one coastal line in the United States independent of railroad control." That coastal line has just been forced to the wall and is out of commission.

"All right! Panama is not going to do the coastal steamers any good. Now how many American steamers have we on the high seas? Eight or nine—isn't it? And they run to Europe and will not use the canal. We are making a present of a four-hundred-million-dollar waterway to the world! What have we to do with ocean commerce and foreign policies? Let us be an empire within ourselves, and mind our business—and leave the sea to other nations! We have nothing to gain by this hue and cry to get a marine. We have existed without a marine for a hundred years, and can exist for ten thousand. Let the other nations hew and carry for us. It's their funeral!"

"Where and how do you ship your wool?"

"New England mills," he said; "sometimes we ship out by Texas and sometimes we ship through by rail."

"How are the rates?"

"Rail by Texas and then water—through rate about one dollar and twenty-four cents; all rail overland averages usually two-thirteen or two-twenty-five."

That is, the fact of having marine carriers mattered one dollar a hundredweight to this inlander. It would not be difficult to figure out what that one dollar a hundredweight means on his total purchases. He is credited with buying direct from the sheepmen a quarter of a million dollars' worth of wool a year. We'll suppose he pays twenty cents a pound. As a matter of fact, he does not. He buys as low as twelve and fourteen cents. Figure out on the basis of any of the three prices and the fact of a ship to carry his wool means to that inlander from twelve thousand dollars up a year, according to the quantity shipped by water.

I quote from one of the leading marine specialists in the world: "The —— Line announces that operating profits for the year 1912 have been fourteen million dollars as compared with eleven millions for 1911. The net profits have been thirteen millions against ten millions for 1911. After paying a ten per cent dividend nine millions was set aside for a reserve fund." These are round figures.

I quote again: "On all the great trade routes from New York cargo offerings have been so good that shipowners have been able to increase their freight rates. Though these have in some cases nearly doubled, traffic has apparently been able to bear it. The domestic trade is less subject to price fluctuations." The domestic is America.

Here is a schedule on grain and cotton from New York to Liverpool for 1910, 1912 and 1913. Grain: 1910—three cents; 1912—seven cents; 1913—ten cents. Cotton: 1910—twelve cents; 1912—thirty cents; 1913—forty-five cents.

For the whole of 1912, foreign carriers literally doubled their earnings. Shipping shares in foreign carriers doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Shares that were £2 in 1911 were £10 in 1912; or at two hundred pounds in 1911, four hundred and twenty-two pounds in 1912—and this chiefly from profits in carrying American commerce! Why not? What competition had they to fear from American carriers?

Ask the average inlander why we have no merchant marine and he fulminates against the Eastern press being owned by the foreign steamship pools. I quote: "If conditions"—as to marine—"are to continue none will be responsible therefor—so much as a lot of low-browed, hungry-visaged, measly cadavers . . . with shirt-tail full of type, abnormal gall, intellectual imbecility, indescribable pinheaded so-called editors, who hide their ignorance, stupidity and asininity behind the editorial 'we,' spewing out upon a defenseless public to beguile them." Or this gem as to politicians: "These peripatetic jawsmiths gather from empty think-tanks flowers of rhetoric to tickle the fancy of he-males and she-males suffering with mental dry rot."

What's Hecuba to Us?

THIS from the Middle West against the Eastern press and the Eastern politician for not pushing a policy to reëstablish a merchant marine! Yet, until the question of Panama tolls came up—in fact, for exactly a century—so slack has been the interest of the Middle West on the subject of a merchant marine that it has been impossible to keep enough members together to form a quorum in the House, or to keep up a live discussion as to what would restore the marine.

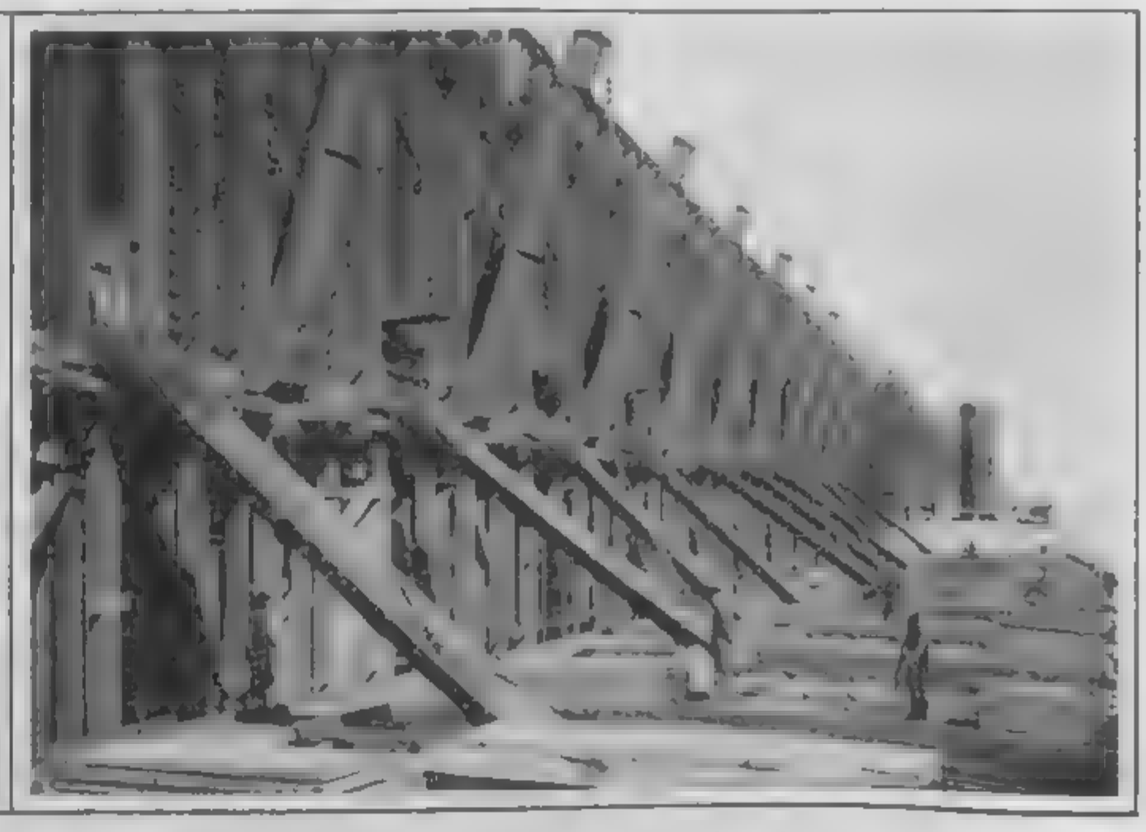
Elkins' impassioned appeal for it in recent years—Windom's, two decades ago—were listened to by empty benches. "What's a merchant marine to us?" asked the Middle West.

Lay your hand at random on any section of the United States! You cannot touch an acre of agricultural land, a mining belt, a manufacturing center, a lumbering district—not vitally hurt by the lack of a merchant marine to carry American commerce!

Coal fleets come down the Ohio with fifty-eight thousand tons in tow—one load—the freight of fifty locomotives, nineteen hundred cars; and those coal fleets are by river cheaper than freight by rail as two hundred and seventy miles is to two thousand miles. What if the same could be done for grain, corn, lumber, cotton and wool?

Within ten years seventeen different railroad systems have come down to Houston. Why? To carry the products of farm and forest down to the sea.

Lakes and Dams Will Make the Tombigbee Navigable All the Year



Automatic Ore-Loading Device Which Raises Pay of Stevedores to Sixty Cents an Hour

Within ten years seventeen different railroad systems have come down to New Orleans. Why? To carry the products of farm and forest down to the sea.

Within five years five different railroad systems have come down to Mobile. Why? To carry the products of forest and farm down to the sea.

Within three years three different railroad systems have come down to Pensacola. Why? To carry the products of forest and farm down to the sea.

The same story could be told of every harbor on the Pacific Coast. Into San Diego have come two systems. Into Los Angeles have come three, and a fourth is building that way; into Vancouver, four or five; into Seattle, six or seven. Why? To carry the products of farm and forest down to the sea. But what is the use of bringing the products of forest and farm down to the sea if there are no American vessels to convey the cargo onward to the markets of the world—if we must pay tribute to those conquering foreign carriers who have swept the American flag from the sea? The war captive bowed his head beneath the Roman foot in olden days and paid his life tax for the privilege of going on living! We sank our ships or burned them for kindling wood; and now we must pay our slave tribute to enter the markets of the world in cargo fee—a cargo fee that in total pretty nearly equals the yearly gold production of the world!

Now shut your eyes and put your hand down on any area in the United States. Open them. Here's Southern California! All right! A yearly crop of oranges and lemons worth from forty to fifty million dollars a year—and increasing yearly. You can send a box of California oranges East for a dollar. By water round the Horn or across Panama that box costs forty cents—sixty more cents into the pockets of the grower by marine than rail. Two trial shipments of oranges, rail versus water, last year showed twenty-five dollars a ton to Atlantic ports by rail—seven dollars by Panama.

Shut your eyes again. Slam—down comes your hand on the Grand Junction apple country of Colorado! It costs two hundred and fifty dollars a car to send five hundred fifty-pound boxes of apples to New York—or two hundred and fifty dollars a car of twenty-five thousand pounds. For that figure you can send eighty-four thousand pounds of furniture all the way from New York to Los Angeles. When apples bring only two dollars a box, as they did last year, fifty cents is one-fourth of the total price. How by water? Fruit from San Francisco can be brought at a profit at six dollars a ton; or about seventy-five dollars for a twenty-five-thousand-pound cargo—a five-hundred-box car. Add the proportionate rate from Colorado to the seacoast and you get what a merchant marine should mean to inlanders of Grand Junction.

Four Hundred Thousand Bushels Loaded and Reloaded in Ten Hours at This Buffalo Grain Elevator

Shut your eyes again. Down comes your hand—Portland and the Columbia regions this time. Sugar from Portland to Dallas: rail, six dollars and twenty cents a ton; water, one-ninety a ton—saving, four-thirty a ton.

Shut your eyes and bring down both hands at once. Chicago and Kansas this time. Chicago to New York is nine hundred miles plus. Kansas to Houston is seven hundred plus. Yet the rate from Chicago to the seaboard on grain, say, is ten plus; from Kansas to Houston is thirty plus. This time, you see, the foreign carriers are powerful enough to compel American railroads to give them a more favorable rate to the Atlantic than to the Gulf—as one is to three.

Next time your hand comes down with a bang on the cotton country. This is interesting, because one of the first American steamships to plow across the main to Europe was financed and launched by Savannah men. Today Savannah's cotton is sent to Europe in foreign carriers; and, as told before, those foreign carriers, not amenable to Interstate Commerce laws, have jacked up prices on cotton from twelve cents in 1910 to forty-five in 1913.

Next time your hand sprawls down on the map above the lumber region of Northeastern Texas. Hardwoods in Houston cost twenty-five dollars a thousand. In New York those same woods cost from forty to sixty dollars. Why? The freight by steamer to New York is twenty-two cents a hundredweight, or eighty-eight dollars a cargo of forty thousand pounds. On a cargo of lumber from Washington to New York by rail, forty thousand pounds, or twenty tons, the charge is four hundred and seven dollars. Schooners will bring lumber round the Horn to New York for from four to six dollars a ton—or eighty dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars for that cargo of forty thousand pounds. Ship that lumber to Europe—thirty-five hundred miles, say, from Norfolk—the charge would be fifteen cents a

(Continued on Page 36)

BENSINGER'S LUCK

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

The Lightning Calculator

"I GUESS a man's a sucker to be honest!" Bensinger observed moodily to his wife. "Anyway I've never found there was anything in it. I was honest in my little commission business; but I failed, and people I couldn't pay went round telling everybody I was a cut-throat. Peter J. Skellenger tells everybody I'm a cut-throat too." He grinned a little. "The old lobster's got more reason for saying it than the other people have. Wish I'd trimmed him for forty thousand instead of four! Get the dough—that's all that counts. You bet I'm getting it too; but I suppose it is sort of rough on you in some ways, Elsie, and I'm mighty sorry for that," he added, looking wistfully at the pretty person on the other side of the dinner table.

"Of course I don't see much of you any more, Steve," Elsie murmured, looking down at her plate.

Vito, the great health food, was going amazingly. It kept him out of town half the time. During the other half he spent twelve to fourteen hours a day at the office, the plant, the bank—everywhere except at home; but both of them understood perfectly that this was not what he meant. The most select circles of Three Falls did not regard Stephen Bensinger as an eligible person, and the disability necessarily extended more or less to his wife. The influence of Peter J. Skellenger in those circles was very great; and everybody remembered—and repeated—that only three years before Stephen Bensinger had been hauling lettuce and cabbage to town in a one-horse wagon. It was reported that he commonly went about the house in his shirtsleeves and stocking feet and dined on sauerkraut, which he ate with a knife. Looking across at the pretty person, Steve thought ruefully: "To be lonesome and snubbed—poor girl!"

He felt a special protective tenderness toward his wife just then, and it was directly related to his homily on honesty. While awaiting dinner he had been looking through the drawer in the library table for a certain catalogue. Nobody but himself used the library table. The drawer contained a litter of railroad folders, pamphlets about Vito and the like. Poking round there for his circular, he unearthed a rather bulky letter addressed to his wife. The postmark was a month old. Knowing Elsie, he knew she had tucked it away there and then forgotten where it was. The superscription was in the handwriting of Eddie Skellenger.

Now Eddie Skellenger had never made the least attempt to conceal his opinion that Mrs. Stephen Bensinger was a most eligible person; and, with him in mind, Steve had often thought what a pity it was that women did not know men. Yet he had that strange sense of masculine honor which would have made him feel like a sneak if he had told Elsie what he knew about Eddie while she was, in a way, receiving attentions from him.

He put the letter in his pocket. He knew it would be dishonorable to read it, but he did not know whether he was going to read it or not. The former alternative had been rather foremost in his mind when he declared moodily that a man was foolish to be honorable.

He carried the letter to the office next morning and put it in the upper right-hand drawer of his desk, which had been fitted with a special lock. He still did not know whether or not he was going to read it.

The office, like everything else about the business, was only a makeshift. When he began manufacturing Vito, with four thousand dollars derived from Peter J. Skellenger under circumstances which earned that gentleman's uncompromising enmity, the first consideration was a plant, and the old canning factory seemed most available. The plant was a cheaply constructed frame affair about thirty feet by sixty, and Steve got it under a ten-year lease at merely nominal rental.

Time came when Nathaniel G. Barker, president of the First National Bank, pointed out that storing grain and cases of Vito in a rude wooden shed positively would not do—because the First National was advancing many thousand dollars on those articles. Reluctantly Steve had then spent twelve thousand dollars that might have gone into advertising to build a long, cement-block warehouse, with an iron roof and firewalls, at the rear of the canning factory; but the manufacturing was still done in the old building, with two gasoline engines, and the makeshift offices occupied the front of the upper story. Some day he hoped to have enough spare money to build a new plant; but at present the more business he did the less spare money he had. Vito was going wonderfully, but it drank money as the desert absorbs water. Already he could show a profit on the books of twenty-five hundred dollars a month; but he ought to have at least five thousand dollars of new money every month to extend the business properly, and every dollar planted now was sure to yield many fold in the future. His own little capital was merely a slender rope stretched across an abyss.

"Hey, George!" he shouted from his desk in the back room—there being, of course, no callbells.

A little humpbacked man, with a homely face and long, dangling arms, came in from the front office at a rapid amble.

"Take that out of there," said Steve, pointing to an item on a sheet full of figures.

The sheet contained a statement of the condition of the business. They were continually making statements for the bank, the advertising agency, the commercial reporters and other people—statements upon which their credit rating depended. The item to which Steve pointed showed some seven thousand dollars owing on transit account.

"That's a private arrangement between me and the bank," he added. "I don't want that item ever to show in any statements to anybody except the bank. The bank's willing to treat it practically as cash—and it's nobody else's business."

In his continual need of money he was always snapping, like a hungry dog at a bone, at any stray bit of cash or credit that came in sight. Whenever possible he induced jobbers to buy Vito for cash or on only ten days' time, and when he made a shipment to a jobber with whom he had such an arrangement he took the bill-of-lading to the First National and got credit for the full amount. These transactions were carried separately in transit account.

It was not a very businesslike arrangement—or even, strictly speaking, a legal one, because it brought the total

amount of Steve's indebtedness to the bank above the limit that the institution was permitted by law to lend to any one concern.

"The trouble with you, Steve," said the president of the First National, "is that you ain't a business man at all. You're just a pirate. Your idea is to grab all the money in sight right away. You'd borrow this old shebang dry as a bone in twenty-four hours if I didn't sit on your neck all the while. As it is, you've hornswoggled me into lending you twice as much as you're entitled to. By jiminy, if anybody'd told me a year ago that the old First National would ever lend any man money above the legal limit, and hide it from the bank examiner in a dark-lantern account, I'd 'a' said he was a liar!"

Mr. Barker was about five feet six inches high, and his circumference was not much less than that. His smooth-shaved face was very red; he wore a pair of large, gold-bowed spectacles; and a wisp of iron-gray hair usually hung belligerently over his sloping brow. He stood so close to Steve that his paunch touched the latter's coat, and looked him square in the eye. Very pugnacious was Nathaniel G. Barker, but staunch. From the beginning he had been the mainstay of Steve's credit.

"Why, I only owe you thirty-seven thousand all told, N. G.!" Steve replied, his eyes twinkling. "That's nothing, with such a business as I've got."

"And sixty thousand to that advertising agency—I suppose that's nothing either!" Mr. Barker retorted.

"Not a thing!" Steve declared. "I hope I'll owe you both twice as much before the year is out."

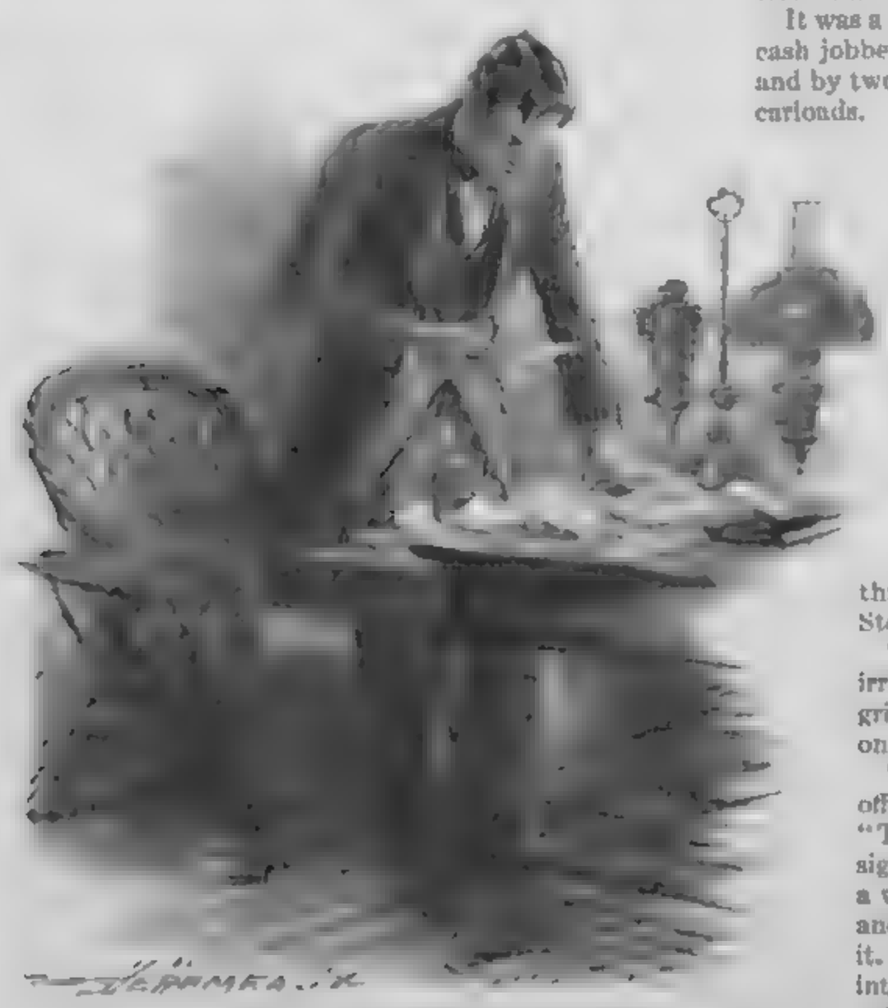
"There you go, head down, trusting to main strength and bullheaded luck," the banker grumbled. "You'll hit a stone wall some day. And mark this down, young man: you don't get another cent out of this old shebang. It's just about time for you to come round with that bond issue," he added.

Steve's only reply was a chuckle. They had talked of the bond issue several times. The proposition was that a new company be organized to take over Vito and issue about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds. If the business kept on showing such profits as of late, Mr. Barker thought the bonds could be sold; in fact, he was willing to take a round lot of them himself. The vital question was: How much bonus, in stock of the company, should be given to purchasers of the bonds? Mr. Barker thought they ought to have about half the stock. Steve thought they ought to have about ten per cent.

All was open and friendly between himself and N. G., but each would have regarded as preposterous any suggestion that the other was in business for his health. Naturally, moreover, Mr. Barker by no means saw the millions in Vito that Steve saw.

It was the same way with the advertising agency, which was his other important creditor. The agency was willing to take bonds—with a sufficiently large bonus of stock. Now the business was growing every day, and the longer Steve could postpone settlement the more cogently he could insist upon a small bonus.

Asking him to give up a half interest in Vito was like asking for one of his legs. His policy was to postpone settlement as long as possible; but this involved straining his credit to the utmost limit—and sometimes a little beyond.



He Knew She Had Tucked It Away and Then Forgotten Where It Was

He had already told George Hempel, the hump-backed head bookkeeper, that what he owed the bank on transit account was to be omitted from the statements to his other creditors. Nevertheless, as he pushed Vito into new fields on his slender rope of capital, liabilities mounted hand over fist.

"I dunno, George," he commented dubiously, surveying a new statement of condition. "Looks sort of top-heavy, don't it? You see, if I can stand those ducks off on a settlement till fall I can make 'em take a bonus of only fifteen or twenty per cent instead of fifty. And the way this business is growing that will be worth half a million dollars to me inside of five years. You bet I'm going to keep all the stock I can. I dunno—there's that grain we ordered yesterday. It will be here by the time this statement gets to Chicago, or soon after. I dunno but you might as well put it in as on hand now."

"Sure! I was thinking of that myself," the bookkeeper assented heartily. "And there's that note you gave the paper-box people. Why not just put that in among accounts payable? What difference will it make in a few months?"

"Well, put her in that way," said Steve. "What difference will it make in a few months?" A little later he made a new contract with the advertising agency, involving additional credit. "You needn't put that in the statement for the bank this month," he instructed Hempel. "Barker's been sort of nervous lately. I haven't got the advertising yet anyway. I've only given a note for it."

However, in spite of all these expedients, to keep the growing business in any sort of equilibrium created a kind of continuous crisis. Time and again he sent checks out of town when there was no money in the bank to cover them, trusting that expected remittances would come to hand before the checks were presented for payment. Several times he got caught, to the increasing annoyance of Nathaniel G. Barker.

"I won't stand for overdrafts," the banker told Steve. And again: "See here, young man, this business of overdrawing your account has got to stop." And finally, thrusting his paunch against the skirt of Steve's coat and looking him square in the eye through his gold-bowed spectacles: "The next time checks of yours come in here with no money to cover 'em I won't send for you. I've talked to you about overdrawing all I'm going to. The next time I'll just throw out the checks."

Steve knew then that he meant exactly what he said. It was unfortunate, too, for the checks that had provoked Mr. Barker's wrath were not the only ones outstanding. The morning's mail would bring in others, and he had been notified by wire that the remittance he had counted upon would be delayed. It was unfortunate, for if his checks went to protest he might as well throw up the sponge.

"We've got to force out some cash stuff," he told Hempel very soberly on returning to the office. "N. G.'s got his dander up and no mistake. He'll throw out my checks in the morning if I don't get the money into the bank this afternoon. We've got to force out some cash stuff!"

Cash stuff meant goods shipped to one of the jobbers who would pay cash, so that immediately the goods were loaded he could deposit the bill-of-lading in the bank for transit account and get credit.

It was a further misfortune that he had been working his cash jobbers pretty hard of late. He began telegraphing and by two o'clock had sold a carload; but he needed two carloads. By half past three he felt rather blue. Nobody seemed to want another carload. He might possibly raise some money as a personal loan, but, in view of what he had already raised that way, he didn't just see where. There was, no doubt, a final resource. He could get credit immediately by accepting N. G.'s views regarding the bond issue and giving away a half interest in the business. It was like giving a leg. About four o'clock, as he sat pondering this rather glumly, he happened to be staring toward the door.

Now some things about the hunchback were annoying. For example, instead of knocking or walking straight in, he pushed the swinging door an inch and peeked through the crack. This time his peering eye met Steve's speculative eye.

"Come on in!" Steve growled with unusual irritation. Hempel entered with his rapid amble, grinning broadly, and dropped two sheets of paper on the desk.

"Why, those suckers down there at the freight office will sign anything!" he declared gleefully. "They've got no system at all. You see, Johnson signed the bill-of-lading for our car. I hung round a while gassing until he went out. Then I shoved another bill-of-lading at Simpson, and he signed it. The suckers will sign anything!" He broke into a high, cackling laugh.

Steve examined the two sheets. Each was a bill-of-lading—duly signed—for a car of Vito.

"And Mark This Down, Young Man: You Don't Get Another Cent Out of This Old Shebang"

The humorous aspect of the fact appealed to him and he grinned too. Taking the two bills-of-lading over to the bank—where most of his business was done through the side door after banking hours—he deposited them for transit account. Thus his checks were duly paid in the morning, and the afternoon's mail brought the delayed remittance that he should have received forty-eight hours earlier.

This continual skating over paper-thin ice might have wrecked a nervous system less robust than his, but he seemed to thrive on it; and all the while his attention never wavered from the main point—to push the business night and day.

So it went on through the summer and early fall. The business grew steadily. Nathaniel G. Barker and the advertising agency were more and more impressed with that fact. They could see Vito stock emerging day by day from the limbo of a mere speculation to the solid ground of success. By the end of September Steve felt that he had his success firmly in hand. Mr. Barker had agreed to his terms respecting the bond issue.

He proposed to issue three hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds, and to give the purchasers a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock as a bonus. The money from the bonds would pay all his debts, build a new manufacturing plant and give him working capital. The stock, he declared, would be worth three hundred dollars a share inside of five years, making a huge profit for the bond purchasers; but he could afford that, for he proposed to keep four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock for himself.

"Yes, sir; it puts you right on bedrock, Steve," Mr. Barker commented at the close of the conversation during which he agreed to the terms. "Right on bedrock! It's high time too. You know, my son, when I look back at it—why, it's scandalous the way you've been piking along on a shoestring. And, by heck, it's scandalous the way I've let you do it! Guess you sort of hypnotized me. This transit-account business ain't even legal. I wouldn't have the bank examiner find it out for a farm. The old First National doing that sort of under-the-hat business! But I was sort of stuck on your good fighting nerve, Steve. By heck, I wanted to see you win out! And I knew you was square as a die with me too. Yes, sir; it puts you on bedrock, and you've deserved it. I'm mighty glad of it."

In response to this tribute from the pugnacious, downright, staunch man, Steve merely swallowed and shuffled his feet nervously.

It did put him on bedrock—practically. Nothing remained except to win the assent of the advertising agency, and he felt in his bones he could do that. For that purpose he went to Chicago on the fourth of October; but there was a short delay because one of the principals in the agency was out of town. They did not get down to business until the sixth. On the seventh, eighth and ninth he telephoned to Barker encouragingly. One of the principals was rather holding off for a little bigger bonus, but he was sure to come into line.

Just before noon on the eleventh he telephoned: "All over but the shouting, N. G.! We're to have a final confab at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon and sign the papers."

At nine o'clock on the twelfth, however, the banker called him up:

"That you, Steve? Well, this is Barker. Say, Steve, something's broke loose here. I can't talk about it over the wire, but you catch that eleven-o'clock train for Three Falls without fail. Don't let anything prevent it! Come right up to the bank."

The eleven-o'clock train reached Three Falls at ten minutes past three, and Steve took a cab to the bank. Barker was alone in his office and, as Steve entered, looked up from the desk through his gold-bowed spectacles, the usual belligerent wisp of hair hanging over his forehead. Instead of saying Hello! he nodded very gravely and went over and shut the door.

"Something's happened here, Steve," he began with the sober sympathy of a friendly bearer of bad news. "But, first, where did you get hold of that humpback of yours?"

"George?" said Steve, wondering with all his might. "Why, he had a little job of bookkeeping in the lumber yard here when I picked him up. I gave him some temporary work to do at first, and then, when I saw what was in him, I put him in charge of the office. Why, that fellow's a crackerjack, N. G.," he continued earnestly. "He runs my office as easy as falling off a log, and the more work I pile on him the better he seems to like it. Yes, sir; he's a Jim-dandy—quickest man at figures I ever saw in my life! You see," Steve went on, warming to the theme, "that was his stunt for a while. He was lightning calculator in a bum little street show—stood in front of a blackboard, you know, and added up a big column of figures in half a minute. The bum little show got pinched here somehow or other—seems somebody claimed he had his pocket picked. That was two or three years ago. Guess everybody's forgotten it. I wouldn't have known anything about it if George hadn't told me himself. Well, after the show was pinched he sort of drifted round here and New Manheim and Rochelle, doing odd jobs at bookkeeping. As a matter of fact, I guess George wasn't first-class as a lightning calculator. He admitted as much himself. But you bet he's first-class as a bookkeeper."

N. G. nodded gravely.

"There you go, Steve—head down, trusting to main strength and bullheaded luck! Now those are fine antecedents for a head bookkeeper and confidential man—ain't they? Bum little show—pinched for picking a pocket! Fine! Well, Hempel's robbing you blind!"

Steve stared for a minute and replied incredulously:

"You don't mean it!"

"Sure I mean it," N. G. affirmed. "I thought it was odd myself the way that transit account began climbing right up to the ceiling the minute you left for Chicago. Hempel told Tom"—he referred to the assistant cashier—"that you were forcing out a lot of cash stuff. I suppose we wouldn't have got on to it at all if a very little thing hadn't raised Tom's suspicion. Then he began investigating and we found your humpback had been shooting us full of forged bills-of-lading. There's no question whatever about it, because we've checked up the bills. There's fifteen thousand dollars and odd that we can trace right now; but how much more he's robbed you of in other ways the Lord only knows! That's why I sent for you."

"But what in the world has he done with the money?" Steve inquired blankly.

"Near as we can make out," the banker replied, "he's been taking it in drafts on Chicago, payable to himself. For some time, it seems, he's every now and then had a draft made payable to himself. Lately he's got fifteen thousand dollars of 'em. You see, he couldn't draw any amount of currency out of the bank without having to answer some questions, because you never use currency in your business. So he's taken it in drafts. So far's this fifteen thousand goes, we can stop payment of the drafts and save you the money; but it's up to you to find out right away how much else he's stolen."

"Well, by George!" said Steve very flatly and foolishly.

"I've had a John Doe warrant sworn out and I can get you a good man to serve it in five minutes," Mr. Barker suggested. "You want to go right after him, Steve, hammer and tongs. Don't let the blamed thief get away."

"I want to have a talk with him first. I want to find out where I stand," Steve replied, rising.

Of late Hempel had been indulging his native taste in clothes. This afternoon, for example, with a new suit, he was wearing a golden-brown striped vest and a bright tie. His shoes were patent leather. A solitaire shone on his clawlike right hand. He was perched atop of the bookkeeper's high stool, with his thin legs twisted round the rungs in a rather spidery fashion; and as he pored over an open ledger his jeweled right hand held a smoking cigarette.

Such was the figure upon which Steve's lowering eyes fell as he entered the office. He had been thinking of a good many things on the way over from the bank, but a huge indignation tended more and more to obscure all other thoughts. Hempel glanced up as Steve stepped in. The latter's slightly undershot lower jaw closed firmly upon the upper one; he nodded significantly toward the door to his own room and strode on through the outer office.

There was a moment's delay before Hempel followed him—slipping sidewise through the swinging door and darting a few steps down along the wall in a ratlike manner. Steve understood instantly that the hunchback suspected what had brought him home.

The indignation surged up boiling hot. Turning quickly from his desk in the corner he strode toward the apish figure, glowering and growling under his breath, for the other clerks might overhear:

"Cough up that money!"

Hempel crouched lower; his right hand made a rapid motion and the ominous muzzle of a short, heavy revolver rested against Steve's stomach.

"I'm Going to Get That Fifteen Thousand or You're Going to Get Kicked Out"

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you if you touch me!" the apish creature chattered, also under his breath; and in the shocked little pause on Steve's part he sprang away down along the wall. "Want a few of these in your insides?" he inquired—and the necessity of speaking low made it all the more uncanny. "Fine pills for you! Big as the end of your thumb! Make a hole like a two-inch auger! I won't cough up anything! You'll cough up yourself! Now listen, you liar and robber!"

He kept working his lips in a convulsive and most uncanny sort of grin. Steve saw that he was really afraid and whipped himself on to play his part.

"You talk about your money!" the hunchback continued in a hissing whisper. "It's mine as much as yours. How about those fake statements you've been putting out the last six months? You ain't made an honest statement since spring. They've got worse and worse—faking 'em up more and more. Your last ones ain't been within a mile of your books. I can prove that—can't I? I can show Nathaniel G. Barker just what sort of rotten deal you've been handing him—can't I?—and the advertising agency too. I can show 'em you're a liar and crook! How about it?"

Something in Steve's interior seemed to cave in. Put in just those terms it was an ugly thing to hear, but it was true that his statements had grown more and more false; once given a lead, George had proved an artist in falsifying them. He had told himself that the business was really good for every dollar put into it; that no creditor would lose a penny at the end; that he was merely "window-dressing" his shop.

"And this transit account that you're yelping about like a dog with a can to its tail," Hempel continued, lashing himself on—"who began putting forged bills-of-lading into that account? And who kept it up? Eh? You did, and you knew it all the while. That funny business about their signing two bills for one car of stuff—of course you knew that was a lie. You knew I forged the bills. What would a jury say to it? You ship one car of stuff and then take bills for two cars over to the bank and get the money on 'em. You deposited the forged bills yourself and you got the money! What would a jury say to that? What would Barker say?"

The caving process continued. It had not actually occurred to Steve that those conveniently duplicated bills Hempel brought in were forged, but he had known well enough that he had no right to use them. Under the circumstances Barker or a jury would be quite justified in concluding that he knew they were forged. He had resorted to that device only half a dozen times in crucial emergencies, and each time he had told himself he would not do it again—but what he had told himself would not help his case any now.

"Nathaniel G. Barker, who's stood by you through thick and thin, you dog!" Hempel persisted. "You've handed him a lovely one—ain't you? He's trusted you when nobody else would, and you've stuffed him with forged bills and lying statements. He's carried that transit account under the hat for you. Suppose I put the bank examiner on to it? Nathaniel would love you then—wouldn't he?"

"You cough up that money or you'll go to the pen!" Steve growled; but inwardly he was much caved.

"You lie, you crook! You lie!" Hempel retorted furiously in his rasping half whisper. "You think you've got your bond business all settled—eh? Not much it ain't settled! Suppose Barker and the advertising agency knew just how big a crook you are! Suppose they knew you'd been lying to 'em right along with your fake statements! Would they sign up then? Not much! Would Barker, with the bank examiner on his neck, sign up? Not much! They'd kick you out of here!" And it seemed to Steve not improbable that they would. "Oh, I can raise hell with you all right!" Hempel piped triumphantly. "Listen now! You want to put through your bond deal. You say yourself it's worth half a million at least. All right, I'll take fifteen thousand—just three per cent—for all the dirty work I've done for you. That lets you off easy."

Steve realized fully the strength of the enemy's position. A disclosure to Barker and the advertising agency just then might ruin him. Yet he would fairly have given fifteen thousand to get that black-muzzled revolver out of the way, for it was the obstacle that prevented him from dropping the hunchback out of the window. With the tail of his eye never off the weapon, he temporized:

"What do you think I'm going to do—sit down and be robbed of fifteen thousand dollars under my own nose?"

"Why, you've been robbed already!" Hempel cackled. "I've got fifteen thousand in drafts right here in my vest pocket. If there'd been any way I could draw currency without rousing suspicion I'd have ducked out of here today—when I saw by the way that fool Tom looked and acted that they'd been checking up transit account.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SILVER SPOON

By Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"FATHERS," interrupted Bagehot as he deliberately crossed his legs—"Fathers are born, not made. Any woman can be a mother—if she has children; it takes genius to be a father." The firelight fell upward on the novelist's bearded face and illumined the subtle smile of the brown eyes.

"You discourse," I answered, making an effort, "like the wisest of the Seven Wise Men. Yet my quiver is full of arrows and you are shamelessly, boastfully childless."

"My dear John," he protested, "paternity is a state of mind, not a physiological accident. To be a father one need not be a lineal ancestor, an actual progenitor. What he must be is a fluttering male, flying home nightly to some family nest, his beak full of silver dollars. He must think always and ever of the little nestlings—their teeth, their stomachs, their tonsils; their suppers, their baths, their ailments. In his mind he must see his babies rise, like the infant Hercules, out of their cradles and make their way year by year through all the seven—and seventy-seven—ages of man. I, without offspring, am a father—at least in imagination; you, despite your two charming children, are no more a father than you are a Cyclops."

I did not smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He hesitated on the verge of a new absurdity. Then, somewhat more seriously:

"John, I don't want to butt in; but here you've been sitting by a cheerful fire with an entertaining guest at your elbow and delectable strains from the Blue Danube drifting in from the ballroom—I find you here, I repeat, on the very occasion of your gifted son Robert's celebrating his twenty-first birthday, and your wife and your daughter radiant and beautiful—and you, healthy, wealthy and moderately wise; and here you sit for a mortal half-hour, morose, glum, and as silent as Lot's wife after the accident. Being a student of my fellowmen I surmise that you need diversion, and I seek to tickle your imagination."

A Young Man In Hot Water

"THANKS, old man; but next time don't use an ax. Robert's flunked his exams, he's in bad with a woman, and I'm worried!"

Bagehot's face fell.

"He's a decent chap for all that," he said stoutly.

"I don't know!" I answered. "I don't know, though he's my own son."

"He's a decent chap for all that," repeated Bagehot as he rose to go into the ball room. "John," he continued, looking me steadily in the eyes, "don't be hard on the boy! It's at least half your fault. Remember, he's always been fed with a silver spoon."

"It's easy to talk," I retorted savagely. "It's easy to talk when you have no children!"

"It's easy to talk!" I continued muttering long after Bagehot's broad shoulders had gone out. I went over in my mind that afternoon's chain of ugly circumstances. First, the disheartening letter from Princeton. Then the visit of the girl and her lawyer to my office. Amy Balch was the name—white-faced, scared-looking, with just the beginnings of a puffiness under the dull eyes; and yet rather likable and pretty in a stupid way. She was ill at ease—perhaps a novice at this sort of thing—but her lawyer, a near-eyed, sharp-nosed, cruel little cur named Wickett, was very fluent and oilily threatening.

I might have talked to Amy but for Wickett. As it was I gulped something down and referred them to Crowninshield, my lawyer, telephoning him later to settle at any price rather than have the threatened breach-of-promise suit. He should not write or telephone; but if there was any news he should come himself. He had not come! I could not escape the picture of Crowninshield and Wickett—a lion and a hyena—fighting it out over a mahogany table, bandying my name and Robert's, while white-faced Amy Balch looked at both ununderstandingly with her scared, dull eyes.

I had met Robert in the library talking gayly with Margaret and several of her young friends. As I entered he stopped short, and his face became white; but he soon mastered himself and finished his joke. I had never seen him so handsome.

I went to my own room and he followed. Then the story came out. It had begun at the Harvard game two years before. It had drifted on—on—on. He had paid her money that he had wheedled from his mother. Because of her he had flunked his exams. He was through with her—"tired of all that sort of thing."

"Is there anybody else?" I asked. "Another—Amy Balch—after this one?"

"No, sir," he answered.

"There's no other?" I insisted.

"No, sir; there's no other."

He said it boldly, a little defiantly. And yet he lied. I knew it from a word Amy had dropped. I knew it even more surely from a certain inflection in his voice.

We eyed each other for a few seconds, with no enmity, but also with no love. I wanted to tell him that I was disappointed in him, deeply disappointed; but it seemed weak and sentimental.

"Please," he said—"there's this party tonight and the guests are coming. Hadn't we better—postpone things until tomorrow?"

Not a word about the girl—not a word about the disgrace!

"Very well," I answered.

He started for the door—then turned and looked at me. He seemed to want to say something—but no words came.

She Was Ill at Ease—Perhaps a Novice at This Sort of Thing

Bagehot Was Right. I Had Failed as a Father!

We stood there, awkward, embarrassed, fumbling for an expression, two souls reaching out blindly across an abyss. Then with a strained nonchalance he lit a cigarette, and his face flushed painfully.

"You won't—tell mother?" he said.

"Not likely!" I answered.

"Thank you, sir." And he went.

"It's easy for Bagehot to talk," I repeated to myself. "He has no children."

I resented his whole attitude. He had said: "It's at least half your fault."

Have you ever noticed how a thought takes possession of your mind once you stop thinking it? It is like a tramp whom you drive from your steps again and again; but the moment your back is turned you find him comfortably seated in your armchair, with your slippers on his feet and reading your newspaper. So long as I thought about Bagehot, I was sure he was wrong. As soon as I stopped thinking about him I found that what Bagehot had said had quietly conquered my mind. It was at least half my fault!

I had failed as a father. A thousand instances came to my mind of my derelictions. I had been so busy providing for my children that I had neglected them!

My mind slipped back to that very evening twenty-one years before. I had not been at home when Robert was born. He came a month earlier than was expected, on a morning when a big real-estate deal was pending, and I had gone to another city for an all-day business session. When late that night I returned to Sparta, fagged, hungry, nervous, but ten thousand dollars richer than in the morning, I learned that my wife had passed alone through the Valley of the Shadow, and that a fragile little baby was lying asleep on the great white bed.

Two Things That Babies Need

I HAD met Dr. Buchanan Lane in the hallway. He was a tall, clean-cut, antiseptic man, with a mind cold and bluish-gray, like one of his surgical knives—unemotional, exact. We had always instinctively disliked each other.

"Mrs. Booth is sleeping," he told me. "They are both doing nicely—under the circumstances."

"I am profoundly grateful, doctor. I—am sorry—to have been away "

He smiled ironically.

"My dear sir," he expostulated, "you could not have been better occupied. We fathers help at our offices more than at our homes." I did not answer. "A baby needs only two things," he went on—"a strong constitution and a silver spoon."

His materialism had irritated me.

"Yet the poor babies grow up strongest!" I protested.

He smiled.

"A mere superstition. Many of them don't grow up at all. The silver spoon means a better chance to survive, a better education, a larger opportunity. You remember the seed that fell on barren ground ——"

"A fertile soil is one thing, Doctor Lane," I answered; "a hothouse is quite a different thing."

"Plants thrive in hothouses."

"If there's a gardener," I insisted.

"I must be going," he concluded in the tone of a man who does not fight little boys. Then, as the door was closing, he flung out this Parthian shot: "Let me tell you, as one father to another, that the hothouse gardener is a mere ornamental supernumerary, and the real man is the fellow who stokes the engine and keeps the steam up. That's our job—to keep the steam up."

I took out my watch—ten minutes to ten. I ought even now to be in the ballroom; but Crowninshield might come any minute. I did not wish to see Robert, pale and anxious, but playing the game—laughing and chatting with his sister's young friends. I did not wish to see Robert until I had seen Crowninshield—until I had heard from Crowninshield that a settlement had been made with that white-faced, scared-looking, pathetic little Amy Balch.

Whose fault was it—Amy's, Robert's, mine? What had Amy's parents done to save her from becoming Robert's friend and Wickett's client? What had I done to rear, to safeguard, really to educate my son?

I remembered how, when first I saw the baby, I had determined to be a real father to my child. He should have what love could devise and money purchase. I would give him what was good and withhold what was bad. He should have the wisest, best, most patient instruction. He should be everything that I was not. I would be a gardener carefully destroying the weeds.

It had all been a dream. Liars, thieves and murderers have been brought up on just such good intentions as were those paternal emotions of mine, which evaporated before there was any gardening to do. So long as my baby needed only food and sleep fatherhood was not a vocation. Moreover, I was too young a parent, too immature, too self-centered. I did not transfer my ambitions to the little stranger in the crib. I was interested in another game. And so, too, was Edith. She tenderly loved the babies; but it was as babies that she thought of them—not as the responsible man and woman the children were to become.

Lank on the Warpath

WE HAD always loved our children. As I looked into the coals, I seemed to see again the picture of little Robert, as he used to stand at the big French window waiting for my return. With him were always his three true companions—his blue-eyed, yellow-haired, wooden-shoed doll, Katalinka; the little brown elephant on wheels, Jumbino; and last, but most beloved, Tubby—Tubby, the squint-eyed, hydrocephaloid, yellow cloth dog.

Every evening as I turned Pine Street corner I could see the little figure in the blue smock; it was a sight I looked forward to through all the hours at the office.

Then one evening he was not there. I fumbled with the key, jerked open the door and made for the stairs, stumbling over Tubby, his four square legs upright in the air. I heard Edith sobbing above, and as I reached the door of her room out came Doctor Lane, looking pale. "Diphtheria!" he whispered. "Serious, but—not hopeless!"

Yes, we had loved our children—as people do. I remembered suddenly—what I had not thought of for years—how in the beginning I had always come home early to watch Edith bathe the babies. And then those simple Sunday mornings in Sparta, when Edith and I and Robert and Margaret went to the Zoölogical Gardens, and the children would be quite formally introduced to Mr. Tiger and Mr. Lion and Mr. Polar Bear; and I would be asked for the thousandth time: "Why do elephants eat peanuts?" and "What makes the giraffe's neck so long?" I suddenly recalled our sickening fright when Bobby and Margaret disappeared from the nursery, and our almost poignant relief when we found them, covered with soot, playing with the redheaded Quinn children in the coalyard—Robert almost hectic with pleasurable excitement; and Margaret black as a chimney-sweep, quietly, joyfully crying.

Nevertheless, we had neglected them—I especially. More and more they were spoiled; and the richer I became, the greater grew the army of servants that stood between me and my children — ignorant servants who impressed fears and base superstitions on the plastic little minds. I wished the children to go to the public school, where they would rub shoulders and heads with Patrolman Quinn's kiddies and other real children; but just at the critical moment I got caught in an absorbing and desperate financial struggle, and by the time I was out of it the children were enrolled in a select private school. More and more I permitted my babies to be pampered and indulged, and to grow up with false notions and a false perspective.

It was even worse after we came to New York. Robert, who was now fourteen, came under the absolute intellectual dominion of Lancaster Portugal, the son of Jim Portugal, my partner. He was a handsome, upbuilt lad, with plenty of pocket-money wrung from his indulgent father. I knew vaguely that he was not the right boon companion for Robert, but I did not really look into it as a father should have done. I knew less of Robert's affairs than he knew of mine; and when, at eighteen, he went to Princeton I allowed him to room with Lank Portugal without even a protest.

Then, late one Saturday night on my way home from the opera, I came across Lank sitting on his doorstep, maudlin.

He was holding aloft his bunch of keys and drowsily apostrophizing them: "Ish thish a dagger that I shee before me?"

"I'll Have to Have a Million Cash Before Mr. Cheever Will Give His Consent"

The sight of the boy sickened me. If young Portugal drank how about Robert? I seemed to see my own son, dazed and drunk on some stranger's doorstep.

"Why, Lank," I expostulated, "I thought you were in Princeton."

"So I wuzh. So I wuzh. Li'l' supprizhe for ol' shen'leman."

I took him home and put him to bed in Robert's room. "I can smuggle him out in the morning," I thought. But the next day Lank was too weak to move. He would not have a doctor, and so I spent the morning with him. He was in full reaction from a week's debauch, and he talked freely and honestly; my heart went out to him. I have never known a lad who was naturally kinder, braver, gentler or more generous than this overrich, overindulged, undisciplined son of Jim Portugal.

Lank had been sober enough on Saturday morning to go to his father's office and get a thousand dollars to pay his debts. Then he had taken a cocktail—or perhaps two. Then, at least half sober, he had entered a fashionable café, deliberately walked alongside the bar and brought down all the fragile mounds of glass with a gentle shove of his cane. A bartender had leaped at him; but Lank, taking out his cardcase, languidly asked: "What is the damage?"

He forgot now whether it was five hundred or seven hundred dollars. He did remember jumping into a cab and saying: "Drive me round the park until I wake up!" Then, putting his feet on the seat, he had gone peacefully to sleep. He woke late in the afternoon and dined at an expensive restaurant with the cabby. Then came a Turkish bath, a dinner at his club and a poker game, which cleaned him out by ten o'clock. He had borrowed a hundred dollars at the desk and gone out to spend it; and by midnight, when I found him, he was penniless and without watch, cardcase or studs. "I can't think where I lost them!" he told me.

"Why doesn't Crowninshield come?" I said to myself irritably as the thought of the lawyer, the shyster and the girl, which had been vaguely in my mind all evening, flashed again into a vivid picture. "Why doesn't he come?" I half rose to go to the telephone. Then I relapsed into the armchair. "There'll be plenty of time when the news does come!" I thought.

Bagehot was right. I had failed as a father! What right had I to bring children into the world and then go ahead with money-making, giving them no further thought? Had I ever really tried to understand my children? I had corrected them—but was my own conduct correct? Was Robert's extravagance worse than Edith's and mine? Was his irresponsibility more flagrant than mine? I recalled the day I had spoken to him of the mysteries of sex. I had hurried awkwardly, almost apologetically, through a task that should have roused my earnest enthusiasm. He had been respectfully attentive; but, after he had thanked me and gone, something in his manner had disquieted me. He had been indulgent in his listening, like a courteous man who hears a story for the tenth time. What I had not understood then I understood now. White-faced Amy Balch had interpreted for me!

More Wild Oats

THE telephone rang. "I'll answer, Davis," I told the man. My heart beat fast. Things were going badly or Crowninshield would not have 'phoned.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Booth?" came a girl's quavering voice over the wire. "Excuse me! Father wanted—it's I. Gertrude Cheever—Father wanted to know if—if Mr. Pickering was there—Mr. Arthur Pickering."

"I don't think so, Miss Cheever. No—he's not here. I remember Margaret's speaking about it. He was expected but he wired he could not come."

"Where from?" she asked tremulously. "Where did he wire from? He he hasn't been well, and we're worried."

I looked up the message, which was from Newark, and read it to her. A sense of impending tragedy oppressed me. Now that I thought of it, I remembered hearing Edith say that it was rumored that Gertrude Cheever would marry Arthur Pickering—"And too good for him by far!"

Of course it was a sale; for Arthur was known to be very wild, and the girl's father, Horace Cheever, was a man who would stop at nothing to get money. And yet Arthur was not a bad lad. He spent his Christmas vacation with us a few years before when he and Robert were freshmen at Princeton; and I remembered him as a dreamy, gifted, gentle boy—overemotional and weak-fibered, but very lovable. But that was before his grandfather, Felix Zundel, had died, leaving him twenty million dollars, and before his father, George Pickering, had reappeared on the scene.

George Pickering, so Bagehot told me, had always been a rake. At twenty he had inherited several millions, but had quickly dissipated them in New York and Paris, in Hongkong and Constantinople, acquiring in the course of a few years a mastery of every vice of which human nature is capable. Destitute at last, he had married Trude Zundel, the kind-hearted daughter of the big brewer; and when the poor girl could stand it no longer he let her go, and sold her her child at the price of a big yearly allowance.

With the death of Trude and of old Felix Zundel, Arthur became of interest to his father; and in a short time the

(Continued on Page 57)

THE WHISTLING MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

AN HOUR later, at half-past nine, a ferry from the Jersey side landed Craig at the city's lower end; and there for the first time the life, the noise and turmoil of New York burst upon him like an explosion. He was fairly stunned by it. All the world, it seemed, was whirling by him through the channels of the near-by streets; and with his ears dinning, his eyes baffled and dismayed by the double tides of traffic crowding past, he shrank back, halting uncertainly at the curb. Just then, with a blat from its horn and its motor rattling sharply, there rolled out of the ferry driveway a smart town car, with a chauffeur driving and a footman seated beside him. Reaching the street, it swung abruptly out of the line of vehicles and halted at the other side. Then for the first time Craig saw who its two passengers were.

They were Mary Adair and her father.

Craig, after a glance, was going on again, when the footman, getting down, came hurrying toward him. "Begging pardon, sir," said the man, touching his cap, "Miss Adair would like to speak with you." Coloring faintly, Craig crossed the street.

She smiled as she saw him, a little wistfully, perhaps, but still pleasantly. "Good morning, Mr. Craig! Father wishes to speak to you," she said quietly; and hat in hand Craig waited, looking inquiringly at Adair. He meant to be courteous, but could not feel effusive. Adair's treatment still left its sting.

"Morning, young man!" Adair growled, his air grumpy but nowise bellicose. "My girl here tells me I made a mistake about you. All right, I apologize! Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly!" assented Craig.

Adair gave a grunt. "Humph! If that's the case, then, do you still refuse that job?"

"What job, Mr. Adair?"

The old man jerked his thumb toward his daughter.

"Hers! D'you want it?"

Craig slowly but decidedly shook his head.

"Thank you, Mr. Adair; I'm afraid not," he answered; and at the reply a faint color burned for an instant in Adair's face.

"Would you if I offered it?" he demanded.

Again Craig shook his head.

"No, Mr. Adair. I'm obliged to you, but I mean to strike out for myself."

"Strike out for yourself? Huh! don't be a fool!" Adair growled; but so far from resenting this, Craig only grinned good-naturedly.

"Thank you, I won't, sir!" he returned; and he was still smiling when he caught the daughter's eye. Miss Adair's eyes signaled to him appealingly.

"It Was Her Father, You Know, That Your Father Tried to Blackmail"

"Young man," said Adair, his voice minatory, "I warn you! You'll not get another chance, do you hear? Remember now, when these other people have tricked and befooled you, don't you come running back to me. Bear that in mind, young man!" Mary Adair swiftly leaned forward:

"Mr. Craig, why do you make it so hard? I don't know why it is, but somehow you give both my father and me a singular feeling of helplessness. If you were a business man, one of the sort my father's used to dealing with, he'd know how to handle you. But you're not that kind. You are frank and honest, and you're also utterly obstinate. Why won't you be reasonable?" Pausing for a moment she glanced at her father, then back again at Craig.

"I won't deceive you, Mr. Craig! That information you have, the statement your father drew up, is valuable. You've told us, though, that you won't take money from any one; moreover, as much as we need that statement, we won't pay for it. If you want a place, however, a chance to get on, my father will let you have it. Come, now, will you decide?"

Through all this Adair had sat back, staring ahead of him, his face a mask. Craig glanced at him, then at the daughter. "I've already decided, Miss Adair. Rest assured! I don't mean to use anything I have against you!"

She understood instantly.

"Then you won't accept what we offer?"

Craig again slowly and decidedly shook his head.

"I'd like to be your friend, a friend of you and your father, Miss Adair; but that's all. I can't take anything else."

There it ended. As Craig spoke, Adair, with a grunt, leaned forward and growled to the chauffeur. "Drive on!" he ordered; and with a gesture of resignation his daughter dropped her hands in her lap.

"Goodby, Mr. Craig," she said quietly. "I'm sorry, but I don't suppose I shall ever see you again." Then, just as the footman was slipping into his seat, she leaned forward swiftly again.

"You asked for Mr. Gawtry's address, Mr. Craig. It's Wall Street, the Island Trust. He can tell you who is Frost."

While the motor was still in sight he stood at the curb, gazing after it, amazed. Why had she told him that? He wished he knew!

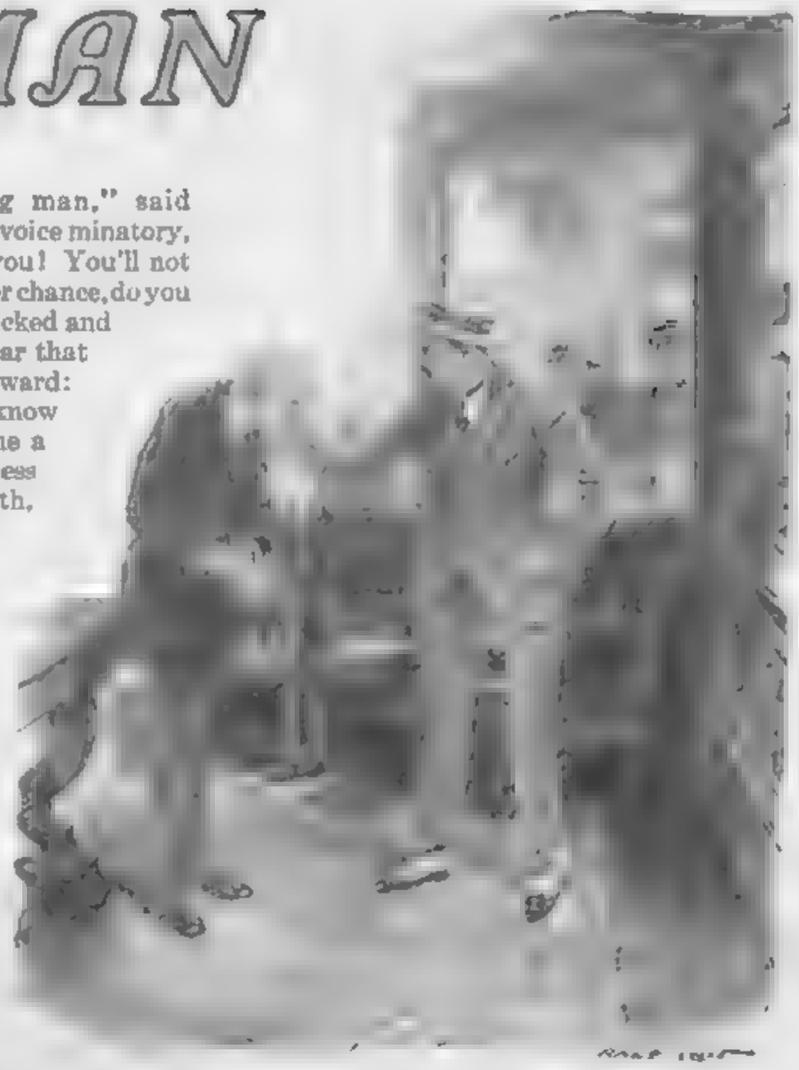
Ten o'clock was just striking from Trinity's steeple as Craig, turning out of Broadway, plunged down the slope into the crowded, narrow defile of Wall Street. He not only meant to see Gawtry, he meant to see him at once. To be sure he had been doubly warned against the man; but then, on the other hand, was there really any risk? The worst that Gawtry could do would be to show him the door.

Personally Craig had begun to pooh-pooh the idea of peril, of violence or danger to himself. The real danger he ran, if indeed he ran any at all, was the danger of not finding employment. He was no simpleton. His money, as he knew, would last a few days only at the most; consequently he must not only get work, he must get it in a hurry. Therefore, in more ways than one, Gawtry began to be a somewhat important factor in Craig's pressing affairs. If he chose to play ugly Craig would be no whit the worse off. If, on the other hand, by any chance he should prove friendly his friendship would argue much. He might even offer help, a place. At all events anything was better than uncertainty; and as Craig walked along, debating the situation, there sprang into his mind that jingling verse of ancient fatalistic philosophy:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

That settled it. Whatever the result, he had everything to win and nothing whatever to lose; and enlivened by the thought he pressed on jauntily, confident he could readily look out for himself.

As Craig stepped on down the hill, threading his way through the crowd, he not only was impressed by the sights and



Hemingway Had His Fist Under the Ancient Person's Nose

scenes in the busy, bustling thoroughfare but was roused by all the memories it invoked. Once, as he reflected, his father must have walked this same quarter of the city, a unit in its activity, a busy member of its striving, busy life. For all he knew, within a stone's throw might be a dozen men that had known him, that would recall his name, his face, his history; and stirred by the thought Craig walked on buoyantly, drinking in all the details of the inspiring scene about him—the roaring street traffic; the skyscrapers' towering walls; the huge, templed front of the Stock Exchange; Broad Street and its milling throng of curb brokers; the gray and massive squat bulk of the Sub-Treasury—these and all the other sights and sounds there in New York's hiving money mart! And yet presently there began to steal on him the feeling that every newcomer to the city gets, the sense of solitude, of loneliness, of isolation! Every minute a thousand faces swept by him, but among the thousand, it struck him with sudden force, was not a face he knew, much less one that knew him, that gleamed at him a kindly welcome. With the thought a little chill of fear tugged swiftly at his heart. What if anything were to befall him! What if he were struck down, effaced! Who would care? More than that, who would be the wiser?

It was with this thought ringing in his head that Craig came abruptly to his goal, his journey's end; for there, a block beyond him, a sign lettered in gold upon a huge plate-glass window swam into his view:

THE ISLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Lagging back, he was staring up at it, his face thoughtful, when of a sudden he let fall an exclamation.

A taxicab, its dash piled high with a trunk and handbags, had just drawn up to the curb. Instantly its door was thrown open and a figure stepped hurriedly to the curb. The passenger was well known to Craig. There was no mistaking him. It was Willie Hemingway; and saying something to the driver the fat youth turned and, scampering up the steps to the trust company's door, disappeared inside.

Craig for a moment stared after him. Then he let fall a good, honest oath.

Hemingway, it appeared, had beaten him to his goal. He had, at any rate, if he were now to see Gawtry first, a chance to warn him of what was in the wind.

It happens, however, that sometimes the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Craig, his hands in his pockets, was still scowling up at the bank, when through the plate-glass front he saw Mr. Hemingway abruptly emerge into view. He appeared in what was evidently a private office, a big, well-lighted, richly furnished room. There was a huge rosewood desk set against the wall at one end, and back of this was a long table surrounded by chairs, the furnishings seen in the directors' room of all the big downtown financial houses.

Hemingway stood at the table's end, and before him, his manner deprecating, stood a slight, undersized person, a man with gray hair, a white, colorless face and shoulders that stooped weakly. Craig had but a glimpse of him, but from his attire he judged the man to be some sort of

clerk, not a very prosperous one either! Hemingway, moreover, had his fist under the ancient person's nose, and he was waving it at him fiercely, the little man meanwhile cringing abjectly.

It was just a glimpse. Hemingway, after one final, violent gesture, faded out of view. A moment later he abruptly reappeared at the door; and with his face scowling, his eyes gleaming like a threat of war, he pattered down the outside steps and flung open the door of his cab. "Here, you!" Craig heard him growl to the driver, "the Pioneer Club, Fifth Avenue—and I'm in a hurry, do you hear?" After this order, a command delivered in the roughest, most grumpy voice imaginable, Mr. Hemingway bundled himself aboard and loudly slammed the door. Ten seconds later, immersed in smoke and with its motor barking like a machine gun, the cab turned the corner and disappeared helter-skelter into Broadway.

Craig whistled under his breath. His last glimpse of Hemingway had shown him the gentleman huddled back among the cushions, tugging wildly at his small, bristling mustache, at the same time muttering to himself. However, Craig had neither time nor sympathy to waste upon the fat man; and swiftly mounting the short flight of stairs he pushed open the heavy, swinging doors and made his way into the trust company. There he paused and looked around him.

It was a huge place. Down one side of it, filling at least two-thirds of the floor space, there ran a double bank of wire-screened cages faced with glass, narrow pens in which a hundred or more bookkeepers, clerks and tellers toiled away, all working with restless, untiring energy. The day's business had begun, and through the doors poured a steady stream of men and boys—depositors, bank messengers, brokers' runners—a procession keyed up into a towering hurry, the usual gait of Wall Street. Noise pervaded the place. There was a steady scuffling of feet, the constant slamming of the swing doors in front, an unbroken hum of low-pitched talk from behind the cages. The chink of coin sounded from the tellers' cages. Far in the back of the room voices chanted steadily, uttering figures, amounts of money. Then over all this arose discordantly in chorus the clanking tread of a battery of automatic adding machines. There was also heard the patter of a stockticker grinding out the day's opening on the Exchange.

This noise, sharper, more staccato than the others, emerged from the room at the front, the private office. Its door was open; and standing before the stockticker Craig saw the same gray-faced, seedy clerk that Willie Hemingway a moment before had been threatening so energetically. With a sudden resolution he stepped toward him; and he was halfway to the door when an attendant, a big man in a cap and gray uniform, halted him. "What is it you wish?" he inquired, and Craig stopped.

He wished to see Mr. Gawtry. He would also like to see him privately.

"Mr. Gawtry's not here; he's abroad, sir," the man returned; and Craig, at the announcement, exclaimed in disgust and dismay together.

"Abroad?" he echoed; and utterly disgruntled he was asking when Gawtry was expected home, when a new voice broke in.

"Beg pardon, sir! Are you asking for Mr. Gawtry?"

Turning swiftly, Craig found himself facing the seedy little man from the room beyond.

He was smaller, even more seedy, than Craig had at first suspected—a spare, faded figure of a man well on past middle age, nervous in manner, and with eyes of the most timid, fugitive sort imaginable. Nor were his clothes more to commend him. It was summer, remember—the hottest of the dogdays; but the suit he wore under his short alpaca office coat was of black worsted, thick, baggy and stifling, a casing like armor. Then too his linen, though it was spotless, was frayed and yellow; and, as he moved, his shoes piping and squelching on the floor drew loud attention to their patched, incurable decrepitude. A sad, wan little person, that is what you would have thought him—one of those time-worn hangers-on that are seen in almost all the big downtown business houses; and as Craig looked down at the grotesque, dingy figure he was touched by a sudden sense of compassion, of regret.

Said the little man timidly: "I am Mr. Vilas, Mr. Gawtry's—ah—clerk. Did you wish to see him personally?" Craig had just said yes, and he was adding it was urgent, when Mr. Vilas, giving him a sharp and scrutinous look, gleamed up at him like a gnome. "I beg pardon, sir! Excuse me!" he cried, "but you are Mr. Craig, aren't you—Mr. Leonard Craig, of France?"

And Craig, utterly taken back, somehow caught his breath and stammered that he was. Then he added: "Look here now! How in the deuce did you know?"

Embarrassed and agitated at Craig's bruskness, Mr. Vilas faltered a reply. "You were expected, Mr. Craig! I was ordered to be on the lookout for you!"

"Ordered?" echoed Craig, then shrugged disdainfully. "I see!" he remarked, his tone tart. "It was Mr. Hemingway that told you!"

"Hemingway?" Mr. Vilas started, the name falling from his lips with unexpected sharpness. "No, sir; Mr. Hemingway gives me no orders! It was Mr. Gawtry that told me, Mr. Craig. He phoned me a few minutes ago."

"Mr. Gawtry?" repeated Craig. "Why, how is that? I was told Mr. Gawtry was abroad."

Then for a moment Mr. Vilas looked at him with a shy, agitated smile. "Yes, sir—why, yes. But Mr. Gawtry returned this morning, Mr. Craig! By the German steamer, sir, the Kaiser from Southampton. His ship was late or he would have met you at the wharf, Mr. Craig. As it was he just missed you, sir, so he phoned for me to be on the watch. Yes, sir; he's at the club, the Pioneer, Mr. Craig; it's in the Avenue, you know, and you're to meet him there. If you're ready I'll call your cab, sir. Excuse me, I won't be a moment." With his eyes active, darting all over the place, his face and hands twitching, Mr. Vilas squelched over the floor in his flapping shoes and was flitting out at the door when Craig halted him.

"One moment, please, Mr. Vilas! Who told Mr. Gawtry I was on my way to New York?"

Mr. Vilas, perking his head like a bird, thought briefly. "Why, I don't know, sir! I wasn't told," he answered; be—"begging pardon, Mr. Gawtry's launch is to take you up; and if you need any extra money I'm to see that you get it, sir! Your account's already opened, Mr. Craig!"

But here Craig cut him short. "My account? I have no account here!" he said curtly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I thought you knew, sir—your salary account!" he exclaimed. "More than a month ago, Mr. Craig, Mr. Gawtry cabled your father there was a place for you here in the bank." Then with his mouth working, his hands nervously clasping and unclasping, Mr. Vilas peered at Craig, gleaming at him with eyes as soft and trustful as a dog's. "I hope you don't mind my saying it, Mr. Craig, how much you favor your father!"

There came a pause then, and during it Craig peered at Mr. Vilas absorbedly. "My father?" he echoed. "You knew him?" Then after another look he added: "What?"

Blushing fitfully, Mr. Vilas jerked his frayed, yellow cuffs out of view, at the same time moving furtively so that his shoes would be hidden by a chair. "I've been with the bank thirty years, Mr. Craig. I knew your father well. I was his clerk, sir!" Here he looked away, his eyes reflective. "I recall perfectly the day he left, twenty years ago. He was quite white and ill, sir."

"White and ill?" murmured Craig, wondering.

"White and ill," returned Mr. Vilas. "It was because of his health, of course, he had to leave the bank. Your father was very kind to me, Mr. Craig. I was a young man then, only thirty-five or so. And now!" With a little gesture Mr. Vilas briefly indicated himself, his age and perhaps his appearance. Craig addressed him quietly:

"What was his place, Mr. Vilas—my father's office?"

"You won't remember, sir. Why, he had the place our Mr. Roblee holds now, Mr. Craig—assistant to the president. Mr. Gawtry was then cashier."

Craig asked no more. Silently he permitted Mr. Vilas to pilot him out of the room, down the stairs to the street and into the waiting cab. All the way uptown he leaned back among the cushions, trying vainly to compose himself. What did it mean?

There was but one solution to the unlooked-for dénouement. Either he was dreaming or, as his friend Poultney had prophesied, he had at last hit the highroad that was to lead him home to his kingdom.

It seemed not unlikely. At the door of the Pioneer Club Craig was paying the taxi's driver when he heard his name spoken by a discreet and quiet, well-bred voice. "Leonard, my dear boy! So here you are at last!" Then when he turned swiftly he found himself looking into a face equally quiet and well-bred—the face of a tall and well-strung man well on past middle age, a man with iron-gray hair and a close-cut, well-kept mustache. He had never seen him before, but still he knew him.

"It's Mr. Gawtry, isn't it?" he asked, and he was rewarded by a pleasant smile, friendly and engaging.

"Right you are, son!" returned Mr. Gawtry; and taking Craig by the arm he drew him up the steps. "Never mind the cab fare. John will pay it. Here, John," called Mr. Gawtry to the attendant, "pay that man and charge it!" Moving briskly he led the way inside and, entering a big room at the left, drew up a chair for Craig at the window. Craig warmed instantly to him. There was something in Mr. Gawtry's manner so agreeable, so winning, that Craig would have felt himself a boor to resist him.

"And now, my boy," said Mr. Gawtry, seating himself, "tell me all about yourself. Especially," he added, "I want to hear about your father. How did you leave him? Well?"

Craig, who had already seated himself, arose abruptly from his chair.

"Mr. Gawtry! Don't you know?"

Gawtry, it appeared, knew nothing; and Craig, after a moment of aching pain, slowly seated himself again.

"Mr. Gawtry," he said, quietly controlling himself, "my father is dead. He died eleven days ago. That man Freest virtually killed him!"

"Freest?" repeated Mr. Gawtry. "Freest?"

Craig nodded. "Freest, Mr. Gawtry!" And at that he saw his host draw his brows together in a look of commingled doubt and wonder.

"You are positive? You say Freest killed him?"

"Positive!" said Craig, adding then: "I was there myself when it happened. I saw him!"

"Goodby, Mr. Craig. I'm Sorry, but I Don't Suppose I Shall Ever See You Again"

(Continued on Page 65)

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Unmitigated Good Luck, Chance, Brought Me Through the Fires of John Barleycorn

XXXVI

BACK to personal experiences and the effects in the past of John Barleycorn's White Logic on me. On my lovely ranch in the Valley of the Moon, brain-soaked with many months of alcohol, I am oppressed by the cosmic sadness that has always been the heritage of man. In vain do I ask myself why I should be sad. My nights are warm. My roof does not leak. I have food galore for all the caprices of appetite. Every creature comfort is mine. In my body are no aches or pains. The good old flesh-machine is running smoothly on. Neither brain nor muscle is overworked. I have land, money, power, recognition from the world, a consciousness that I do my meed of good in serving others, a mate whom I love, children that are of my own fond flesh. I have done and am doing what a good citizen of the world should do. I have built houses—many houses—and tilled many hundred acres.

And as for trees, have I not planted a hundred thousand? Everywhere, from any window of my house, I can gaze forth upon these trees of my planting, standing valiantly erect and aspiring toward the sun.

My life has indeed fallen in pleasant places. Not a hundred men in a million have been as lucky as I. Yet, with all this vast good fortune, am I sad. And I am sad because John Barleycorn is with me. And John Barleycorn is with me because I was born in what future ages will call the Dark Ages before the age of rational civilization. John Barleycorn is with me because in all the unwitting days of my youth John Barleycorn was accessible, calling to me and inviting me on every corner, and on every street between the corners. The pseudo-civilization into which I was born permitted everywhere licensed shops for the sale of soul-poison. The system of life was so organized that I—and millions like me—was lured and drawn and driven to the poison shops.

Wander with me through one mood of the myriad moods of sadness into which one is plunged by John Barleycorn. I ride out over my beautiful ranch. Between my legs is a beautiful horse. The air is wine. The grapes on a score of rolling hills are red with autumn flame. Across Sonoma Mountain wisps of seafog are stealing. The afternoon sun smoulders in the drowsy sky. I have everything to make me glad I am alive. I am filled with dreams and mysteries. I am all sun and air and sparkle. I am vitalized, organic. I move; I have the power of movement; I command movement of the live thing I bestride. I am possessed with the pomps of being, and know proud passions and inspirations. I have ten thousand august connotations. I am a king in the kingdom of sense, and trample the face of the uncomplaining dust. . . .

And yet with jaundiced eye I gaze upon all the beauty and wonder about me, and with jaundiced brain consider the pitiful figure I cut in this world that endured so long without me and that will again endure without me. I remember the men who broke their hearts and their backs over this stubborn soil that now belongs to me—as if anything imperishable could belong to the perishable. These men passed. I, too, shall pass. These men toiled and cleared and planted; gazed with aching eyes, while they rested their labor-stiffened bodies, on these same sunrises and sunsets, at the autumn glory of the grape, and at the fogwisps stealing across the mountain. And they are gone. And I know that I, too, shall some day—and soon—be gone.

Gone? I am going now. In my jaws are cunning artifices of the dentist, which replace the parts of me already gone. Never again shall I have the thumbs of my youth. Old fights and wrestlings have injured them irreparably. That punch on the head of a man whose very name is forgotten settled this thumb finally and forever. A slip-grip at catch-as-catch-can did for the other. My lean runner's stomach has passed into the limbo of memory. The joints of the legs that bear me up are not so adequate as they once were when, in wild nights and days of toil and frolic, I strained and snapped and ruptured them. Never again can I swing dizzily aloft and trust all the proud quick that is I to a single rope-clutch in the driving blackness of storm. Never again can I run with the sled-dogs along the endless miles of Arctic trail.

I am aware that within this disintegrating body, which has been dying since I was born, I carry a skeleton; that under the rind of flesh that is called my face is a bony, noseless death's head. All of which does not shudder me. To be afraid is to be healthy. Fear of death makes for life. But the curse of the White Logic is that it does not make one afraid. The world-sickness of the White Logic makes one grin jocosely into the face of the Noseless One and sneer at all the phantasmagoria of living.

I look about me as I ride, and on every hand I see the merciless and infinite waste of natural selection. The White Logic insists upon opening the long-closed books, and by paragraph and chapter states the beauty and wonder I behold in terms of futility and dust. About me is murmur and hum, and I know it for the gnat-swarm of the living, piping for a little space its thin plaint of troubled air.

I return across the ranch. Twilight is on and the hunting animals are out. I watch the piteous tragic play of life feeding on life. Here is no morality. Only in man is morality, and man created it—a code of action that makes toward living and that is of the lesser order of truth. Yet all this I knew before, in the weary days of my long sickness. These were the greater truths that I so successfully schooled myself to forget; the truths that were so serious that I refused to take them seriously and played with gently—oh, so gently—as sleeping dogs at the back of consciousness, which I did not care to waken. I did but stir them and let them lie. I was too wise—too wicked wise—to wake them. But now White Logic willy-nilly wakes them for me; for White Logic, most valiant, is unafraid of all the monsters of the earthly dream.

"Let the doctors of all the schools condemn me," White Logic whispers as I ride along. "What of it? I am truth. You know it. You cannot combat me. They say I make for death. What of it? It is truth. Life lies in order to live. Life is a perpetual lie-telling process. Life is a mad dance in the domain of flux, wherein appearances in mighty tides ebb and flow, chained to the wheels of moons beyond our ken. Appearances are ghosts. Life is ghostland, where appearances change, transfuse, permeate each the other and all the others; that are, that are not; that always flicker, fade and pass, only to come again as new appearances, as other appearances. You are such an appearance, composed of countless appearances out of the past. All an appearance can know is mirage. You know mirages of desire. These very mirages are the unthinkable and incalculable congeries of appearances that crowd in upon you and form you out of the past, and that sweep you on into dissemination, into other unthinkable and incalculable congeries of appearances to people the ghostland of the future. Life is apparitional and passes. You are an apparition. Through all the apparitions that preceded you and that compose the parts of you, you rose gibbering from the evolutionary mire; and gibbering you will pass on, interfusing, permeating the procession of apparitions that will succeed you."

Of course it is all unanswerable; and as I ride along through the evening shadows I sneer at that Great Fetish that Comte called the world. And I remember what another pessimist of sentiency has uttered: "Transient are all. They, being born, must die; and, being dead, are glad to be at rest." But here through the dusk comes one who is not glad to be at rest. He is a workman on the ranch—an old man; an immigrant Italian. He takes his hat off to me in all servility, because, forsooth, I am to him a lord of life. I am food to him, and shelter, and existence. He has toiled like a beast all his days, and lived less comfortably than my horses in their deep-strawed stalls. He is labor-crippled. He shambles as he walks. One shoulder is twisted higher than the other. His hands are gnarled, repulsive, horrible! As an apparition he is a pretty miserable specimen. His brain is as stupid as his body is ugly.

"His brain is so stupid that he does not know he is an apparition," the White Logic chuckles to me. "He is sense-drunk. He is the slave of the dream of life. His brain is filled with ultra-rational sanctions and obsessions. He believes in a transcendent overworld. He has listened to the vagaries of the prophets who have given to him the sumptuous bubble of Paradise. He feels inarticulate affinities with self-conjured non-realities. He sees penumbral visions of himself titubating fantastically through days and nights of space and stars. Beyond the shadow of any doubt he is convinced that the universe was made for him, and that it is his destiny to live forever in the immaterial and supersensuous realms he and his kind have builded of the stuff of semblance and deception.

"But you, who have opened the books and who share my awful confidence—you know him for what he is—brother to you and the dust; a cosmic joke; a sport of chemistry; a garmented beast that rose out of the ruck of screaming beastliness by virtue and accident of two opposable great toes. He is brother as well to the gorilla and the chimpanzee. He thumps his chest in anger, and roars and quivers with ferocity. He knows monstrous, atavistic promptings, and he is composed of all manner of shreds of abysmal and forgotten instincts."

"Yet he dreams he is immortal," I argue feebly. "It is vastly wonderful for so stupid a clod to bestride the shoulders of time and ride the eternities."

"Pah!" is the retort. "Would you, then, shut the books and exchange places with this thing that is only an appetite and a desire, a marionette of the belly and the loins?"

"To be stupid is to be happy," I contend.

"Then your ideal of happiness is a jellylike organism floating in a tideless, tepid twilight sea—eh?"

Oh, the victim cannot combat John Barleycorn.

"One step removed from the annihilating bliss of Buddha's Nirvana," the White Logic adds. "Oh, well, here's the house. Cheer up and take a drink. We know, we illuminated—you and I—all the folly and the farce."

And in my book-walled den, the mausoleum of the thoughts of men, I take my drink, and other drinks; and roust out the sleeping dogs from the recesses of my brain and halloo them on over the walls of prejudice and law, and through all the cunning labyrinths of superstition and belief.

"Drink!" says the White Logic. "The Greeks believed that the gods gave them wine so that they might forget the miserableness of existence. And remember what Heine said."

Well do I remember that flaming poet's "With the last breath, all is done—joy, love, sorrow, macaroni, the theater, lime trees, raspberry drops, the power of human relations, gossip, the barking of dogs, champagne."

"Your clear white light is sickness," I tell the White Logic. "You lie!"

"By telling too strong a truth," he quips back.

"Alas, yes; so topsyturvy is existence," I acknowledge sadly.

"Ah, well; Liu Ling was wiser than you," the White Logic girds. "You remember him?"

I nod my head—Liu Ling, a hard drinker; one of the group of bibulous poets who called themselves the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove, and who lived in China many an ancient century ago.

"It was Liu Ling," prompts the White Logic, "who declared that to a drunken man the affairs of this world appear but as so much duckweed on a river. Very well. Have another Scotch, and let semblance and deception become duckweed on a river."

And while I pour and sip my Scotch I remember another Chinese philosopher—Chuang Tzŭ who, four centuries before Christ, challenged this dreamland of the world, saying: "How then do I know but that the dead repent of having previously clung to life? Those who dream of the banquet wake to lamentation and sorrow. Those who dream of lamentation and sorrow wake to join the hunt. While they dream they do not know that they dream. Some will even interpret the very dream they are dreaming; and only when they awake do they know it was a dream. . . . Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know whether they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are both dreams; and I who say you are dreams—I am but a dream myself.

"Once upon a time I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither—to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I woke—and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

XXXVII

"COME," says the White Logic, "and forget these Asian dreamers of old time. Fill your glass and let us look at the parchments of the dreamers of yesterday, who dreamed their dreams on your own warm hills."

I pore over the abstract of title of the vineyard called Tokay, on the rancho called Petaluma. It is a sad, long list of the names of men, beginning with Manuel Michel-toreno, one time Mexican "Governor, commander-in-chief and inspector of the Department of the Californias," who deeded ten square leagues of stolen Indian land to Colonel Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo for services rendered his country and for money paid by him for ten years to his soldiers.

Immediately this musty record of man's landlust assumes the formidableness of a battle—the quick struggling with the dust. There are deeds of trust, mortgages, certificates of release, transfers, judgments, foreclosures, writs of attachment, orders of sale, tax liens, petitions for letters of administration, and decrees of distribution. It is like a monster ever unsubdued—this stubborn land that drowses in this Indian summer weather and that survives them all, the men who scratched its surface and passed.

Who was this James King, of William, so curiously named? The oldest surviving settler in the Valley of the Moon knows him not. Yet only sixty years ago he loaned Mariano G. Vallejo eighteen thousand dollars on security of certain lands, including the vineyard yet to be and to be called Tokay. Whence came Peter O'Connor, and whither vanished, after writing his little name of a day on the woodland that was to become a vineyard? Appears Louis Csomortanyi—a name to conjure with. He lasts through several pages of this record of the enduring soil.

Comes old American stock—thirsting across the Great American Desert, muleback-ing across the Isthmus, wind-jamming round the Horn—to write brief and forgotten names where ten thousand generations of wild Indians are equally forgotten—names like Halleck, Hastings, Swett, Tait, Denman, Tracy, Grimwood, Carlton, Temple. There are no names like those today in the Valley of the Moon.

The names begin to appear fast and furiously, flashing from legal page to legal page and in a flash vanishing. But ever the persistent soil remains for others to scrawl themselves across. Come the names of men of whom I have vaguely heard, but whom I have never known. Kohler and Frohling—who built the great stone winery on the vineyard called Tokay, but who built upon a hill up which other vineyardists refused to haul their grapes. So Kohler and Frohling lost the land; the earthquake of 1906 threw down the winery; and I now live in its ruins.

La Motte—he broke the soil, planted vines and orchards, instituted commercial fish culture, built a mansion renowned in its day, was defeated by the soil, and passed. And my name of a day appears. On the site of his orchards and vineyards, of his proud mansion, of his very fishponds, I have scrawled myself with half a hundred thousand eucalyptus trees.

Cooper and Greenlaw—on what is called the Hill Ranch they left two of their dead, "Little Lillie" and "Little David," who rest today inside a tiny square of handhewn palings. Also, Cooper and Greenlaw in their time cleared the virgin forest from three fields of forty acres. Today I have those three fields sown with Canada peas, and in the spring they shall be plowed under for green manure.

Haska—a dim legendary figure of a generation ago, who went back up the mountain and cleared six acres of brush in the tiny valley that took his name. He broke the soil, reared stone walls and a house, and planted apple trees. And already the site of the house is undiscoverable; the location of the stone walls may be deduced from the configuration of the landscape; and I am renewing the battle, putting in Angora goats to browse away the brush that has overrun Haska's clearing and choked Haska's apple trees to death. So I, too, scratch the land with my brief endeavor and flash my name across a page of legal script ere I pass and the page grows musty.

"Dreamers and ghosts," the White Logic chuckles.

"But surely the striving was not altogether vain," I contend.

"It was based on illusion and is a lie."

"A vital lie," I retort.

"And pray what is a vital lie but a lie?" the White Logic challenges. "Come. Fill your glass and let us examine these vital liars who crowd your bookshelves. Let us dabble in William James a bit."

"A man of health," I say. "From him we may expect no philosopher's stone, but at least we shall find a few robust tonic things to which to tie."

"Rationality gelded to sentiment," the White Logic grins. "At the end of all his thinking he still clung to the sentiment of immortality. Facts transmuted in the alembic of hope into terms of faith. The ripest fruit of reason the stultification of reason. From the topmost peak of reason James teaches to cease reasoning and to have faith that all is well and will be well—the old, oh, ancient old, acrobatic flip of the metaphysicians, whereby they reasoned reason quite away in order to escape the pessimism consequent upon the grim and honest exercise of reason.

"Is this flesh of yours you? Or is it an extraneous something possessed by you? Your body—what is it? A machine for converting stimuli into reactions. Stimuli and reactions are remembered. They constitute experience. Then you are in your consciousness these experiences. You are at any moment what you are thinking at that moment. Your I is both subject and object; it predicates things of itself and is the things predicated. The thinker is the thought; the knower is what is known; the possessor is the things possessed.

"After all, as you know well, man is a flux of states of consciousness, a flow of passing thoughts; each thought of self another self—a myriad thoughts, a myriad selves; a continual becoming, but never being; a will-o'-the-wisp flitting of ghosts in ghostland. But this, man will not accept of himself. He refuses to accept his own passing. He will not pass. He will live again if he has to die to do it.

"He shuffles atoms and jets of light, remotest nebulæ, drips of water, prickpoints of sensation, slime-oozings and cosmic bulks—all mixed with pearls of faith—love of woman, imagined dignities, frightened surmises and pompous arrogances; and of the stuff builds himself an immortality to startle the heavens and baffle the immensities. He squirms on his dunghill and, like a child lost in the dark among goblins, calls to the gods that he is their younger brother, a prisoner of the quick who is destined to be as free as they—monuments of egotism reared by the epiphenomena; dreams and the dust of dreams, which vanish when the dreamer vanishes and are no more when he is not.

"It is nothing new, these vital lies men tell themselves; muttering and mumbling them like charms and incantations against the powers of Night. The voodoos and medicine men and devil-devil doctors were the fathers of metaphysics. Night and the Noseless One were ogres that beset the way of light and life. And the metaphysicians would win by if they had to tell lies to do it. They were vexed by the brazen law of the Ecclesiast that men die like the beasts of the field and their end is the same. Their creeds were their schemes; their religions their nostrums; their philosophies their devices by which they half believed they would outwit the Noseless One and the Night.

"Boglights, vapors of mysticism, psychic overtones, soul orgies, wailings among the shadows, weird gnosticisms, veils and tissues of words, gibbering subjectivisms, gropings, and maunderings, ontological fantasies, pan-psychic hallucinations—this is the stuff, the phantasms of hope, that fills your bookshelves. Look at them, all the sad wraiths of sad, mad men and passionate rebels—your Schopenhauers, your Strindbergs, your Tolstois and Nietzsches.

"Come. Your glass is empty. Fill and forget."

I obey, for my brain is now well acrawl with the maggots of alcohol; and as I drink to the sad thinkers on my shelves I quote Richard Hovey:

Abstain not! Life and Love, like night and day,
Offer themselves to us on their own terms,
Not ours. Accept their bounty while ye may,
Before we be accepted by the worms.

"I will cap you!" cries the White Logic.

"No," I answer while the maggots madden me. "I know you for what you are, and I am unafraid. Under your

(Continued on Page 78)

And Yet With Jaundiced Eye I Gaze Upon All the Beauty and Wonder About Me

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Upsetting a Precedent

FOR fifty years, we believe, no president of the United States occupied the room set apart for his use at the Capitol—except for the purpose of signing bills on the last day of a session—until Mr. Wilson spent an hour or two there conferring with senators over the new tariff bill. Conservative persons then sounded a familiar warning about encroachment by the executive upon the legislative branch of Government and destruction of that venerable division of powers upon which our constitutional safety depends.

There is also a vice-president's room at the Capitol; and when Senator Hanna was grand vizier of the McKinley Administration this apartment was courteously placed at his disposal, so that when he wished to communicate advice to a bunch of representatives or to a Cabinet Officer he might do so with the greatest possible convenience to himself. As he had considerable advice, both executive and administrative, to communicate, the most economical arrangement was to bring other factors in the Government to him instead of sending him round to them.

So far as we can learn, no conservative objection was raised to this arrangement—possibly because no precedent was upset by it. The presidents have always influenced legislation to the extent of their ability. Whether they do it in a spot on Capitol Hill or a mile or so to the west seems immaterial. You can generally depend upon it that when a precedent is upset it was extensively wormeaten beforehand.

Supreme Court Debates

HAVING heard the revolutionary suggestion that even the deliberations of a party, in congressional caucus assembled, may be opened to representatives of the press, we have no hesitation in making the milder suggestion that Supreme Court deliberations be made public.

To illustrate: Six years ago Minnesota passed a maximum freight-rate bill. The usual injunction was immediately procured and the decision of the Circuit Court raised a great question touching the power of a state to regulate railroads within its own borders. An appeal was taken, and for many months no Monday passed, when the Supreme Court was in session, that every railroad and state railroad commission in the country did not stand up on tiptoe, straining its ears to catch that tribunal's fateful word.

It is a fair presumption from this long delay that the court was unable to make up its mind to its own satisfaction. Of course Congress has power over interstate commerce and the states over that which is exclusively within their own borders, but in the case of a great interstate railroad you can hardly regulate one part without affecting all other parts; and the question before the court might be so decided as to take from the states an important part of their supposed power over lines within their own borders. In short, the court's decision might write a new explanatory clause into the Constitution vitally affecting relationship between states and nation.

It is fairly presumable that the court earnestly deliberated this question within its own chamber. It is no mere question of legal arithmetic, to be solved by inevitable deductions from text and precedent. If it were, the court would have solved it long ago.

It might involve a reshaping of the Constitution to meet modern conditions. How much light might the court have received upon it from the outside if its deliberations had been made public! Incidentally if Supreme Court debates were made public our constitutional history would be immeasurably enriched.

The Income Tax

ADMINISTRATIONS may change, but the income tax has come to stay. The tariff may go up again to McKinley or Payne-Aldrich figures, but we shall still be paying our one per cent on incomes over four thousand dollars—or, more likely, two or three per cent.

When the resolution for a constitutional amendment was debated, you may remember, it was urged that empowering Congress to tax incomes did not mean at all that Congress would use the power in ordinary times; but it should have the power in order to meet an emergency. Of course a radical reduction of tariff duties gives Congress a good reason for resorting to the power immediately; but before very long it would have resorted to it anyway, for expenditures of the Government constantly increase. It is only a question of time when they will outrun receipts from customs and internal revenue, even with no change in the fiscal policy at Washington.

For more than a hundred years, as one ingenious critic shows, per-capita importations of foreign goods have remained approximately the same; but per-capita expenses of the Government have more than trebled. The appropriations committees were steadily beating the customs collectors. Indeed, in Mr. Taft's Administration, with a very high tariff, we saw the Government resorting to an income tax on corporations. Each party when out of power denounces the extravagance of its opponent; but when in power it spends more money than its predecessor. The Wilson Administration will probably be no exception to the ironclad rule. Economy figures large in platforms and campaign speeches; but only the inexorable hand of panic and hard times ever actually reduces Government expenditures.

The Democratic Tariff

THE bill introduced by the Ways and Means Committee at the beginning of the extra session of Congress fully meets the party's pledges; and if the provision for free sugar, at the end of three years, is stricken out in the Senate we shall not regard that as any material defeat of genuine tariff revision. A cent a pound on sugar produces much revenue and is hardly burdensome to anybody. It is a small price to pay for that explosion of the sky-high tariff fetish that the bill, as a whole, promises to produce. A detail may be sacrificed without important injury to the cause of reasonable tariff readjustment, which it seeks to accomplish. The income-tax section incorporates the sound principles of taxing the income at its source, so far as practicable, and of a graded surtax on big incomes. The entire measure, as it stands, is the most important step yet taken in this country in the direction of making a citizen's contributions for the support of Government proportionate to his ability to contribute.

There is good reason to expect that it will pass Congress without serious mutilation. Its first product presumably will be dissatisfaction. New taxes are notoriously unpopular; and there will, of course, be no such immediate automatic readjustment of the cost of living as some enthusiastic tariff-revision orations may have led simple-minded people to expect. With the bill safely through the Senate, what tariff revisionists need to pray for is four years of good times, in order that the measure may have a fair chance to justify itself.

The Deadliness of Automobiles

THE newspaper account runs: "He attempted to cut across Fifth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street through heavy automobile traffic. He narrowly escaped being run down by a southbound machine and dodged directly in front of one going north. A wheel passed over his neck, killing him instantly."

No street in the world is more amply or efficiently policed than Fifth Avenue; nowhere is a dense vehicular traffic better handled. You can walk there for hours without seeing a driver disobey the policeman's signal; but you will see impatient pedestrians cut through the stream of cars and carriages rather than wait a minute or two until the officer clears the way. This is true of the crowded streets in nearly all cities. In Chicago they have made a brave attempt to subject foot-traffic at the busiest corners to the crossings policemen; but many pedestrians take unkindly to the minute's delay.

The automobile's innocent and even inviting appearance, the smoothness with which it runs and its familiarity to the eye deceive many as to its mortal probabilities when in contact with a human body. On crowded streets foot-passengers should not be permitted to cut across the stream of traffic. Fair warning and a few arrests would probably break them of the dangerous habit.

A Setback for Militant Suffrage

IT IS not easy to understand the hysteria known in England as Militant Suffragism, but it is very easy to be disgusted with it. No doubt that helps to explain why equal suffrage, which was beaten in Michigan last November by a small and questionable majority, was decisively defeated there in April.

That the proceedings in England are prejudicing the cause in this country seems clear. Of course that is not fair; but even sagacious man generally votes as he feels rather than as he reasons.

The suffragettes say they are making war on society—by trampling down posy beds, breaking windows, putting glue on letters, and conducting themselves in public in a manner shocking to male notions of feminine modesty. All this is merely the running amuck of a child, who screams, upsets a chair, tears a table-spread and kicks the cat—frightening nobody except grandma, and inspiring in other members of the family an overmastering desire to cuff the culprit.

Militancy, with its warfare on flowers and pictures, has taken the form of shrewishness—which, of all manifestations of the eternal feminine, is least tolerable to the opposite sex. A bromide in England would be the best thing possible for equal suffrage in this country just now.

Sparing the Rod

IN THE whole history of education there is only one piece of firm and indisputable ground. Curriculum, schoolhours, methods of study, oral or written examinations, fixed or elective courses, and all that, are subjects of endless debate, in which no one can claim to have said the conclusive word. Whether the intellectual discipline and cultural stimulus derivable from study of the classic tongues pays for the effort is hotly disputed. Whether a child of public-school age, in the time allotted, gets enough from the study of any science to make it worth while is an unsettled point. Uncertainty prevails everywhere—almost.

One thing is certain however. All experience shows that if you take a heavy hickory ruler and wallop a child over the head with it a few times you can make him do as you wish—for the time being. That is actual bedrock.

The public schools of the city of New York have been undergoing extensive expert investigation and much adverse criticism of late. They are inefficient, too mechanical, twenty years behind the times, say some of the expert critics; and one of them, after pointing out in great detail that they fall far short of doing what they should for pupils, earnestly recommends that corporal punishment be reëstablished in them.

It is really a bright idea. We are not getting results with these pupils; we are wasting their precious time; we don't know how to teach them properly. What shall we do about it? Well, for one thing, let us beat them up a bit! We know we can do that; and after that return to first principles maybe we can think of something else.

The Return of Captain Kidd

IN CONSIDERING European naval competition the question principally debated has been: Will it lead to national bankruptcy? But in a speech to Parliament the other day the first lord of the admiralty held forth another and even more exciting possibility.

At a Hague conference on the subject—Mr. Churchill pointed out—certain Powers had refused to waive the right of converting merchant vessels into cruisers, not only in harbor but on the high sea. As merchant vessels mainly follow well-known routes, scores of British merchantmen, in event of sudden war, might find themselves confronted by armed ships of the enemy that were not down in any naval register; and before a single small gun any unarmed ship would be completely helpless.

For one thing, England's food supply might thus be cut off at a moment's notice.

"The proper reply to an armed merchantman is another merchantman armed for its own defense," said Mr. Churchill. He explained that, by advice of the admiralty, shipowners were already preparing to arm their craft, the government lending the necessary guns, supplying ammunition and training crews to fight, while the shipowners bore the expense of all structural readjustments in the vessels.

This agreeably foreshadows a return to the palmy days of the Spanish Main, when any vessel's safety at sea depended upon its own armament. The attractiveness of rival liners will no longer be advertised in terms of speed and luxury, but in those of fighting ability. You will be invited to book your passage by the Bellicose, because she carries eighteen big guns and the main saloon is protected by ten inches of armor plate.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Secretary of Commerce Hurrying to His Work

Red Lilacs

EXTREMEST caution must be used by commentators when commentating on this new Administration or any of its functionaries. Up to the time of going to press President Wilson and his Cabinet aides—aides, you understand, in a purely tralatitious sense—have not started an Ananias Club, but they are likely to; and eternal vigilance is the price of truthful obscurity.

So it has come about that the wise among the writing folk, when obtaining important announcements from governmental sources, obtain at the same time the denials of those announcements, for use if the said announcements do not hit the popular fancy, and thus save precious moments that would be wasted in going after the denials were they not already on hand and in type. Pursuing the subject to its logical conclusion, I have evolved the seemingly perfect method of suiting the comment to the circumstances, and shall start this story with the denial, so that both sides will be here set forth.

Wherefore I desire to make clear, as a matter of positive assurance from high official sources—as the correspondents say when quoting themselves—I desire to impress on all interested that the Honorable William Cox Redfield, of Brooklyn, and at present secretary of commerce, does not wear those red side-whiskers for business reasons. I do not know why he does wear them, but I am reliably informed that no necessities of commerce demand their presence on his jowls.

The story—absurd, of course—was that Mr. Redfield had collected those whiskers because he needed them as demonstrators. You see, Mr. Redfield is by way of being a manufacturer, and he manufactures blowers among other things such as steel tools, ventilating apparatus, conversation, and the like.

Indeed so eminent is he in the production of blowers that he is vice-president of the American Blower Company which is not, as many have thought, an association of boosters, commercial clubs, boomers or subdivision developers; but, on the contrary, is a large organization that makes those whirligig machines which spin with such incredible rapidity and blow famously in all places where blowing is required.

This preposterous yarn had it that the reason Mr. Redfield clung to his hispidulous lambrequins was because, owing to their long and intelligent training, he could use them for the purpose of testing his blowers—two at a crack, one on the left side and one on the right. If the wind from the blowers blew adequately through those whiskers the blowers were good, marketable blowers, and were put on sale as such. If on the other hand—or hair—the blowers could not muster enough of a blow to penetrate this unique testing apparatus they were rejected.

A Great Loss and a Small Gain

AS I HAVE already set forth, this story is not true. Mr. Redfield does not cultivate and has not cultivated and sustained that surquidous foliage for any such purpose. He wears it because this is a free country and Brooklynites never shall be slaves, or for any other reason that may occur to him—occur to him, you understand. And that settles that. It is a great pleasure thus to be able to nail what undoubtedly is not only a base campaign slander but also a roorback, a calumny and a fib. We must be accurate even if a good, human-interest touch be lost.

Having demonstrated the falsity of this statement and shown that Mr. Redfield does not wear his whiskers for this reason, the question of why he does wear them becomes irrelevant and is left to individual judgment. Suffice it to say that at the Baltimore convention last summer Mr. Redfield's whiskers and Senator Vardaman's hair vied with each other as the principal hirsute attractions of that hectic period in our country's history. Mr. Redfield was a candidate for the nomination for vice-president.

This was not generally known at the time, but it was a fact none the less. Mr. Redfield, emerging from the House of Representatives, failed to see any good reason why he should not be nominated as the running mate with whatsoever peerless leader might peer above the murk as winner.

However, there is no great loss without some small gain; and though Mr. Redfield was not nominated for vice-president, he was put into the press dispatches as the only candidate who wore red side-whiskers, and that was something—a good deal, in fact, when you come to tot it up, for, as can be observed of all observers, Mr. Redfield is in the present Cabinet.

Now that brings us back to blowers again, which not only are highly important in business but have their uses in politics, as shall be shown. You may recall there was some talk of placing the persistent Mr. Brandeis, of Boston, in the Cabinet. It may well be that Mr. Wilson talked none of this talk—and it may be he did. At any rate, there are rumors to the effect that the name of Mr. Brandeis was in consideration for the commerce place in the Cabinet.

Also, it is alleged, and all concerned may deny if they wish—they probably will anyhow—but, nevertheless, it is stated that when there came a discussion with New England people by Mr. Wilson of the name of Brandeis, a certain able citizen of Massachusetts—Governor Eugene Foss, to be exact—sat down so hard on Mr. Brandeis that he was practically extinguished as a Cabinet light. And here is where the blower raises its whirring head.

Governor Foss is in the machinery business himself; so—as the story goes—Mr. Wilson said to the governor: "Well, if Mr. Brandeis is not to your liking, can you suggest an alternative?" Could he? Could Eugene Foss suggest an alternative? He could; and of course, being a clannish sort of man, he suggested none other than William Cox Redfield, his colleague in the machinery business. When the Cabinet list came out Mr. Redfield's name was there.

All this goes to show that no man must be judged by his whiskers, for whiskers are the cause of nothing, though they may be the effect of various things. The point is that Mr. Redfield, in his one term in Congress, proved up rather better than first-termers usually do. One notable occasion was when he made a tariff speech—as a manufacturer—he shot the protection theory so full of holes that it looked like a genuine Sheraton antique after the antique dealer has inserted the age-proving wormholes.

Mr. Redfield spoke as a manufacturer and it was quite apparent he knew what he was talking about, much to the disgust of John Dalzell and Sereno Payne, and others who might be mentioned. For, you see, Mr. Redfield has been at manufacturing and dealing in machinery for some years now, and he knows that end of it—both tariffwise and otherwise. After he went to Brooklyn in 1883 he engaged in the making of tools and forgings, and in 1907 went into the manufacture of ventilating, heating and drying apparatus, wherein he was at home in his tariff speech, for he certainly ventilated a lot of theories—to say nothing of heating up a considerable number of theorizers.

He is an active, energetic, businesslike person, who talks rapidly and at some length; and he has a good understanding of economic questions. He served as commissioner of public works for Brooklyn Borough in 1902 and 1903, and made an excellent record. Also, he was useful in Congress, especially in his committee work. And his whiskers are not toted for utilitarian purposes as I have shown. They are ornamental in function. Let that be understood.

Spokesman—"We Have Called to Express Our Extreme Gratitude for the Beautiful Fight You are Making in Our Behalf"

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STREET WITH THREE ENDS

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

GRAMERCY JONES, only son and—under conditions—sole heir of the late Jason Jones, had a small glass-fronted cabinet in the private sitting room of the big house of his forefathers fronting Gramercy Park; and in this cabinet, under lock and key, he kept a collection of strangely diversified specimens. You could hardly call them specimens though.

Souvenirs would be a better word, for that is what they really were—souvenirs of the various adventures into which this young man had led himself or had been led, in pursuance of his plan to see and hear and do some exciting things and some unusual things during his compulsory term of residence in the city of New York, as ordained in the last will and testament of that eccentric millionaire who had been his parent.

Occupying first place in this cabinet, then, was the sawed-off butt of a billiard cue, all dented and cracked, which homely object had to do with his answering a certain want ad signed "Confidence," and his subsequent visits to the wireless wiretapping establishment of those two uncrowned kings of buncodom, the Messrs. Neumeyer. There was a long black cigar, its fragile wrapper frayed by much handling, recalling by its presence the mystery of the chained-up lady of lower Fifth Avenue. There was a much-creased program of a Christmas Eve vaudeville show, duly preserved in commemoration of Gramercy Jones' first and last meeting with Johnny Greek, the dopey gunman; and there was a wisp of crape hair held together by beads of dried camphor gum and labeled simply "Spinach"; and whenever he looked at this he thought of the time he had seen it adorning the chin of the bogus-bearded lady of Gruber's Dime Musée. One night in the spring there was added to all these a fifth exhibit, in the shape of a photograph. It was merely a picture of a street lamp, with a background of sad-looking houses in a sad-looking street; nevertheless the owner appeared to value it above all the other things that were housed in his little cabinet.

To begin at the beginning, this particular adventure dated from an evening when Gramercy Jones went to the theater with Dana Grist, who was by way of being his friend and his confidant. The show was bad and their seats were worse; and between the first act and the second they fled to a more comfortable spot across the way and there sat and talked of things. Dana Grist, now promoted to the city editorship of the Evening Planet, was leaving next morning on his vacation. He was going down South to spend a damp but happy month in a swamp, studying the nesting habits of the great blue heron and the pileated woodpecker. As I may have stated heretofore, Dana Grist had two abiding traits. In his moments of leisure he thought in headlines, which obsession was a heritage of years spent at copy reading; and in his hours of leisure he diligently collected and lovingly classified the eggs of the birds of North America.

"Cap, I'll Take You Anywhere. The Hoss Kin Swim and the Cab Kin Float"

"Speedly will meet me at Memphis," he was saying as he put down his beer glass. Speedly was a fellow collector, it seemed. "And then we'll head straight for that place down in Louisiana. I think we'll have a great time." The mild incurable mania of the born naturalist burned in his eye. "What will you be doing with yourself?"

"I don't know exactly," said Gramercy Jones. "Since we helped you—Max Furst and I—to nab your friend, Mr. Pandora, down at that dime museum, nothing has happened worth the telling. Sometimes it looks as though nothing were going to happen. We've answered every advertisement in the papers that had a promising look to it and nothing came of it all except disappointment. We have visited the establishments of at least a dozen fortune-tellers and several mediums and even an East Indian Yogi, seeking the unusual. We met plenty of what was freakish and more that was mildly amusing and a little that was pitiable, but nothing startling or spectacular or mystifying. We've walked miles and miles of mean streets, hoping adventure would come along and bump into us. It didn't. I'm tired of trips to dismal dives and queer resorts. I'm tired of cabaret shows and these so-called Bohemian resorts. I'm beginning to think New York's underworld is the most deadly dull part of the earth—barring only New York's upperworld. Have you anything to suggest?"

Dana Grist considered the smoulder end of his cigar reflectively.

"You might try O. Henry's system," he said.

"O. Henry," echoed Jones—"what was his system?"

"I'll tell you," said Grist. "I knew O. Henry pretty well. When he first came here to try to make a living at writing I was working on the Sunday edition of the Planet as a subeditor, and I bought some of his early stories from him. After the magazines discovered him and began to take all the stuff he could turn out we were still friendly. Sometimes of an evening we'd dine together at some little café that he had discovered. He was forever finding weird little places that hadn't been exploited yet by the space writers and so were unspoiled and natural. Once or twice we even found something good to eat.

For the First Time Her Voice Failed Her

"One night we were in a little German wine-cellar away over on Avenue A, and Porter told me—Sydney Porter was his real name, you know—told me he had run out of plots for stories. 'But,' he said, 'there's a novel in every street in New York and a short story at every crossing—if a man could only find it. Yes, there's a tragedy hidden in every house and a drama in every life of all these millions of lives round us!'

"'Yes,' I said; 'but to find them—that would be the job!'

"Porter looked at me and I could almost see his imagination taking hold of the notion and turning it round and round in his mind like a squirrel with a nut.

"'Here's the idea,' he said to me after a bit. 'Some night I'll get into a cab and tell the cabman to drive me so many blocks or so many miles in a given direction—almost any direction will do. Then when he has gone just so far and no farther I'll have him stop at the first house with a certain number over the door. Some unusual sequence of numbers will do—say Number 222 or Number 333. Then I will get out of the cab, go up the steps, ring the bell, and to the person who answers the call—be it man, woman or child, black, white or yellow—I will put a question, a question that may be absolutely meaningless, but which, on the other hand, may seem vitally to bear upon the hidden tragedy of that particular house.'

"'You'd be taking a long chance,' I said.

"'Of course I should,' he replied; 'but did you ever stop to think that the only kind of life worth living is the one that's made up of long chances? I might have the door slammed in my face—that's probable. I might be thrown down the steps or turned over to a policeman as a crank—that's possible. Then again, coming as a stranger out of nowhere with a message that apparently had to do directly with the one great secret which was harbored under that roof, I might get the plot for my story!'"

"Did he ever try the scheme?" asked Gramercy Jones.

"I'm pretty sure he never did," said Dana Grist. "He was in poor health then, and in a few months he was dead. Anyhow the idea wasn't copyrighted—I doubt whether he ever spoke of it to another person. You might try it—not for a story but for an adventure. You might try it tonight—it's not late." Grist looked at his watch. "It still lacks twenty minutes of being ten o'clock."

"So I might," said the younger man. "Would you go along with me to see how the thing turned out?"

"No; this is to be a lone adventure—it's designed for one only. Besides, I'm catching an early train in the morning and I've got a good bit of packing to do yet."

"I believe I'll try it," said Gramercy Jones, "only—only I wonder what route I should take!"

"Why not trust to the luck there is in numbers—in a succession of the same number?" suggested Dana Grist. "Let's see; what day of the month is this? The seventeenth—isn't it? Well, then, get into a cab and tell the driver to drive you seventeen blocks north or seventeen blocks south, and then turn either east or west and stop at the first house that has the figure 1 and the figure 7 in the proper order over the door."

"I wonder whether a cabman would carry out such remarkable instructions!" surmised young Jones.

"For money," said Dana Grist, "a New York cabman would do anything you can think of."

"And had I better go north or south from here?" continued Gramercy Jones, mapping out his campaign.

"On a venture I should say south," spoke Grist from the depths of his experience. "Seventeen blocks north of here

would bring you to the middle of the Tenderloin—you'd probably wind up at a garage or an actors' boarding house; but down the other way now——" He pondered a moment, calculating distances. "South it is—seventeen blocks down Sixth Avenue from here would land you right on the edge of Greenwich Village and a turning to the west ought to bring you to the ideal spot of all the spots I can think of for a trip like this. If the spirit of romance is alive anywhere in this town it lives in Greenwich Village. Ever been there?"

"Only to cross it on the way to the docks to take a steamer," admitted Gramercy Jones.

"Then you don't know Greenwich Village," said Dana Grist. "Mighty few people do outside of those who live in it. It's the only original main division of this town that hasn't been made over yet into ghastly uniformity with the rest—the only district of any size on Manhattan Island where people are reared and live and die in the same houses where they were born. It's a real neighborhood. It's a community off to itself. The streets down there have no direction to them. They're snarled together any way at all, like"—he paused for a simile—"like worms in a bait can. Nobody knows why one street should be numbered in one direction and the next street paralleling it should be numbered in the opposite direction. Nobody knows why Fourth Street should cross Eleventh Street at right angles, except that it does. And those little butt-ended courts down there—did you ever hear of Milligan Place?"

Young Jones shook his head.

"I thought not. How often have you ridden toward the Battery on the Sixth Avenue L? A hundred times, I suppose—haven't you? Then you've passed Milligan Place a hundred times. Twice a day a hundred thousand other people pass it and I suppose one in twenty thousand of them knows where it is. You go through a hole cut in a high fence and you find yourself in a little twisted street with a gaslamp in it and an old gnarled tree and a public well, and there are half a dozen old houses facing a blank wall. In London Dickens would have found out Milligan Place and made a tale of it; but since it is in New York and not in London I suppose they'll be tearing it away before long. And that's Greenwich Village—you take my word for it and go there for your adventure."

"I will," promised Gramercy Jones as he paid the reckoning and they got up to go. "I'll go there tonight. I hope you have a pleasant time down there among your woodpeckers and your blue cranes—or was it geese?"

"Herons—great blue herons," corrected the newspaper man. They were at the curb before Jones spoke again.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "in the matter of the question that is to be asked of whoever answers my knock what would you advise?"

Grist thought a moment. It was his evening for inspirations.

"You remember the story, don't you, of the Paris journalist who claimed that every man, no matter how spotless his reputation was, had a hidden chapter in his life? Well, it ran this way: This journalist fellow picked out twelve notables of Paris who had always lived supposedly blameless lives, and to each of them he sent a telegram signed with an initial and reading—'All is discovered; fly at once!' Which is all there is to the story except that by the next morning eleven of them had gone and the twelfth was packing. I should think you might pattern your question somewhat along the model of the Frenchman's telegram—eh? Well, goodby."

Left alone young Jones stood for a bit upon the corner, considering the expedition to which the enthusiasm of the moment had committed him. Cold doubt chilled his feet now and crept up his legs. He felt sure this would be a fool's errand and for half a minute he was tempted to drop a project so purposeless and hopeless on the very face of it. The spirit of the night laid hold upon him then. It was one of those warm, drizzly nights that are rare enough in a young New York spring, when the buds burst on the park trees and the last of the fouled and sooty snowbanks, enduring in sheltered spots until now, are melting and running away in streams as murky as diluted lampblack. Tomorrow or the next day it might be freezing cold again, but now the air was balmy and steaming. Besides, it was too early for bed. He might as well have a ride down to this Greenwich Village of which Dana Grist had spoken with a fervor rare in that unexcitable and experienced person—and, of course, there was the long chance.

A short block over, and half a block down, Gramercy Jones came upon a fleet of hurable cabs anchored along the pavement in front of a French restaurant; their custodians lounged in the vestibuled doorway. He threaded his way in and out between the taxis, studying the numerals upon their license tags and not finding what he wanted. But at the lower end of the line stood a dingy hansom, a somewhat battered survivor of the Period of the Horse; and here he beheld what he had been seeking. The license bore the chosen number twice—17,017. As he contemplated a coincidence so in keeping with the plan of the enterprise, there appeared before him the driver of the lone hansom—a stout man. His face was weatherworn to the color and firmness of old red sandstone; his shabby livery was too tight for him; and the brim of his venerable coachman's hat was beaded and spangled with drops of drizzle—also his expression was beaming.

"Wantin' a cab, cap?" The voice was huskily cheerful to match the rest of him.

"I do," said Gramercy Jones, "if you'll take me where I want to go."

"Cap," stated the weather-beaten one, "I'll take you anywheres. The hoss kin swim and the cab kin float."

"I want you," said Gramercy Jones, "to take me seventeen blocks down this avenue."

"Seventeen blocks!" mused the cabman. "Le's see, cap; wot street would that be?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," confessed the young man. "That's for you to find out by counting the crossings."

The cabman contemplated Jones curiously. Then a grin started in the middle of his face, like a ripple in a pond, and spread both ways, lengthening until it practically seamed his head in two halves. He sensed that there would be

The Crowd Was Already Assembling

something novel in this expedition. Likewise that higher sixth sense, which belongs particularly to cabmen and waiters, advised him psychically that here undoubtedly stood a young man who would be pleasingly liberal in the matter of tips.

He touched his drippy hatbrim with a forefinger the shape and color of a red banana.

"Cap," he said, "you're on! Jump right in! Down Sixt' Avenoo seventeen blocks and then stop—is that the idea?"

"No, you don't stop. At the seventeenth crossing you turn to the west and keep going until you come to the first house that has the figures 1 and 7 in the number over the door."

Growing bewilderment compressed the smile within normal bounds and squeezed it in and in until it died and was buried in a crease of the double chin.

"Would that be Number 17 or Number 117, or wot?"

"I don't know that either," owned Gramercy Jones frankly, with a slight, a very slight, air of embarrassment. "I merely wish to be let out at the first house in that side street where you find 17 in the number."

Seeing doubt flitting from crag to crag of that knobby countenance, he drove a neatly gloved hand into his trousers pocket.

"Do you wish to be paid in advance?"

"Naw, sir! Naw, sir!" the cabman hastened to state. "I guess I knows a reg'lar gent when I sees him, even if I ain't on to his game. Cap, step in!"

Down Sixth Avenue, in and out among the pillars of the elevated structure, the hansom tacked and jibed, steering a way between surface cars and through the lesser traffic. At first they mainly passed big department stores, closed and darkened; but after they had jolted over the tracks of Fourteenth Street these grew fewer, just as pawnbrokers' shops, dairy lunches and family liquor stores grew more numerous. They jogged on by Jefferson Market Court, its low-browed mansards looming blankly upon the right of them and, in the windows below, lights to show that night court was in session. As they journeyed along, Gramercy Jones framed the vaguely reassuring, vaguely confidential statement that he meant to utter to whoever should answer his knock. His thread of thought was snapped short by a wheezy hail from above. He looked up to see a puckered eye contemplating him through the slot in the roof of the cab.

"We've come seventeen blocks, cap. We turns west here—don't we?"

"We do," said Gramercy Jones.

West it was, at a walking gait. Gramercy Jones made out that they were proceeding through a quiet street which curved like a cow's horn and was lined for the most part with those painfully homely, squatty red-brick dwellings that are to be found wherever in older New York there remains a district not yet entirely preëmpted by modern skyplowing structures. Even here there were some of the tall buildings to be seen, but not many. Only once in a while was a towering business structure shoving its steel elbows into the ancient timber ribs of older and smaller neighbors.

Now they went almost at a crawl, traveling close to the righthand curb so that the vigilant cabby from his perch on high might study out the numbers upon fanlights and doorplates glimmering in the lamplight. Presently, informed by a citybred instinct—which in its way and within its limitations is as sure as that of any forest runner—he checked his horse up, climbed laboriously down from his seat, took the horse by the bit, led that patient beast a few yards farther on, and came to a stop.

"Here you are, cap," he announced in the manner of one entitled to large rewards for arduous and difficult endeavors. "No matter where they hides 'em I kin find 'em—here's Number 171."

Gramercy Jones stepped out of the teetering hansom upon the wet sidewalk. By rights, to make the plot to curdle and the mystery to thicken, the house facing him should have been an old house, a dark and gloomy and decayed house, with a look about it of having fallen upon evil days, and perchance with one lone taper—a guttering tallow dip, let us say—flickering feebly at the upper casement. A sound of low piteous groanings from somewhere within or sundry muffled calls for help would have served well to match the spirit of these settings. But here, stretching along the twisted street, was a tall and long loft building; and it was new and slick-faced and built of a pressed yellowish brick, and in all its outward essentials it was as commonplace and matter of fact as a bill of lading. Upon the pavement was a clutter of left-over building materials; there was an announcement in a window touching on leasing and renting purposes; a goose-necked connection for a firehose, of iron, daubed with its first coating of red paint, protruded from the blank surface of the masonry; and that distinctly was all. Gramercy Jones had a profound conviction that he was about to make himself very, very foolish. Likewise it is not to be denied that he was considerably disappointed.

None the less, the number—171—stood out distinctly and plainly over a doorway giving access to a dimly lighted hallway; and, with the curiously staring eyes of that fat cabman upon him—Jones could feel them boring him in the back—he deemed himself committed to carry the venture on to its conclusion. So he rapped with his black-gloved knuckles upon the glass of the door and waited; and then rapped again. At the inner far end of the hallway appeared an elderly man, plainly a watchman. He advanced slowly to the door, peered through the glass

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a brief space and then, being apparently reassured by what he saw, slid back the bolts.

"Well," he said, "wot's wanted?"

Gramercy Jones hesitated a moment. The whole thing was becoming so grotesquely idiotic.

"I know what the trouble is here and I have come to offer you help," he said seriously, emphasizing the words according to formula.

"Hey? Wot's that?" demanded the old watchman. He removed his pipe from his mouth and came halfway out of the door, peering sharply up and down. "Is there a fire round somewheres? Anybody tryin' to break in?"

"No—not that," explained Gramercy Jones. This was an unforeseen development and one not provided for in the plans. "I mean the other and greater trouble—the trouble that is within," he finished off somewhat lamely.

For a brief space in an amazed silence the watchman stared at him, his pipe suspended halfway to his mouth. Then, having made up his mind, he spoke according to his diagnosis.

"Say"—his tone was scorn itself—"you're on the wrong side of the town! The free ward for nuts is over at Bellevue, back the other way!"

Again his manner changed, becoming truculent, bordering indeed close upon the threatening.

"Say, you better beat it while the goin's good. Fresh young squirts comin' down here in cabs tryin' to kid me!" His inflection was such as to indicate that a long and unending procession of young squirts coming in cabs had been disturbing his peace of late. "Gwan now—beat it!"

"Easy, bo," put in the cabman from the edge of the sidewalk, naturally taking the side of his patron. The young man might be peculiar, but he had all the outward aspects of ready money. "Easy there! That gent's all right—I knows him well."

"I don't know him—don't know you neither," answered the watchman with a sudden access of that vocal violence which ever marks casual differences arising among certain classes of the citizenry in this city of five million avowed skeptics. "I don't know neither wan of yez and I don't want to. I think you're up to somethin' shady. Well, you'll slip nawthin' over on me. Git along now before I call a cop."

Seeming to realize that in the event of overt acts he would be outnumbered in the proportion of one to two, the watchman, with hostile gestures, withdrew himself and slammed the door and bolted it, and glowered at them from behind the ample protection of thick plate glass. Gramercy Jones turned away; the cushioned interior of the hansom received him and its partial seclusion was very welcome to him.

"Well, now, wot d'ye know about a guy like that?" commented the fat cabby. Soothingly he tapped his tongue against the roof of his mouth, making the sound that is supposed to betoken a discreet and respectful sympathy.

"Broadway and Forty-second," was all his fare had to say. Still clucking deprecatory clucks the cabman swung himself up to his seat and shook out the lines on his horse's damp back; and in another minute they were on the retreat, rounding the bulge of the silent street.

As for Gramercy Jones, he had a most let-down feeling. Here he had spent a good part of the evening blundering about a strange and inhospitable quarter of the town in the rain, and his reward had been a painful encounter with a perverse and cross-grained person who had suspected him first of being crazy and then of being thievish or worse. Not even a genius like O. Henry, he figured, could have squeezed the makings of a story out of an experience beginning so simply and ending so flatly as this one. The spirit of romance surely must be dead in New York; adventure, even though diligently sought, was not to be had anywhere. He would make haste back to a district where he was better acquainted and have a bite to eat and, like any sober good burgess, go straightway to bed.

At Broadway and Forty-second Street he paid off the score and to it added a tip so generous that the gratified recipient offered him a high and signal honor. He pulled off his hat in a sweeping bow and bade him: "Good night, major."

"Just a minute," said Gramercy Jones from below. "What was the name of that cross street?"

"Maje," stated the cabman regretfully, "I was that busy countin' so's to make the right turn I never taken no notice."

Near eleven-thirty o'clock, having had his bite to eat, the young man came out of a sedate and as yet uncabareted chophouse and stood a moment upon the sidewalk, considering. It had stopped raining; the skies were clearing off and the air was still springlike and soft. He decided he would walk eastward and southward to his house fronting on Gramercy Square. He did so, nothing happening on the way.

Gramercy Park, within its high-spiked iron fence, with its tight-locked iron gates set at evenly spaced distances, was a patch of quiet darkness when at last he came to it. His own house, wide of front and substantial looking, was black except for one light in an upper front window. He took this for a sign that his faithful man Friday, ex-Sergeant Max Furst, had also come home but had not as yet retired. Along the street to the south one carriage passed, making for the moment a brisk clamor of hoofs and tires; a single high-hatted pedestrian in a caped overcoat—a homebound theatergoer probably—was moving nimbly along the sidewalk across the way. Otherwise this spot, lying almost midway between the midnight activities of Broadway and the fretful, fevered briskness of Third Avenue, was at once a desert and an oasis.

He was halfway up the stone steps, feeling in his pocket for his keys, when a startled exclamation made him swing on his heel. The lone high-hatted foot traveler, now almost opposite him, had apparently stumbled over something in his path. He had stooped and, as well as could be made out at that distance, was fumbling in a patch of shadow. He straightened now and looked about him. By the indifferent help of a street lamp he made out Gramercy Jones' figure upon the steps of his house and he called out:

"I say, you, sir, across there! Won't you come here a moment? There's a man lying here who looks to me to be very ill—or something!"

Gramercy Jones ran over. The man who hailed him had bent forward again and was loosening the collar of a man who lay in a huddle, with his limbs drawn under him, against the fence, where a clump of evergreens grew close up to the palings. They both laid hold of him and drew him out flat on his back upon the pavement, and there the light showed him to be a middle-aged, worn-looking man, decently clad. His eyes were half shut and his face looked swollen and congested. About his lips were white patches like blisters. He breathed slowly, with a choking catch in every breath. It was evident to any one that he was a desperate case.

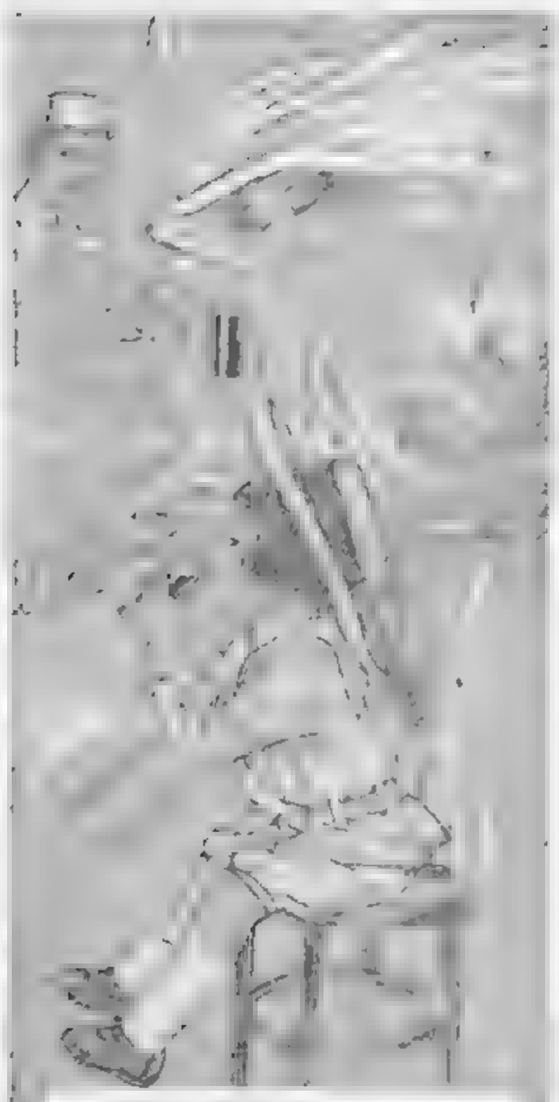
"My house is right here," said Gramercy Jones. "I'll wake up the servants to help us carry him in and then we can send for a doctor."

There was no need of doing this though. The crowd, great or small, that springs into being at any time and at any place in New York when something happens was already assembling, one atom drawing another. There came a chauffeur who dismounted from a halted car, a doorman in uniform from one of the clubs half a block away on the south side of the square, two young men of pronounced East Side accents on their way to a ball or from one, and a moment later there was a policeman. As four of them picked up the limply dangling form Gramercy Jones' toe touched something that rolled with a tinkling sound, and he felt about and found a small bottle that had been lying almost under the man.

He went ahead to throw open the door and to make lights, and the others carried the stranger in and stretched him on a settee in the broad front hall. Max Furst came downstairs in his shirtsleeves and applied first-aid measures, while the policeman, over Gramercy Jones' telephone, notified headquarters and ordered an ambulance. The man in the high hat and the clubhouse functionary ran out to beat the neighborhood for a physician. In a bustle perhaps five minutes passed, or it may have been ten.

The ambulance came swiftly enough, but even so it came too late. The young surgeon who ran up the steps, his kitbag in his hand, stayed on his knees alongside the silent figure only half a minute or so.

"The man's dead," he said as he got up, dusting off his knees. "It's a case of suicide all right—carbolic acid. Anybody see anything of the bottle?"



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He promised to notify the morgue and went away, the gong of his ambulance dimming in the distance. The policeman closed the front door and began taking down the names of all present for possible use later.

"Officer," suggested Gramercy Jones, "wouldn't it be well to find out who this poor fellow was?"

"Oh, that's all been attended to," said the policeman; "I went through his clothes, waiting for the ambulance."

His cap rested upside down upon a table. He showed its contents to Jones—a key-ring with keys on it, a leather cigar case, worn and frayed, a small roll of bills, some loose change, letters, cards, a cardcase—the usual dunnage that a man carries about with him in his pockets.

"Who was he?" asked the young man. Over his shoulder he glanced at the shape on the settee. In the still face the worn lines were already smoothing out. The surgeon had crossed the hands upon the breast.

"Well," said the policeman, "as near as I can make out from these here things his name was Guise—Walter W. Guise." He riffled through the papers. "Yes, that's it—Guise. It's on these cards and on all the letters. It looks like from them that he lived over in Waverly Place—the address is right here—and that he worked as a clerk or something like that for the Colossal Trust Company downtown. He don't seem to have left any note tellin' why he done it. The main point is that he done it.

"I'll have to borrow your telephone again, mister, if you don't mind," added the policeman. "There's the coroner's office to be called up, and if this party had a telephone connection I'll call his folks up, too, and tell 'em what's happened to him."

A sudden access of pity stirred Gramercy Jones. The dead man looked to be a gentleman—a shabby one perhaps, yet a gentleman just the same. "Don't do that, please—it seems such a hard way," he said. "I'll go to his house myself with the news. Furst," he went on, turning to his employee, "you stay here with the officer, please. I'll get a taxicab—there should be some in front of the Players' Club and I'll go to this poor fellow's house."

Some one spoke up behind him. He turned to face a slender young man whom he remembered to have seen entering close upon the ambulance man's heels and later talking with the policeman.

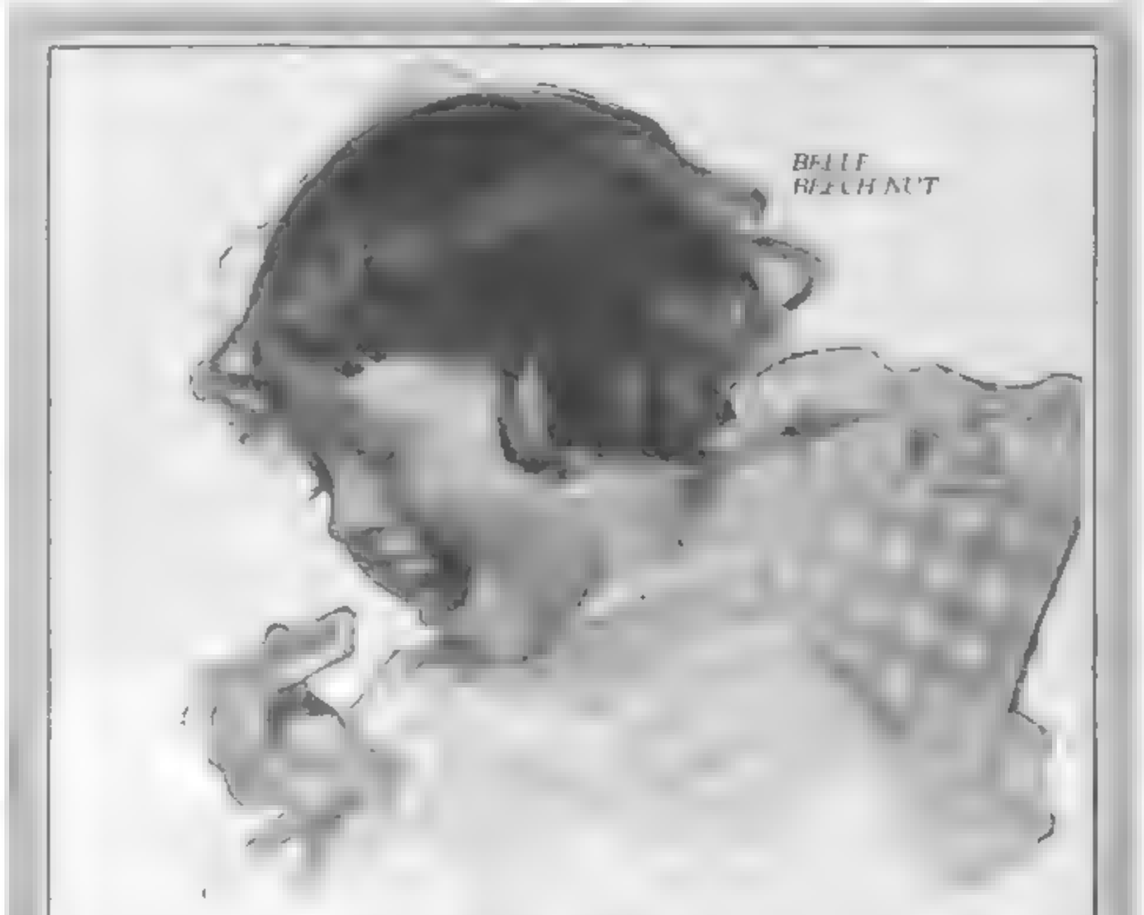
"If you don't mind," said this person, "I'd like to go with you. I'll share the cost of the taxi. I'm a reporter from the Herald," he explained. "I happened to be at Bellevue doing the late trick and I rode over with the ambulance. At this man's house there might be a good end to this story. As it stands now it's worth about a stick. I got the address from the policeman. We can go right away if you're ready. My name is Hardy."

This was how it came about that Gramercy Jones had company as he sped across the city at a southward slanting angle to break the news of a stranger's death to other strangers. It was a grim sort of errand upon which to be embarking thus suddenly; he had touched the outer rim of a tragedy. His thoughts still whirred with the excitement; and back of all the confusion there stood in his mind the picture of that dead man lying straight and still in that hallway, the slate of his life wiped off clean now, no matter how blurred and marred it might ever have been.

The reporter who rode with him kept asking things too—asking him how they came to find the suicide and whether the man had shown any signs of consciousness, and so on and so forth. What between his own thoughts and the reporter's questions he paid small heed to where they were going until, in a dark and quiet and rather common appearing street, the chauffeur halted the taxi in front of a small house that was snuggled down in between taller buildings.

There were lights both upstairs and down in the windows of this house. They mounted the steps and one of them found a button set in the chipped facing of the stone lintel and rang the bell. As they waited they heard from somewhere within the voice of a woman who was in deep grief; and to both of them, almost with a sense of relief, came the realization that somehow the word which they were bringing had mercilessly traveled on ahead of them.

The door opened then and in the opening stood a young woman. Even in that brief moment Gramercy Jones saw that she had about her an air of wholesomeness. Down the stairway behind her came cries and sobbings, heard now with plainness.



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"Lingeringly, the music died. I knew that it was perfect, for I had *felt* the music as I had pressed. I had played by Instinct. I knew that I had played it as even she had not played it upon the old piano.

"I slipped back to her side and her face was wet. She had lived again, too. I had brought the young days back to us who were old, by Instinctive Playing upon the Virtuolo. I love the Virtuolo for that."

* * *

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"I am a reporter for the Herald," began Jones' companion.

"Walk in, please," said the young woman. She did not seem surprised to see them. "We have already had word of this—this terrible thing," she explained. "One of the newspaper offices—I don't think it was yours—called on the telephone a few minutes ago. Mrs. Guise—my aunt—is in no condition to see any one now."

Evidently she took both of them for newspaper men and Gramercy Jones for the moment did not undeceive her. She led the way into a parlor that was plain to the point of bleakness, almost of bareness, and stood in the middle of the floor facing them.

"I am Miss Harriet Stafford," she said simply. "Mr. Guise—who died tonight—was my aunt's second husband. I have lived here with them for several years. I am a stenographer for a law firm in Broad Street."

Having explained her own position she waited as though for questions. Gramercy Jones took note of the daintiness of her figure in the trim shirtwaist and the dark skirt, took note of her clear brown eyes and fine skin, of the way her hair grew about her forehead, and he marked a poise of dignity and an unaffected sweetness in her manner. Hardy, the reporter, must have felt the spell of this young woman's personality, too, for he hesitated a moment and then said something that was quite indistinct, though the words "reasons" and "rash act" might be made out in it.

"I suppose you might as well know the truth of this from me—from us—as to get it from some outside source," answered the girl with a kind of bitter directness. "It is all bound to come out—the man who called up a while ago told me he had already talked with some official of the trust company and that he had a statement from those people. My aunt's husband—you have his name, I presume—was a bookkeeper for the Colossal Trust Company. He had been with them for years. His salary was not large, but I know he gave them faithful service—and it was honest service too; I am sure of that."

She paused for a bit, her brown eyes beginning to brim over, then went on, holding her voice steady by an effort. "Tonight at dinner my aunt for the first time learned that he was in some way involved with the company. The amount was small to them—only a very few hundred dollars, I think—and I am sure no one who knew him would question his honesty. It was not arrest that he feared—it was discharge. At his age—he was fifty-four—it is easy to understand how he might dread being discharged. I do not know all the particulars yet, but I think he had until tomorrow to rectify his mistake, whatever it was.

"This afternoon, so he told her, he appealed to a man who is wealthy, and who years ago was his friend and was employed in the same place where he worked. I suppose it would be of no use to print the name of this friend. He as good as promised Mr. Guise that he would send some one to him—a messenger, with help. The messenger was to be here by nine o'clock tonight or a little later. Mr. Guise waited until nearly eleven, walking the floor. No messenger—no message—came. I was not here at the time—this is only what my aunt has been able to tell me. Finally, bareheaded, in a frenzy, he ran out of the house. His wife thought—and hoped—that he was going to the house of his supposed friend. She—she knows better now. He must have had the poison on his person all the time. He wandered about, I suppose, until he came to the place where—the place where he was found. Surely he must have been insane!"

For the first time her voice failed her entirely and she put her face in her hands. The reporter took a pencil out and fumbled it in his fingers. Gramercy Jones walked to a front window, parted the sleazy lace curtains that dangled limply there, and looked out, thinking.

At an acute angle, across and beyond an open paved space of street, he made out a tall building standing in a line of lower buildings. Something about the contour of things out there in the dark struck him as familiar somehow. He noted a pile of building material heaped on a sidewalk, a curving wall of shiny pressed brick, a dim-lighted hallway, a wry-necked hydrant connection of iron, daubed with red, that protruded from the surface of the masonry. Startled, he swung away from the window.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but might I ask the number of this house and the name of the street?"

"This," said Miss Stafford, "is Number 171 Waverly Place."

"Of course, then," he asked, still puzzled, "that building diagonally across on the opposite side—that new building just over there—it could not be Number 171 too?"

"Yes," she said; "it could be and it is. This house is Number 171 Waverly Place and that house is Number 171 Waverly Place."

He stared at her. The reporter's eyes widened too.

"I suppose there isn't another spot in the whole city exactly like this one," she said. "If you will look out again you will see the lower corner of an old building jutting out between here and that new building. The old building is the Northern Dispensary that was built a great many years ago. My uncle, who was born and reared in this part of town, often told me that when the dispensary was built it made a split in Waverly Place—the junction is just east of this house—and two separate streets were formed. Yet for some reason both of them retained the original name; so there are two streets here called Waverly Place and there are two rows of houses that bear the same numbers. Our Waverly Place, the shorter fork of the two, ends here at Bank Street, but the other fork curves off to the northward and runs on for nearly half a mile. My uncle used to say Waverly Place was the only street in town that had three ends to it."

The reporter asked a few more questions, Gramercy Jones meanwhile stationed by the window studying Miss Stafford's profile, and then they came away and left her standing at the closed door. Their taxicab was waiting for them.

Before he entered it, though, Gramercy Jones crossed a gore of crooked street to where the sharp prow front of the old gray dispensary, like a plowshare, cut the roadway into a double furrow that rolled by it upon each side.

The young man halted under a street lamp that stood in the triangle of sidewalk. Above his head, just beneath the lamp-frame, were two little blue-enamel standards crossing each other at angles, so that they formed a perfect X. One pointed northwest; the other pointed northeast; and on each of them in white letters was the same inscription—Waverly Place.

"The only street in New York with three ends to it!" he said to himself. "And O. Henry was right! There's a tragedy in every house—if you can find it. Tonight if that hansom-cab driver of mine had followed the lefthand curb instead of the one on the right, I should have found it—I should have come to Number 171 here instead of going to Number 171 yonder—should have come in time with a message—I would have saved that poor devil's life and good name for him. O. Henry was right."

He turned and went to the cab and climbed in alongside the reporter. He meant to come back to this place again.

And so he did—many times! In due season he came to know this fork-ended Waverly Place—and some of those who dwelt in it—very well indeed!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Irvin S. Cobb.

WHAT'S ON THE TOP

By Enos A. Mills

THE seven football players who engaged me to guide them to the top of Long's Peak did not reveal their identity until we were on the way. We set out on foot. This great peak really is the King of the Rocky Mountains, and is high, massive and wildly rugged. There were five thousand feet of altitude and seven steeply inclined miles between our starting-point and the granite-piled summit.

The climbers were so occupied with themselves during the first mile that I managed to keep them from running over me. They yelled, threw stones and wrestled. Presently these long-haired fellows discovered me and gave a cheer, and then energetically proceeded with the intention of killing me off.

It was fortunate for me that the wisdom of more than one hundred guiding trips to the summit already was a part of my equipment. In addition to the valuable lessons that had been dearly learned in guiding, I had made dozens of climbs to the summit before offering my services as a guide. In every kind of weather climbs were made to familiarize myself thoroughly with the way to the top. These trips—always alone—were first made on clear days, then on stormy ones, and finally at night. When satisfied that I could find the trail under the worst conditions, some endurance tests were made. One of these consisted in making a quick round trip—then, after only a few minutes' rest, shouldering thirty or forty pounds of supplies and hastening to the rescue of an imaginary climber ill on the summit.

Along with two seasons of this preliminary experience, the rocks, glacial records, birds, trees and flowers along the trail were studied, other peaks climbed, and books concerning mountain climbing diligently read. But long before my two hundred and fifty-seven allotted guiding trips were made I found myself ignorant of one of the most important factors in guiding, and perhaps too in life—and that is, human nature.

Mountain Sickness

However, several climbs had been made simply to learn the swiftest pace I could maintain from bottom to summit without a rest. Thus ably coached by experience, I steadied to the work when my noisy football followers started to run away from me. Each player in turn briefly set a hot pace and in a short time they were ahead of me. Even though they guyed me unmercifully, I refused to be hurried and held to the swiftest pace that I knew could be maintained. Two hours of going raised us through thirty-five hundred feet of altitude and advanced us five miles. We were above the timberline and, though some distance behind the boys, I could tell they were tiring. Presently the guide was again in the lead!

By-and-by one of the boys commenced to pale and presently he turned green round the mouth. He tried desperately to bluff it off, but ill he was; and in a few minutes he had to quit, overcome with nausea. A moment later another long-haired brave tumbled down. On the others went. However, three of them were dropped along the trail, and only two of those seven husky, well-trained athletes reached the summit! That evening, when these sad fellows saw me start off to guide another party up by moonlight, they concluded I must be a wonder; but, as a matter of fact, being an invalid I had learned conservation. This experience fixed in my mind the importance of climbing slowly.

Hurriedly climbing a rugged peak is dangerous pastime. Trail-hurry frequently produces sickness. A brief dash may keep a climber agitated for an hour. During this time he will waste his strength doing things the wrong way—often, too, annoying or endangering the other climbers.

Finding a way to get climbers to go slowly was a problem that took time to solve. Early in the guiding game the solution was made impossible by trying to guide a large party and by not knowing human nature. Once accomplished, slow going on the trail noticeably decreased the cases of mountain sickness, greatly reduced the number of quarrels, and enabled almost all starters to gain the height desired. Slow going added pleasure to the trip, enabled every one to return in good form and with splendid pictures in the mind.

To keep the party together—for the tendency of climbers is to scatter, some traveling rapidly and others slowly—it became my practice to stop occasionally and tell a story, comment on a bit of scenery or relate an incident that had occurred near by. By speaking in a low tone the climbers ahead shouting "Hurry up!" and the ones behind exclaiming "Wait!" could not hear me. This method kept down friction and usually held the party together. However, with a large party, confusion a few times arose despite my efforts to anticipate it.

Hoping to get valuable climbing suggestions, my experiences were one day told to a gentleman that I thought might help me; but he simply repeated the remark of Trampas—that in every party of six there is a fool! It is almost impossible for a numerous, though a well-meaning, party to travel along a steep trail without friction.

Love in High Altitudes

My most unpleasant climb was with a fateful six—three loving young couples. Two college professors about to be married formed one of these. He, the son of wealthy parents, had been sent West to mend his health and manners; he met a young schoolma'am who reformed him. They attended the same college and had become professors in a state school. At the end of this outing they were to be married; but on this climb they quarreled. Each married another! Sweethearts for years was the story of the second couple. They, too, quarreled on the trail, but made up again. The story of the third couple is interestingly complicated. He was rich, young and impetuous; she handsome and musical. For years she had received his ardent attentions indifferently. Approaching the top of the peak he became extremely impatient with her. As though to make confusion confused, after years of indifference this handsome young lady became infatuated with her escort. He tried to avoid her, but she feigned a sprained ankle to insure his comforting closeness. Each still is single! Meantime these six had a general row among themselves and at the close of it united to roast me! Whether imp or altitude was to blame for this deviltry matters not—the guide was roasted for it.

Early in guiding it appeared to be my duty to start for the top with any one who cared to try it, and I felt bound also to get the climber to the top if possible. This was poor theory and bad practice. After a few exasperating and exhausting experiences I learned the folly of dragging people to the top who were likely to be too weak to come back. One day a party of four went up. Not one of them was accustomed to walking, and all had apparently lived to eat. After eight hard hours we reached the summit, where all four collapsed. A storm came on and we were just leaving the top when daylight faded. It rained at intervals all night long, with the temperature a trifle below freezing. We could climb down a short distance, then huddle shivering together for a while. At times every one was suffering from nausea—mountain sickness. We got down to timberline at one o'clock in the morning. Here a rest by a rousing campfire enabled all to go on down. We arrived at the starting-place just twenty-four hours after we left it! Mountain climbing is not a good line of activity for an invalid or for one who shies at the edge of a precipice—or for any one, either, who worries over the possible fate of his family while he is on a narrow ledge.

Altitude, the great bugbear to many, is the scapegoat for a multitude of sins. Altitude is mostly imaginary, though climbing high into a lighter, finer atmosphere diminishes the enveloping, elastic clasp of the air and causes physiological changes. The illness that afflicts mountain climbers will also afflict hill climbers who are only a few hundred feet above sea level. This nausea first comes to those who are bilious, or to those who are hurrying or exerting themselves much more than usual. A slight stomach disorder invites this nausea; and on the heights those who have not been careful of diet, or those who celebrated the

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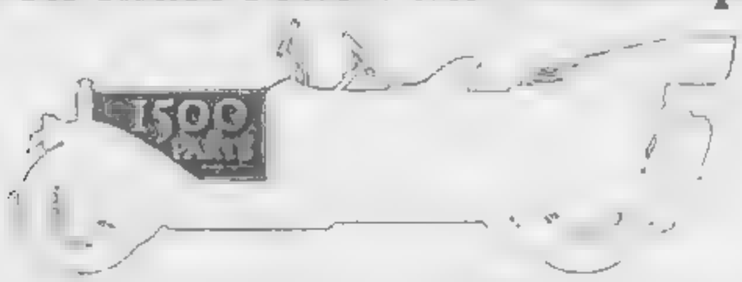

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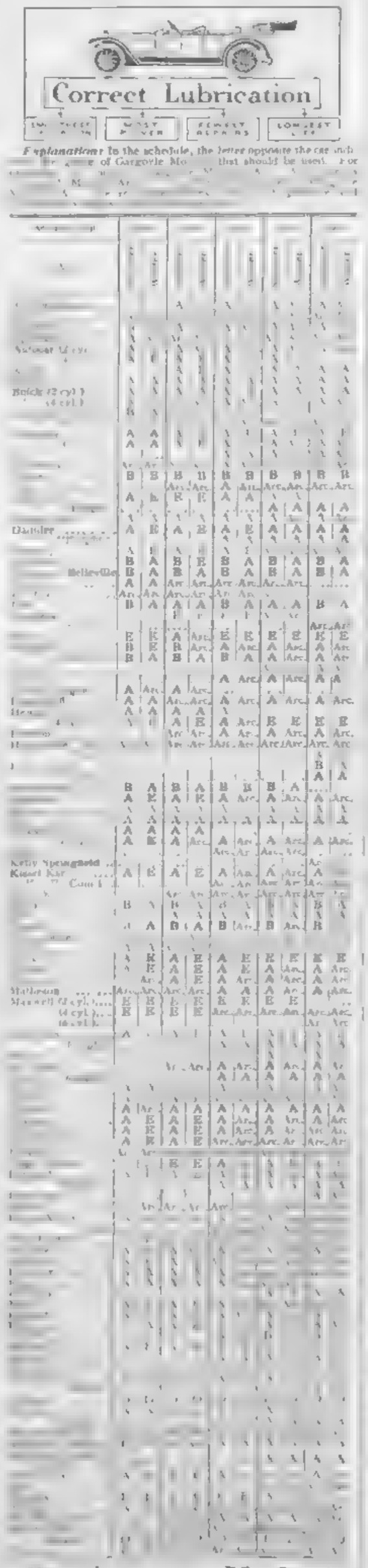
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climb the evening before it was made, are pretty certain to find out just how mountain sickness afflicts. Altitude has but little, I think, to do with bringing on mountain sickness. It is almost identical in effect with seasickness and just as quickly forces the conclusion that life is not worth living. Usually a hot drink, rest and warmth will cure it in a short time.

Altitude commonly stimulates the slow tongue, and in the heights many reserved people become talkative and even confiding. This, along with the natural sociability of such a trip, the scenery and the many excitements, usually ripens acquaintances with amazing rapidity. Lifelong friendships have commenced on the trail, and many a lovely romance too. One day two young people met for the first time in one of my climbing parties. Thirty days afterward they were married, and they have lived happily to date.

In one climb a chaperon gave out and promptly demanded that two young sweethearts turn back. As we moved on without the chaperon she called down upon my head the curses of all the gods at once! In order to save the day it is sometimes necessary for a guide to become an autocrat. Occasionally a climber is not susceptible to suggestion and will obey only the imperative mood. A guide is sometimes compelled to stop rock rolling, or to say "No!" to a plucky though ill climber who is eager to go on.

A terrible tongue lashing came to me one day from a young lady climber because of my refusal to go farther after she had fainted. She went forward alone for half an hour while I sat watching from a commanding crag. Presently she came to a narrow unbanistered ledge that overhung eternity. She at once retreated and came back to me with a smile, saying that the spot where she had turned back would enable any one to comprehend the laws of falling bodies.

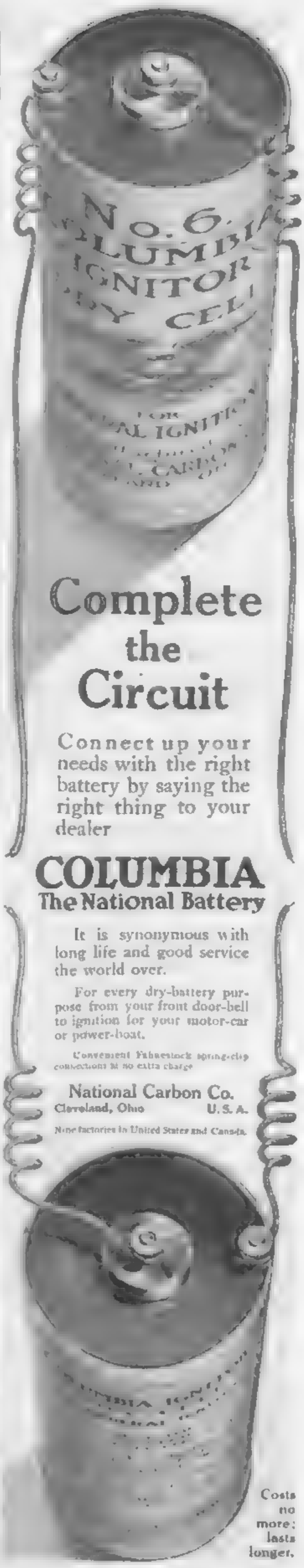
A Rich Man's Gratitude

Occasionally a climber became hysterical and I had my hands full keeping the afflicted within bounds. Mountain ledges are not good places for hysterical performances. One day when a reverend gentleman and his two daughters were nearing the top the young ladies and myself came out upon the Narrows a few lengths ahead of their father. The ladies were almost exhausted and were climbing on sheer nerve. The stupendous view revealed from the Narrows overwhelmed them, and both became hysterical at once. It was no place for ceremony; and, as it was rather cramped for two performances at once, I pushed the feet from beneath one young lady, tripped the other on top of her—and sat down on both!

They struggled, laughed and cried, but had just calmed when the father came round the rocks upon us. His face vividly and swiftly expressed three or four kinds of anger before he grasped the situation. Fearing he might stoop to conquer me, or that he might "get them" too, I watched him without a word. Finally he took in the entire situation and with a smile said: "Well, I don't know whether it's my move or not!"

Twice while guiding it appeared best to break my lifelong rule—never to take a tip. One tip had with it a surprise to redeem the taking. It came from a gentleman who had organized the party. On the way up he begged leave to set the pace and to lead the party to the top. He appeared sensible, and a bad blunder was made by my consenting to the arrangement and becoming one of the party. His pace was rapid and at Keyhole he was attacked by nausea. He thereby insisted that we go on to the summit and leave him behind. It was five hours before we returned to him. For two hours he had lain helpless in a cold rain and was chilled nearly to death. He was limp and loose-jointed, and a detail to carry across the moraine called Boulderfield. At the inn the following morning he was completely restored. I was still so exhausted from getting him down that when he insisted that he be allowed to give me a tip in addition to the guiding fee I agreed to accept it. The instant I had consented it occurred to me that a tip from a millionaire for saving his life would be worth while. I was startled when, with a satisfied expression, he handed me twenty-five cents!

Early one season, before the ice had melted, one of my five climbers met with an accident in one of the most dangerous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places along the way. We were descending—myself in front, watching each one closely as he crossed a narrow but extremely steep tongue of ice. The gentleman who brought up the rear was a good climber when not talking; but this time he was chattering away and failed to notice me when I signaled him for silence while each climber, in turn, carefully crossed the steep ice in the footholds chopped for that purpose. Still talking, he stepped out on the ice without looking and missed the footholds! Both feet shot from beneath him, and down the smooth, deadly steep he plunged.

Early in guiding I planned out just where to stand and just what I would do in case of accident. When an accident occurred it was a simple matter to go through a ticklish grandstand performance that had been practiced dozens of times, and which for years I had been ready to put into effect. The instant he slipped I made a quick leap for a point of rock that barely pierced the steep ice-tongue. This ice was steeper than half pitch; and he shot down it, clawing desperately and helplessly, with momentum sufficient to knock over half a dozen men. There was just time to grab him by the coat as he shot by the rock. Bracing with all my might to hold him for a fraction of a second so as to divert him and point him at an angle off the ice, I jumped upward as the violent jerk came. We went off as it were on a tangent and landed in a heap upon the stones, several yards below the spot from which I had leaped to the rescue. His life was saved.

A Prediction That Failed

The happiest one of my two hundred and fifty-seven guiding experiences on the rugged granite trail of this peak was with Harriet Peters, a little eight-year-old girl—the youngest child who has made the climb. She was alert and obedient, enjoyed the experience, reached the top without a slip or a stumble, and with but little assistance from me. It was pleasant to be with her on the summit, listening to her comments and hearing her childlike questions. She probably had been told that streams have their small beginnings in the heights, for she asked to see "the little ends of the rivers!"

Though the top of Long's Peak is over fourteen thousand feet above sea level, it is six hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty wide. The surface is comparatively level and is made up of large slabs and blocks of granite. These stones are stained with lichen and, though the summit is practically barren, a few brave, beautiful flowers manage to bloom upon it.

The peak was discovered in 1805 by Lieutenant Pike, who called it Great Peak. It was named by the members of Long's exploring party in 1820. After a number of unsuccessful attempts it was climbed in 1868. In 1864 one mountaineer wrote: "We have been almost all round Long's Peak and feel safe in predicting that no man will ever make the ascent."

Thoughtfulness and deliberation are the essentials of mountain climbing. Climb slowly. Look before stepping. Ease down off boulders—a jump may jar or sprain. Enjoy the scenery and do most of your talking while at rest. Think of the fellow lower down. A careful diet and training beforehand will make the climb easier and far more enjoyable.

Tyndall has said that a few days of mountain climbing will burn all the effete matter out of the system. In climbing the stagnant blood is circulated and refined. The lungs are exercised, every cell cleansed and all parts disinfected by the pure air. Climbing a high peak occasionally will not only postpone death but will give continuous intensity to the joy of living.

Every one might well climb at least one high peak, and for those leaving high school or college the postgraduate work of climbing a rugged peak might be a more informative experience or a more helpful test for living than any examination or the writing of a thesis.

Scenery, like music, is thought compelling and gives one a rare combination of practical poetical inspiration. Along with mountain climbing, scenery shakes us free from ourselves and the world, and is happy in its elemental impressiveness. From new grand heights one strangely feels as though he must have looked upon these wondrous scenes before, and on the crest one realizes the amplitude of Muir's splendid command: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings!"

A Short-Cut to Success

FOR THE SMALL TOWN MERCHANT

MUST the business man in a small town be satisfied with the same old trade that year after year, automatically, seeks his door?

No! There is a way to bigger business—a way that is easy, convenient and economical.

The Multigraph is the one complete answer to his problem.

Just think of having—at a ridiculously low salary—a salesman that will work 24 hours a day—

A salesman that will approach every buyer in the town—every week, if need be—

A salesman that will go out through the county, or the whole state, and bring back orders.

Think of the opportunity, now that the Parcel Post is here and ready to deliver what the Multigraph has sold!

Multigraphed advertising is effective, economical and timely.

That is because this one machine—no larger than an average typewriter desk—produces real typewritten letters, and also genuine printers'-ink printing.

It's always ready; it works at high speed, and at 25% to 75% of printers' costs.

THE MULTIGRAPH
Produces real printing and form typewriting rapidly economically, privately, in your own establishment

Multigraphed advertising is getting big returns for thousands of concerns of every sort. The co-operation of our Business Aid Department has helped both big and little users to get the utmost out of Multigraph System.

Let us tell you some of the convincing facts.

We'd help you investigate Multigraph application to your business, and promise you in advance that—

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES 1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

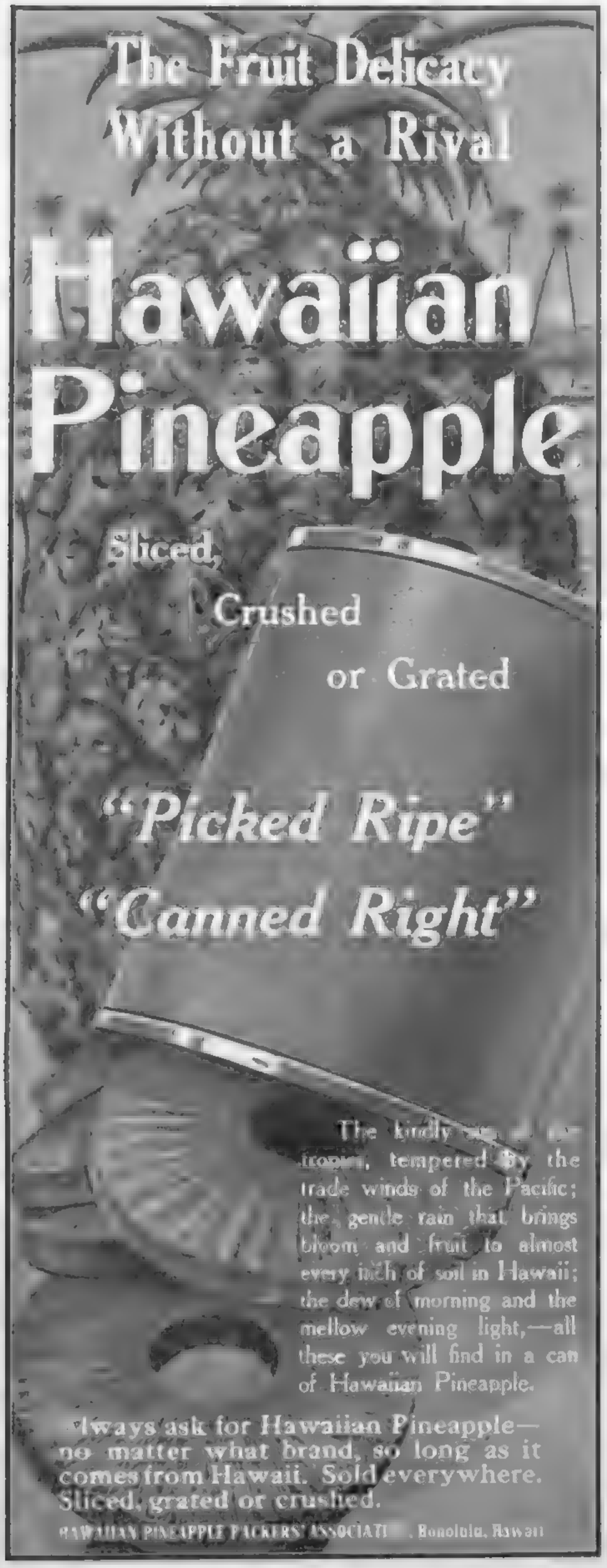
Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory
European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Adelphi, Terrace, W. C. Kraukamp, 70 Neue Friedrichstr., Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 E. Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Printing:

Typewriting:


The Fruit Delicacy
Without a Rival
Hawaiian
Pineapple
Sliced,
Crushed
or Grated
"Picked Ripe"
"Canned Right"
The kindly sun of the tropics, tempered by the trade winds of the Pacific; the gentle rain that brings bloom and fruit to almost every inch of soil in Hawaii; the dew of morning and the mellow evening light,—all these you will find in a can of Hawaiian Pineapple.
Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple—no matter what brand, so long as it comes from Hawaii. Sold everywhere. Sliced, grated or crushed.
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS' ASSOCIATION, Honolulu, Hawaii

What Swept the American Flag From the Sea?—1815-1915

(Continued from Page 17)

hundred, or sixty dollars for forty thousand pounds. From Washington to Norfolk is thirty-five hundred miles—by rail the rate on that lumber would be eighty-five cents a hundred, or three hundred and forty dollars.

But it is when you come to the grain shipments that you realize what a merchant marine may mean to the inlander. You are told that America's exports of wheat are gradually coming down to a vanishing point. That is true in one way. In another way it is not. Grain that goes out as flour, as ground oats, as corn by-products, is just as much grain as before it was manufactured—only in the changed form it goes out classified as manufacturers' products instead of farm produce. Exports of raw grain may decrease—as they have for the last ten years. Exports of by-products of grain will never cease. The United States and Argentina and Canada will feed the rest of the world its grain for a thousand years—whether that grain goes out as farm produce or manufactured products.

Very well! Last fall, when navigation closed on the Lakes in December, three miles of grain freighters lay stalled in the harbor of Buffalo, with fifty-three other vessels outside the harbor awaiting—awaiting what? The pleasure of foreign carriers to forward that produce to European markets! And the foreign carriers did just what you and I would do under similar circumstances—they had the whiphand of the situation, and they jacked up rates. Why not? If American business sense, if American genius, if American peanut politics, if American agriculture cannot devise a scheme for carrying American grain across the sea to European markets, let 'em pay for their imbecile stupidity!

Take the whole grain situation from north to south; then ask the inlander if he is interested in a merchant marine!

Low Rates on Export Grain

Sometimes, when you look at the price of grain in Liverpool and the price of grain in New York, it is a puzzle to know why the wheat has been sent at all. The difference in price apparently—but only apparently—hardly covers the cost of ocean carriage. An investigation before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few years ago laid bare the secret as to why and how wheat could be shipped when the differences in price between Liverpool and New York were not more than two or three or four cents. Wheat for export trade was being sent from the Mississippi to New York for twelve cents. Wheat for home manufacture at New York had to pay nineteen and a half cents. You do not suppose the railroads wanted to haul the export trade any cheaper, do you? Why did they do it then? Because the foreign ship pools were powerful enough to compel them to give a reduction of four and a half cents a bushel for through freight destined for European markets—that is, the European miller gets his American wheat at four and a half cents a bushel less freight charge than the American miller.

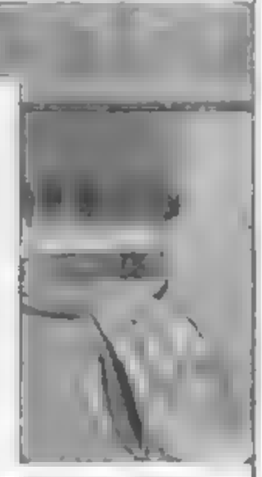
Take the whole case of Northern grain shipments, either from South Dakota or Northern Alberta: Every autumn for five years there has been a wheat blockade, causing a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to farmers.

By 1915, at the present rate of increase, Canada will grow not one hundred and ninety-six million bushels, as in 1912, but three hundred and fifty million bushels—that is, half as much as the entire crop of the United States. If three transcontinentals cannot handle the present crop in time to avoid a glut before the close of navigation how will they handle twice the crop? Northwestern Canada looks in two directions for relief—a railroad out by Hudson Bay, the shortest route to Liverpool; or shipment of grain by Panama. The Hudson Bay route would be only four hundred and fifty miles from the wheat plains; the Pacific ports, six hundred plus. Against the Hudson Bay route stands the fact that frost would close the straits before the crop could be forwarded. Against the Panama route stands the fact that we have barred railroad ships from using the canal; and this places the entire

Save On Your Big Interior Decorating

Save two-thirds the cost of wall paint and get beautiful results by finishing the interior of your offices, church, club, school, hall, or hospital in the famous water-color wall tint Alabastine

Special Bulk Prices on



Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

We pack Alabastine specially in bulk at reduced prices for large jobs. In white and all of the numerous beautiful Alabastine tints. Noted as great surface coverer. Sanitary. **Does not rub nor chip off,** when applied according to directions on each package

If you want the rich beauty of Alabastine in a washable form, use

Alabasco

The Flat Washable Wall Paint

Alabasco has all the beauty and durability qualities of Alabastine, and is also [illegible]

Economy Hint: To have clean [illegible] throughout, at reduced cost [illegible] basco on the lower walls, [illegible] fingers, etc., but [illegible] durable Alabastine [illegible]

Quantity Prices, Free Color Plans, Stencils supplied. Write [illegible] you how to get beautiful lasting effects at reduced cost.

(Our cold water paint brightens dark workrooms)

Alabastine Company's

Alba-Light

Cold Water Paint

Low Prices—For Interiors of

Factories, Garages, Warehouses

A solid white (no tints). Mixed with warm or cold water, and easily applied with brush or spray machine to rough or smooth interior walls—plaster, wood brick, etc. Does not turn yellow with age. Not affected by vibration nor by heat and cold. Indorsed by underwriters as fire retardant. Does not rub nor scale off. Mixed with water, it costs about one third as much as cheapest oil paint and does not turn yellow—very durable. **SOLD IN BULK ONLY—LOW PRICE:** Let us show you how you can effect a saving.

Write for Quantity Prices

ALABASTINE COMPANY

824 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Desk 24, 105 Water Street, New York City

Sincerity Clothes

Get a Norfolk this year. It is comfortable to wear, especially when exercising, and yet gives a smart appearance of dressy negligee.

Sincerity Clothes

Norfolk models have many distinctive touches that appeal to careful dressers. Men who wear them are well attired.

Our new Book of Styles shows two attractive new Norfolks, and many other styles. Send for it.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

CHICAGO

big crop at the mercy of the foreign pools, which can equalize rates so as to compel the shipping to Atlantic ports, as they today discriminate against the Gulf of Mexico ports by three to one.

Take a few facts and figures on the possibilities of shipping Western grain by Panama, as the Grand Trunk intended to do before the Panama Bill was passed barring railroad ships: One firm of wheat men at Calgary, whom I know, sent a shipment of fifteen thousand bushels of grain via Tehuantepec purely as an experiment. Now Tehuantepec requires breaking bulk and handling at both ends. Even with this handicap the Calgary firm saved eight cents a bushel in the shipment to Liverpool as against Atlantic ports. Of a three-hundred-million crop we will say half is nearer the Great Lakes than the Pacific ports. All right! On the bulk nearer the Pacific ports the saving would be, on half the whole big crop, eight times one hundred and fifty millions or twelve million dollars. But there are impossible discrepancies in the present system of rates. Vancouver and Prince Rupert are yet without elevators. In Montreal, where forty million dollars have been spent on the seven-hundred-mile channel of the St. Lawrence, ninety millions on the canal systems, and ten or fifteen millions on the harbor itself—handling charges amount to one-fourth of a cent in and a fourth of a cent out. In Vancouver, where there are yet no elevators, handling charges, including sacking, amount to from five to eight cents a bushel. I give the exact figures given to me by the grain men on the spot. These figures are not "pads" for the green inquirer. They are figures from friends of old Winnipeg days.

English Discrimination

Now take the matter of distances and rates: From Alberta to Vancouver is six hundred miles plus, to the Great Lakes, twelve hundred miles; to Montreal, twenty-three hundred miles. From Calgary to the Great Lakes—twelve hundred miles—the rate is twenty-two and a half to twenty-five cents. From Calgary to Vancouver—six hundred miles—the rate is twenty-two and a half cents. Add the Lake rate to the sea and the Atlantic rate and you have the cost of laying Alberta wheat in Liverpool. But we have passed a law against railroad ships using Panama Canal, and therein lies the real crux of England's protest against Panama tolls. A toll of one dollar and twenty cents a ton gross does not mean more than two or three cents net a bushel. If shippers are going to save from eight to twenty cents a bushel shipping by the Pacific are they going to object to a toll of a few cents for Panama? Not much! But they are going to object to being excluded altogether. And if the railroads of the Northwest are not going to be allowed to use Panama you may be doubly deadly sure they are not going to charge rates that discriminate against the Pacific.

Suppose this discrimination in rates against Pacific ports in Canada is maintained, what will happen? Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco stand ready to handle Canadian grain and Celilo Canal now reaches up the Columbia almost to the Canadian border. But here we are again up against foreign carriers—the lack of a merchant marine. The American tramps, though they offered cheaper freights, found it almost impossible to get cargoes. Why? Because of discrimination in insurance and in sales at Liverpool if grain is shipped in American carriers. Let a man who was once an agent for Lloyds, and later commissioner of navigation in the United States, speak! I quote from William Bates: "In 1884 twelve wheat cargoes were cleared from San Francisco—all in British ships, though the harbor was full of American ships offering transportation at lower rates than ever known before." The same thing happened at Portland that year.

Twenty years ago American ships made hundreds of voyages a year in the grain trade of the Pacific. In 1900 they were counted by the commissioner of navigation with but three voyages. "The cargoes of wheat that the farmers of California ship," declared the editor of the Pacific Coast Bankers' Magazine, "are forced into London offices"—for insurance. "No merchant dare pass his bill-of-lading and drafts with an American policy—or the cargo would be unsalable."

A Pound Box of Texas Bermuda Onions by Parcel Post for 10c

(Cut Out and Mail the Coupon Below)

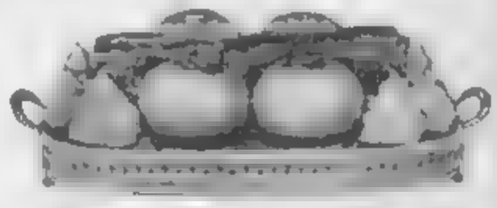
If you've never tried the *genuine* Texas Bermuda Onion, here's your opportunity to get a trial pound direct from the growers. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps (to cover postage) and we will send you a trial pound box of these mild and delicious onions by Parcel Post, also a valuable

Onion Cook Book, Free

This Cook Book contains many new recipes for preparing Texas Bermuda Onions.

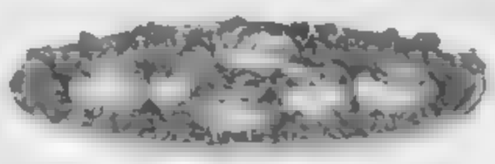
Texas Bermuda Onion Salad

Texas Bermuda Onions are grown in that great fertile country South of San Antonio. Here they grow to perfection. Every condition conspires to make them the choicest and most desirable of their species. The virgin soil, plentifully supplied with pure water from great irrigation plants, bathed with bountiful sunshine and balmy air, produces large, sweet, juicy onions *without* the *strong onion flavor*.



Planked Steak and Onions

Eat Texas Bermuda Onions—either raw or cooked. Their delicate flavor and rare deliciousness will make you want them every time. There's *no tongue bite, no pungent onion odor* will remain on your breath. Put Texas Bermuda Onions on your daily menu. Eat them in place of expensive meats, thereby supplying your body with valuable nutrition at little expense. You can prepare them in so many tempting ways that their daily use never becomes tiresome. But insist upon this distinctly delicious variety—



Stuffed Texas Bermuda Onions

Texas Bermuda Onions *For Sale At All Grocers*

For valuable Onion Cook Book and one pound box of Texas Bermuda Onions, mail this coupon with ten cents to

Southern Texas Truck Growers Association
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT NOW

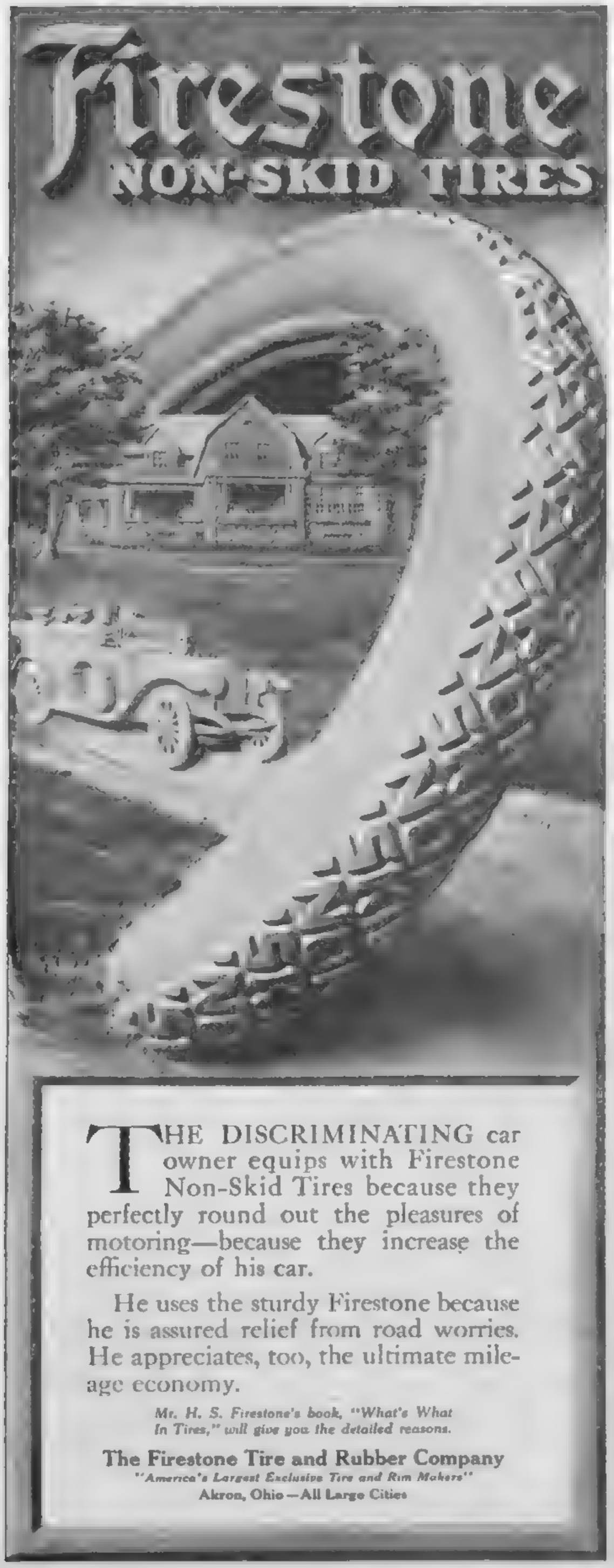
Southern Texas Truck Growers Association, San Antonio, Texas M 3

Enclosed with this coupon please find [illegible] stamps for which please send me by parcel post one pound box of genuine Texas Bermuda Onions, also *Onion Cook Book FREE*.

Name

Street

P. O.



THE DISCRIMINATING car owner equips with Firestone Non-Skid Tires because they perfectly round out the pleasures of motoring—because they increase the efficiency of his car.

He uses the sturdy Firestone because he is assured relief from road worries. He appreciates, too, the ultimate mileage economy.

Mr. H. S. Firestone's book, "What's What In Tires," will give you the detailed reasons.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities

FOLLOWERS AFTER STRANGE GODS

(Continued from Page 4)

I have for forty years heard the lamentations of Western political progressives because Nature gave that section a surplus of wheat and corn which could not be turned into gold and silver at once, and a surplus of silver which could not be turned into coin of the realm at the mint on demand. I have heard the lamentations of the Greenbacker and the Populist in days gone by, and they were no more doleful than some of the Progressives of today. More than twenty years ago, when I offered an amendment to the Mills Tariff Bill to place sugar on the free list, as we did not then need the revenue, the Kansas delegation—to a man—complained that I was striking at the great Sunflower State, which had begun to raise sorghum. They had the figures to prove that with protection to sugar Kansas would in a few years produce more sorghum sugar than would be necessary to sweeten the tooth of the whole civilized world!

The tariff on sugar has remained, but what has become of Kansas sorghum? It now sounds like a joke, but Kansas was just as earnest then and just as apprehensive of the calamity to that state from free sugar as she is now hopeful for the initiative and the recall. The grasshopper blight was no more perilous to Kansas than was free sugar, and neither of them more awful to contemplate than are reactionary policies today. Moses, in his rebuke to the Children of Israel, said the Lord had found them in the desert lands and made them to ride on the high places of the earth, and eat from the fat of the land, with milk and honey. "But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked," and followed after strange gods. So it has ever been with the children of men. So it has been with a part of the people of these United States.

The Amazing Increase of Wealth

In the last ten years we have had the most phenomenal prosperity ever known here or anywhere else; and we have followed the example of the Children of Israel and kicked, until not only have we almost convinced ourselves that we are suffering unusual hardships, but have caused the people of the Old World to wonder if at last their predictions are not coming true, and that the Republic is about to crumble under dissatisfaction and division. I do not make this assertion about our prosperity on my own observation alone. I take the census figures; and I am told at the Census Office that our total wealth is today estimated at one hundred and fifty billion dollars; it was eighty-eight billion dollars in 1900, sixty-five billion dollars in 1890, and only sixteen billion dollars in 1860. The increase in wealth was not only the greatest in volume but the greatest in percentage in the last decade that has ever been recorded by the Census Office.

This total wealth has not been gathered into the hands of the Money Trust or the tariff barons; nor has it been centered in Wall Street. It is just where wealth has always been: among the people who go to the soil, the mine and the factory, and produce wealth. The total value of farm property increased from twenty billion dollars in 1900 to forty-one billion dollars in 1910; and to this should be added the estimates of the Agricultural Department of nine billion dollars for last year's crop, to make the farm wealth of the country fifty billion dollars, or one-third of the total wealth of the country.

Our manufactured product was valued at twenty billion dollars in 1910, and this does not include the value of the plants. Our railroads are worth twenty billion dollars, and the real estate in cities and towns is estimated at between forty billion and forty-five billion dollars. So, without counting the value of the mines and the shipping interests on the coasts and on the Great Lakes, I can find no evidence that the Money Trust has gobbled up all our wealth. The value of farms and farm property not only doubled in the last ten years but it has increased fivefold in the last forty years, for this farm wealth was only eight billion dollars in 1870 and it is now almost as great as the total wealth of the country in 1880.

It may help to relieve the fear from the Money Trust to locate this farm wealth. It is not in New York or in New England, or within a thousand miles of Wall Street. More than thirty-two billions, or more than four-fifths of it, is in the West—the country that has been developed in my time. Let me repeat the fraction—four-fifths of all our farm wealth is west of the Alleghany Mountains, in what was the old Northwest Territory and in the states west of the Mississippi River, where the people are still supposed to be easily frightened over the bugbear of a Money Trust; but today those Western farmers use high-power automobiles on their farms and have safe deposit vaults in the village banks. And, should this Money Trust make a raid into that country, the people could probably escape with their ready cash. Only eight billion dollars of this farm wealth is to be found in New England, the North Atlantic and South Atlantic states—or what was considered the United States when I was a boy in North Carolina.

New England has four million acres less of improved farmland than she had in 1860; the Middle Atlantic states four million acres less of improved farmland than in 1880; and the South Atlantic states three million acres less of all farmlands than in 1860. This means that the farmers of the country are in the West and that there has been an increase of five hundred million acres of farms in that new empire. It means that two-thirds of all the crop values are in the West; that eighty per cent of all the cereals is raised in the West; that seventy-seven per cent of all the cattle, eighty per cent of the horses, seventy-seven per cent of the hogs, eighty-six per cent of the sheep, sixty-six per cent of the dairy products, and seventy-two per cent of the eggs are produced in the West.

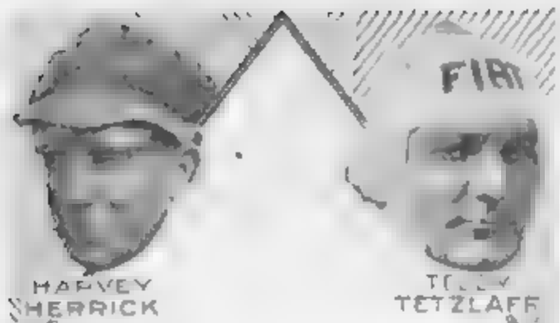
This may explain to some people in the East why food products are higher now to them than a few years ago. They have to buy from the West; and the West is not only feeding them but an increased industrial population at home, as well as selling abroad when the prices are sufficient to invite export. In addition to these factors the West has fifty-six per cent of all the mineral products of the country. It has practically all the gold and silver, eighty-six per cent of the iron ore, forty-three per cent of all the coal, fifty-eight per cent of the petroleum and natural gas, and forty per cent of all the manufactured products. The West has the raw material and is fast developing its manufacturing industries, so as to turn its own products out ready for the consumer.

The Tariff Issue Fundamental

This may explain why the West is not as hostile to protection as it once was. But has not the Lord blessed these Western people as He did the Children of Israel, making them ride on the high places and live on the fat of the land? And have not some of them waxed fat and kicked?

We settled the slavery question, and since then we have had the revenue policy as the great question to divide our people; it is a natural and legitimate issue. On that question we have had divisions since the organization of the Government, and we shall continue to divide on it for years to come. The Democratic party still holds to the old Democratic policy of a tariff for revenue only, while the Republican party stands for the old doctrine of protection to American production. We each have good ancestry for our political beliefs touching this question, but I think the Democratic policy belongs to the old system of labor that has been abolished.

The revenues that maintain the machinery of government form the very lifeblood of the Government, and the revenue policy is fundamental. We can cross party lines on other questions, but here is where we must represent the people on a fundamental issue; and the man who desires to take the tariff out of politics does not know what he is talking about—in my judgment. So long as we have these two schools of economic thought as to the policy governing the raising of revenues, the tariff will remain a question of politics—and of the highest and best order of politics at that.



Speed Kings of Motordom
praise these lubricants

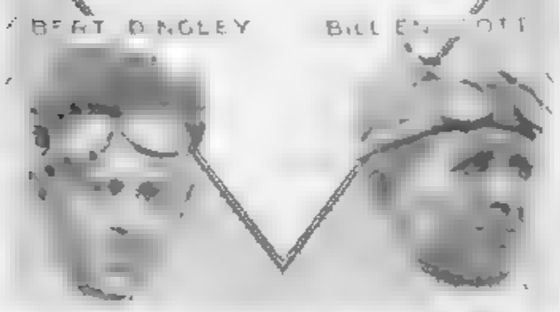
Harvey Herrick: "I am convinced that the high average of speed maintained the freeboot hum an kinds of interesting tourists was due to the use of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants."

Teddy Tetzlaff: "Would rather pay $5.00 per pound for Dixon's Automobile Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

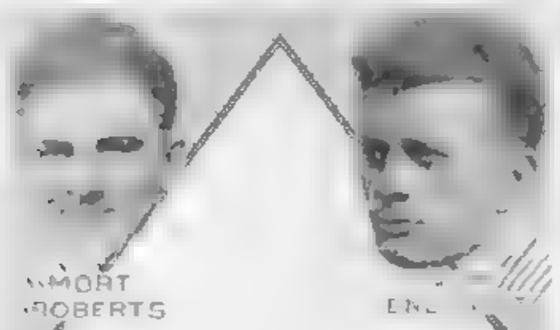
Bert Dingley: "I thank you for the results I have obtained on cars I have operated for speed and road contests."

Bill Endicott: "Car worked perfectly. All parts lubricated with Dixon's Automobile Lubricants in perfect shape after races." (Indianapolis Sweepstakes).

These testimonials establish the high quality of Dixon's Graphite Lubricants.



DIXON'S
Graphite Grease No. 677
(For Transmissions and Differentials)



The wonderfully soft, oily flakes of Dixon's Graphite form over the bearing surfaces a durable, almost frictionless veneer, which prevents metal to metal contact. Wear and noise are reduced.

Mort Roberts: "I was able to win the Pabst Blue Ribbon Trophy Race because of the perfect lubricating qualities of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants."

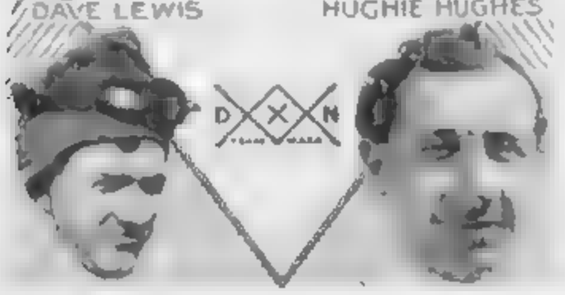
Harry Endicott: "Dixon's Automobile Lubricants are the best ever. I would not be without them under any circumstances."

Dave Lewis: "I am thoroughly convinced of the merits of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants and will both use and recommend them in the future."

Hughie Hughes: "I cannot speak too highly of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants. They not only reduce friction to a minimum, but their lasting qualities are remarkable."

For points on good lubrication, read our book, No. 246, "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Established in 1827
Jersey City, New Jersey



We who represent the protection policy have been in control for many years. Since 1860 the Democrats have had complete control to enact laws in harmony with their policy for only the short period of two years. They then enacted the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Law. I am not going into the history of that act, but it did not meet with the approval of a majority of the American people; and for sixteen years we have again been able to have this Government follow our policy of protection. The country has prospered under that policy.

The Democrats have again come into control and have all the machinery to enact a tariff law in harmony with the policy they have consistently maintained should be the proper revenue policy of this Government. Their platform last year was just as radical on this question as it was in 1892, and even more radical than in the years before the Civil War. I do not believe that policy, when carried into effect, will be any more satisfactory to the people than it was in 1894; but we have all maintained that platforms represent the demands of the people and, as Mr. Cleveland said, should be accepted as the decree of the masters of Congress and written into the statutes.

President Cleveland, in his inaugural address on March 4, 1893, declared: "The people of the United States have decreed that on this day the control of their Government in its legislative and executive branches shall be given to a political party pledged in the most positive terms to the accomplishment of tariff reform. They have thus determined in favor of a more just and equitable system of Federal taxation. The agents they have chosen to carry out their purposes are bound by their promises, not less than by the command of their masters, to devote themselves unremittingly to this service." And yet President Cleveland refused to sign the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Bill, indicating by that action that either the Congress or the president forgot or ignored the command of their masters.

The Rough Road of Reform

I have no doubt President Wilson will remind Congress of the same promise—that the Democrats are to carry out the command of their masters, who have voted for a change in our revenue policy. I do not believe it will succeed any better than it did in 1894; but I recognize that it would be craven and disloyal if they did not make the effort and devote their best energies to a tariff revision in harmony with their platform—a tariff for revenue only—and set their faces sternly against incidental protection or progressive free trade, or any other compromise between the two systems. They have declared all protection to be unconstitutional and the robbery of the many for the benefit of the few. They cannot compromise the Constitution; nor can they compromise with robbery. I have no doubt they will try to reach their ideal in a tariff bill; and I suspect they will find fairly good Democrats in Congress who are perfectly willing to strike down the tariff that protects some other industry in some other state, but who will urge delay touching schedules that benefit their own people in the states and districts they represent.

It is the weakness of human nature for men to be more eager to reform the affairs of others than to reform their own. We had that kind of human nature to deal with and the Democrats will have it to deal with. They will even find the great metropolitan press, which has been with them in favor of tariff reform, differentiating as to what the term means when they come to deal with its product. But they will have to do this, whether their work meets with the approval of a majority of the people or not; for political parties are made up of the best manhood of the country, notwithstanding the wails of the muckraker; and the manhood of the Democratic party is now compelled to go forward with legislation to carry out the platform of that party, whether their new legislation spells political defeat or political victory.

A constitutional majority of the people has given the command and the Democrats cannot ignore that command without being condemned for cowardice and treachery to the people, which would be worse than condemnation for another failure of their policy. They will be opposed by the same forces that have opposed them in the past. The opposition will not be measured by

Achievements and Popularity of the *Indian* Motocycle

WHEREVER the Indian is entered in competition with other motorcycles in this country or abroad, its record is an overwhelming repetition of victories, both on road and track, in all kinds of contests.

The Indian Wins in India

From far away India comes the story of the 1913 Indian Tourist Trophy Motorcycle Reliability Handicap, over 297 miles of road in the Calcutta district. Only eleven of the thirty starters finished. A 4 H.P. single cylinder Indian Motocycle finished second under the handicap, but won the time prize, covering the distance in 8 hours, 38 minutes, 17 seconds, more than an hour better than the winner.

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Besides winning all the official American speed and other events in 1912, the Indian captured the motorcycle classic of France, the Grand Prix, defeating the flower of the continental motorcycle world. *"Three hundred miles in less than three hundred minutes"* was one of the Indian's triumphs in England on the famous Brooklands Track. In road races, endurance runs, hill climbs and other tests of general touring efficiency the Indian is equally to the fore.

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Of the Indian's big leadership in popularity you have only to *"count the Indians on the road"* to obtain conclusive evidence. Fully 40% of all the Motorcycles in use in America today are Indians. Gas, telephone and electric companies, police departments, rural mail delivery, post-office departments, besides countless professional and traveling men of all kinds, now use the Indian exclusively.

Free Demonstration

Examine the 1913 Indian at any of our 2,000 dealers' establishments throughout the country. Ask for a free demonstration. Note the great new Comfort features, the **Cradle Spring Frame, Foot Boards,** with separate control of brake, giving choice of two comfortable riding positions, and the host of other improvements.

Prices: 4 H. P. Single, $200; 7 H. P. Twin, $250; F. O. B. Factory

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7 H. P. Twin Cylinder Indian, 1913 Model

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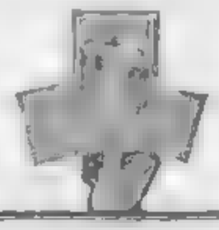

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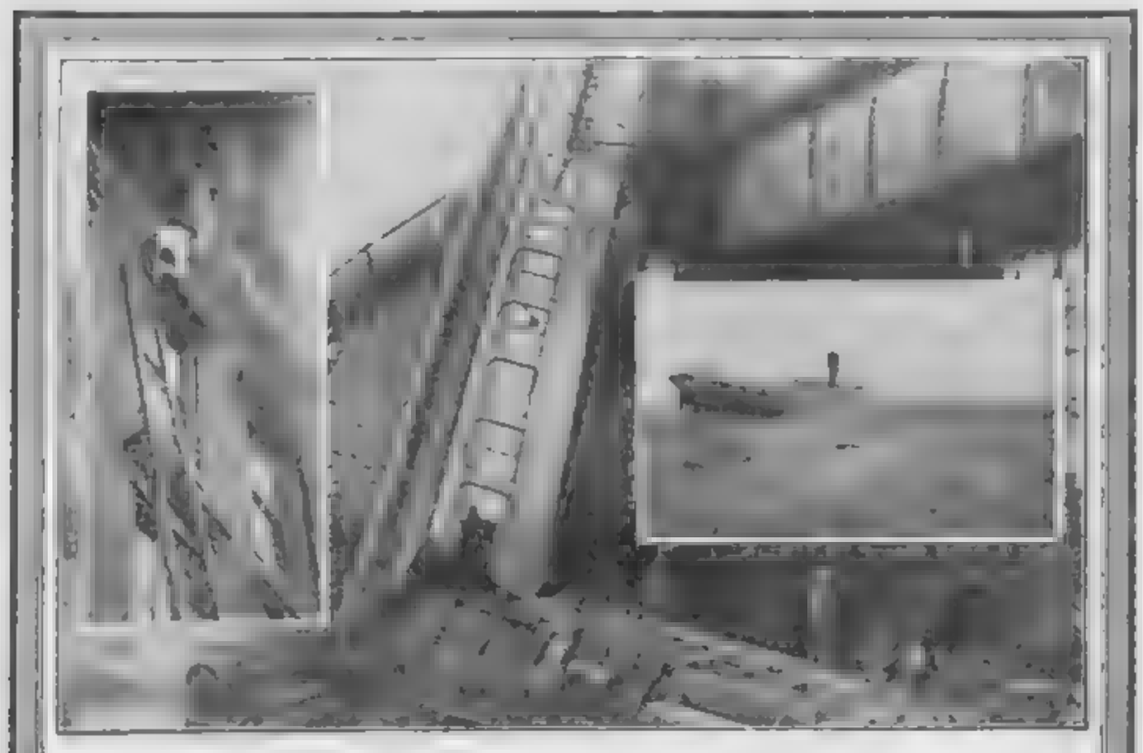

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Send particulars of "20-25" Accident Policy. My name, address, occupation and date of birth are below:

the men who are called Republicans in Congress—these may be few; but the opponents will be the people of the United States who believe in protection—the men on farm and in factory, who will be the first affected by the policy when written into law. They are the producers and they are also the consumers of the country.

It was one of the Democratic policies that brought defeat to their political opponents last year. They furnished the votes to pass the reciprocity pact, which received the indorsement of a Democratic House in the beginning of the Sixty-second Congress. That act, carrying into law the recommendations of a Republican president, raised up more opposition to him than any other act of his Administration; in fact the good acts of his Administration were not all equal in the balance to the weight of that one act with a very large part of the American people. A majority of the Republicans in Congress voted against that bill, though it came from a Republican president; but it received a hybrid majority both in the House and in the Senate that placed it on the statute books, and some men said the tariff had been taken out of politics. The opposite was true. That act raised up opposition to the president in his own party and all explanations could not satisfy the people.

We had there a demonstration of the fact that the tariff is in politics, whether men in public life choose to discuss it or not. The president's friends tried to ignore the reciprocity pact—tried to forget that there had been such recommendation and legislation; and so did the newspapers after they had secured free print-paper; but the people would not forget.

This question must be settled according to one policy or the other. The Democrats have declared in favor of a tariff for revenue only and they will break with their own people if they are not true to their profession of faith. On the other hand, they will drive back to their old moorings all protectionists who were not satisfied with the present tariff law if they do carry out the pledges of their platform. I do not see how they are to escape the embarrassment of the old preacher out on the Wabash, who said:

"You shall and you shan't;
You will and you won't;
You'll be damned if you do
And be damned if you don't!"

I have seen a number of efforts made at tariff revision as well as a number of tariff bills enacted by Congress. The Democratic party tried to revise the tariff in the Forty-eighth Congress, when William R. Morrison, as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported his famous horizontal reduction bill. Some of the best protection speeches I have ever heard in the House were made by Democrats in opposition to that bill.

A House Divided Against Itself

When the bill came up for final vote on May 6, 1884, it was George L. Converse, an Ohio Democrat, who moved to strike out the enacting clause. That motion was carried in Committee of the Whole in a House that had a Democratic majority of seventy-four. The Democratic opponents of that bill were not satisfied without a record, and when the bill was reported from the Committee of the Whole to the House, with the recommendation that the enacting clause be stricken out, Mr. Converse demanded a rollcall; and on that rollcall forty Democrats voted with the Republicans against the bill reported from a Democratic Committee on Ways and Means.

Among those Democrats who voted against the Morrison Bill were Samuel J. Randall, who had been the Democratic Speaker; Andrew G. Curtin, an old Democratic war governor of Pennsylvania; and William McAdoo, of New Jersey. William R. Morrison, the first great tariff revisionist since the Civil War, was beaten in the House of his friends; and his bill only provided for ten per cent and twenty per cent reductions on the various schedules.

I saw the Democratic party in control of the House when it passed the Mills Bill, and there was strenuous opposition by Democrats as well as Republicans to that measure. I saw Samuel J. Randall punished for his opposition when Morrison reported from the Committee on Rules a new rule taking from the Committee on Appropriations the control of many appropriation bills and giving them to other committees. That was done to minimize the influence of Randall, who was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

I was in the House when it passed the Wilson Tariff Bill, and I heard the present speaker denounce those Democrats who opposed the bill as traitors to the people. I also heard Democrats in the House declare they would never accept the Senate bill; and after many protestations they suddenly grew tired of their opposition and adopted a rule by which the House had to vote on the whole list of Senate amendments, without division. So I am impressed with the possibility that they may have trouble in enacting a tariff law in harmony with their platform, and that they will have trouble if they do succeed. Irresponsible promise and responsible performance have different effects.

We do not need any new system of initiative, referendum and recall. The system that is as old as the Government is entirely effective. The election of a Democratic president and a Democratic Congress last fall was the initiative for a tariff for revenue only, and the people have the power to reverse the legislative engine two and four years from now. They are the only power to recall the command given last November; and, though it may be discouraging to the Democratic efforts to realize that they may be recalled, it is one of the fates of those who represent the people in our form of government.

We have had much discussion about the high cost of living and the Democrats have laid the responsibility on the tariff. They are now to demonstrate just how much and in what way the tariff affects the cost of living, especially when more than one-half of our people live in sections of the country which produce less than one-fourth of the food products.

The Middleman's Toll

After all, it is an old saying that it costs more to market a product than to produce it. We have developed an extravagant if not a luxurious method of marketing our products, of both the farm and the factory. An ultimate consumer up in Winnipeg last fall bought a barrel of apples, and found a note in the barrel from the apple-grower in Ontario, which read: "I got seventy cents for this barrel of apples. What did you pay for it?" Mind you, that was not in this country, but in Canada—a country many consumers have desired to reciprocate with in trade.

Well, the Winnipeg consumer had paid $5.25 for the apples. He was anxious to know where the $4.55 increase went, and he found that the barrel had cost thirty cents and the freight seventy cents. Still there was left $3.55 to pay for the cost of marketing the fruit. It is the same over here with a suit of clothes.

The Tariff Board gave us an example in its report. That board found that in a suit of clothes selling for twenty-three dollars and upward the wool-grower received $2.32 for the wool; the woolen manufacturer received $4.78 for the cloth, and the cost of all the material that entered into the making of the suit, except the labor, was $7.55. The cost of making the suit was $3.74 and the entire factory cost of the clothes was $12.41. This was the factory price, but the consumer had to pay anywhere from twenty-three to thirty dollars for that suit of clothes. If the suit sold for twenty-three dollars the profits between the factory and the consumer amounted to $10.59; if it sold for twenty-five dollars it cost more to get that suit from the factory to the consumer than it did from the back of the sheep through the factory.

Mr. B. F. Yoakum has estimated that in the year 1911 the farmers received six billion dollars for their products, and that the consumer paid thirteen billion dollars for those same products. The railroads received four hundred and ninety-five million dollars for transportation; so that the cost of production and transportation combined was less than one-half of the price paid by the ultimate consumer. More than six billion five hundred million dollars went to pay the expenses and the profits of the men who sold these products to the consumer. The tariff had nothing to do with it. This is one of the problems the Democrats have to deal with, and they will only embarrass themselves by continuing to hold the tariff responsible for all the troubles of the ultimate consumer.

When the Democrats have fulfilled their promise for revenue reform they will find

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The fabrics are woven particularly for GOTHAM Athletic Underwear. Guaranteed as to permanency of color, comfort, fit and satisfactory service.

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how numerous are their critics, and that criticism and opposition will crystallize just as they have in times past under the same old organization and the same old principles that have dominated the Republican party since its organization. A good many gentlemen have been agitating about the future, but I have no fear as to the future of the Republican party. It will not be reorganized in Des Moines or in New York, or Chicago, or Kansas City, or by any group of men who are willing to undertake the direction of its affairs.

The Republican party does not need reorganization. It is as much in evidence now as it was in 1892, when it went to defeat. It has been temporarily divided between personal ambitions; but personal ambitions have never made the party and they will be of little effect when the Democrats have enacted legislation in harmony with their policy. The Republican party will be in the field then and the millions of Republicans will select their leaders just as they have always done in the past. In a government of the people the leaders come from the ranks and are not designated either by Divine power or by self-constituted authority. Do not make the mistake of thinking that the raiment of Lincoln has been parceled out by any board of executors who may think they have been appointed to settle the estate of the Republican party.

Some of my former associates in the Republican party, who have come to the conclusion they are the John the Baptists for a political regeneration, are anxious to reorganize the Republican party. They claim that the old party has strayed after false gods and that they are the only true followers of Lincoln. I have heard this claim presented by others in the past who made no pretensions of relationship—even the remotest—to the Republican party. For instance, the senior senator from South Carolina, who would resent the suggestion that he is anything but an old-fashioned Democrat, traveled over my state several years ago campaigning for William J. Bryan, and carried with him a volume of Lincoln's speeches from which he quoted to show that Bryan was a better follower of Lincoln than was Theodore Roosevelt.

Judas, or Saul of Tarsus

The Republican party may need some reformation—not reorganization; but that work will not be left to any self-constituted leadership. It is said that Judas claimed to be one of the earliest disciples of the Master and that Saul of Tarsus was not converted until he was blinded by a great light. Does any one now present the whole history of Judas and his thirty pieces of reform silver as an evidence that he did more than Paul to establish the Christian religion? The Republican party is today constituted—just as it was before the election—of the millions of men who believe in protection to American production; and the Democratic party in Congress is going to sound the note which will show that the Republican party does not need any other organization than the note of alarm that will come from the House early this summer.

Both political parties have had great leaders and these leaders have grown up in the service. They have not been selected by any small body of men to be clothed with the people's approval. We had one sad illustration of the failure of that kind of leadership when a few public-spirited men, who had opportunity to make themselves heard, selected an old-time Republican to lead the liberal hosts and the Democratic phalanx to the White House. It was one of the saddest tragedies in our political history. There were brilliant and able men in the movement of 1872, and they controlled the greatest organs of publicity in the country. They were able to make a great noise; but when the ballots were counted it was the silent deep and not the shallows that spoke.

Grant was reelected with the most overwhelming majority ever given up to that time to a president, and Horace Greeley died of a broken heart a few days after the election. But for the tragedy which followed, that effort of Carl Schurz, Murat Halstead, Horace White, Whitelaw Reid and Henry Watterson would have been one of the greatest jokes of American politics. As it was, it showed how a few men in control of the organs of publicity can fool a great political party by adopting the same methods those do who sell breakfast foods and patent medicines—by advertising their wares.

Best for Every Party

A really refreshing, richly flavored beverage that surely will suit the taste of every guest.

You have it in Armour's Grape Juice, the pure, undiluted essence of the finest Concord grapes that grow, their rare deliciousness retained only by sterilization and air-tight bottling.

Should be drunk freely by every member of the family from the baby up—for grapes are the great health fruit, and their health qualities are all retained in

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The Family Drink

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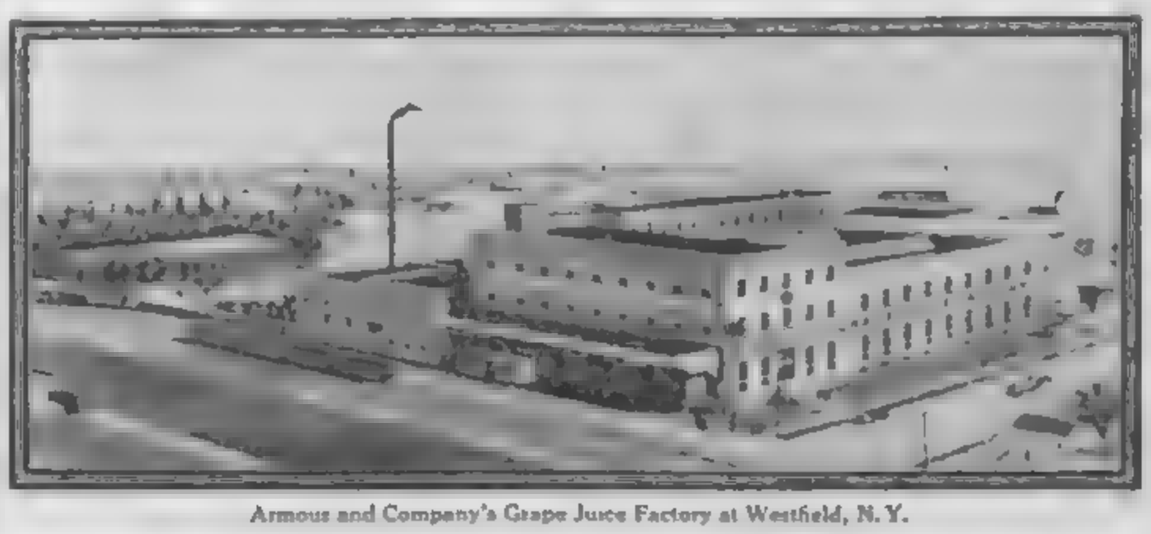
Ask for Armour's Grape Juice at fountains, buffets and clubs, and order it from your grocer or druggist in cases.

Should your regular dealer not be able to supply you, we will forward you a trial dozen pints for $3, or a dozen quarts for $5.50. Address: **Armour and Company, Dept. 292, Chicago.**

Extra—A book of Grape Juice recipes, both beverages and desserts, free for a postal. Just ask for Armour's Grape Juice Book.



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Completely Equipped

WE HAVE continually pointed out the fact that the $985 Overland is the equal in construction, power, size, design, comfort, style and equipment of the average $1200 car.

Some, unfamiliar with modern manufacturing methods, doubt this statement. As a matter of fact it is conservative.

Manufacturing 40,000 cars a year permits us to operate on such a large scale, that we not only make every part of every Overland in our own plants, but practically every part is made by automatic machinery, *and that is what brings the cost down.*

Several years ago, when our annual production was much less, the manufacturing cost of each Overland was considerably higher—and in consequence it cost you more. We had to make, finish and fit some parts by hand, and, what was most expensive, buy such parts as transmissions, crank cases, etc., from outside sources.

Today we make our own crank cases and save 200% per crank case.

We make our own transmissions and save $8 per transmission.

These are but two typical examples but they illustrate and prove our point—the enormous economy of big production. And such actual economies as these have made possible the 1913 Overland for $985.

If you will take this practical information in the form of advice, it will be the means of saving you considerable money.

Those who examine the $985 Overland in an intelligent manner will find in it most of the identical specifications that describe the average $1200 car.

Why pay more than $985 when $985 buys you about as much as $1200?

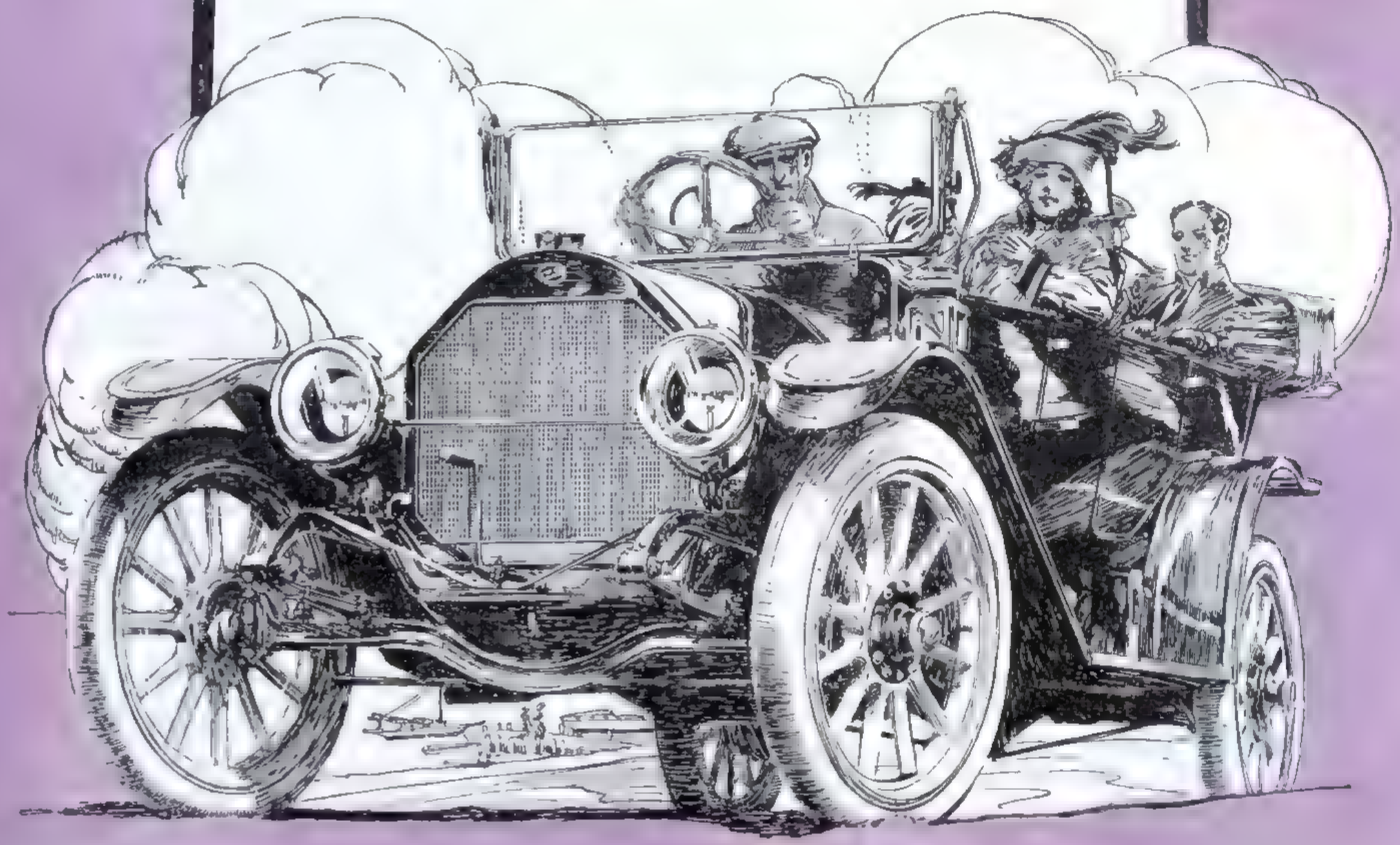
The Overland can be examined in any city or town in any part of the world.

Literature on request. Address Dept. 26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Model 69

Self-starter	Timken Bearings	Mohair Top and Boot
30 Horsepower	Center Control	Clear Vision, Rain Vision Wind-Shield
5-Passenger Touring Car	Remy Magneto	Prest-O-Lite Tank
110-inch Wheel Base	Warner Speedometer	



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You may spend extravagantly on your wardrobe—and still not seem well dressed if not well collared.

On the other hand, a correctly shaped Ide Silver Collar will go far toward giving you a well-groomed look, even though your clothes be most modest in cost. Insist on

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and you will wear a smart air. More than that—wear these collars because they stand laundering best, and hold their shape because of the LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES (found in no other collar) that "don't tear out."

An absolutely exclusive shape—exhaling the atmosphere of the Strand and Piccadilly. More distinctive, more comfortable than any collar you've seen—durable and style-retaining because of its LINOCORD UNBREAKABLE BUTTONHOLES, front and back.

See the Sussex at your dealer's today. Other new and attractive Ide shapes are the Cabaret, the Sanford, the Pembroke.

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

I HAVE mentioned some things that Wall Street can do for the small investor. I will now mention something it can do to him! This phase of the subject is brought pointedly to mind by a letter from a young man in Illinois, who writes me as follows:

"Six years ago this spring my balance at the savings bank crossed the thousand-dollar line. It was an event to which I had been looking forward eagerly. I remembered the axiom that to accumulate the first thousand dollars was harder than to accumulate the next ninety-nine thousand—or nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, as the case might be.

"When my balance topped a thousand dollars I felt that I had struggled through the shallows and quicksands along the shore and was fairly launched on the high sea. Of course I began looking round for an investment—something safe, yet paying a higher return than the savings bank would give.

"Pretty soon I found my opportunity in the seven per cent cumulative preferred stock of a new industrial company. One of the biggest financial institutions of Wall Street stood behind the promotion. The prospectus showed that earnings would be much in excess of the dividend on the preferred stock. What especially impressed me was a list of subscribers to the preferred stock which was shown me. This list contained the names of a Boston capitalist who is a director of one of our greatest railroads; of one of the most famous department-store merchants in the United States; of a member of a celebrated firm of private bankers in New York; and of the president of a big insurance company.

"Besides these headliners, there were more than sixty others—capitalists, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, textile men. The list was especially strong in New England names; and, as this new industrial was a textile concern that looked encouraging, I felt I had something copper-riveted and bought ten shares of the stock at par. You can tell the rest of the story to suit yourself."

In brief the history of this forehanded young man's first investment is as follows:

Silk on the Toboggan

In January, 1907, those New York newspapers that pay particular attention to business affairs printed a news article, prominently displayed, to the effect that a consolidation of silk mills was about to be effected. American Silk Company would be the title of the new concern; it would have twenty-two million dollars capital stock and control a large part of the domestic output of dress silks. H. W. Bennett & Co., bankers, of 20 Broad Street, were promoting the merger; but the newspapers were informed—quite correctly—that the Knickerbocker Trust Company would "participate in financing" the concern—the Knickerbocker then being one of the largest and most prominent of Wall Street trust companies. Promoter Bennett was quoted as saying the new company would control thirty-six mills, whose net earnings would be at least two and a half million dollars a year.

The plan was not carried out on so broad a scale as these first announcements suggested. Some of the mills refused to come in; but in April the new company was fairly launched with six and a quarter million dollars capital stock, which was increased to eleven millions in May.

The American Silk Company then disappeared for a time from newspaper headlines, and it was along about that time that my young Illinois friend carefully invested his thousand dollars in its preferred stock. How could he lose anything? The prospectus showed such and such assets, such and such earnings; and as the great Knickerbocker Trust Company was participating in the financing the prospectus must be true. As a preferred stockholder he had a first claim upon those assets and earnings. And there was that long list of successful business men who were also subscribers to the preferred stock.

Only six months elapsed, however, before the young man's concern reappeared in the newspapers—as follows: "The American Silk Company, of 225 Fifth Avenue, went

Living At the Ritz

At the Hotel Ritz in Paris you'd expect an ideal cuisine.

We have brought to our kitchens a famous chef from the Ritz.

And a million homes now share his service when they buy Van Camp's.

The only way to get a dish like this is to join these million others.

The beans are grown on a special soil, very rich in nitrogen.

The tomatoes are grown from special seed, and ripened on the vines.

Some of the spices come 10,000 miles, solely for use in this sauce.

To bake beans like these one must have costly ovens, surrounded with superheated steam.

One must bake the tomato sauce with the beans, so the flavor goes all through.

One must select young, corn-fed pork.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Note what it means to do this.

Every bean in Van Camp's is nut-like, mealy and whole.

The zest is delicious. Nowhere else do you find a sauce like it.

The beans come to your table with the fresh oven flavor, because of our sterilization.

The ablest of chefs supervise the production. So you get in Van Camp's a superlative dish—the very utmost in baked beans.

Does it pay?

We will leave the answer to you and yours. Serve a few cans and decide for yourself.

If you think that it does, then insist on Van Camp's whenever you buy baked beans.

Three sizes:
10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.

Estab. 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

THE Spencer Heater will reduce your coal bill ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF, because it burns the small sizes of hard coal, costing $2 to $3 less per ton. It requires no more tons of this cheap fuel than you are now using of the large, expensive grades. The experiences of thousands of

Spencer
Steam or Hot Water
Heater

owners, in various localities, under all kinds of conditions, are proof of this statement. Many still save $100 or more annually on coal bills with "Spencers" installed many years ago.

And the "Spencer" requires *coaling but once a day* in ordinary winter weather, never more than twice.

Cheap Fuel The "Spencer" burns No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea hard coal, costing $2 to $3 less per ton than the large, domestic sizes. Some also use screenings and various grades of semi-anthracite, making a still greater saving.

Magazine Feed The water-jacketed self-feed magazine of the "Spencer" holds a 24-hour fuel supply in ordinary winter weather, 12 in severe, feeding automatically. The sloping grates insure even depth of fire and perfect combustion.

For Residences The "Spencer" relieves the "women folks" of all care of the Heater. Filled in the morning, it maintains even heat all day without coaling.

For Apartments Aside from its remarkable economy, the "Spencer's" ability to keep up uniform heat all night without attention makes it *THE* Heater for flats, apartments and green-houses.

You should know more about the remarkable economies of the "Spencer." Hundreds have paid for their "Spencers" in reduced fuel cost. Let us send our two

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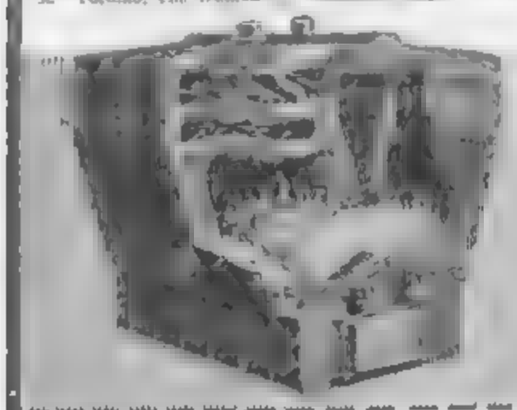

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I am interested in reducing heating costs. Please mail your books free.
Name [illegible]
My heating contractor [illegible]

into the hands of receivers yesterday—on account, it is said, of the stringency in the money market. The company is said to owe about four hundred and sixty thousand dollars and to be without funds."

Meanwhile, as those whose memories run back that far will readily recall, the Knickerbocker Trust Company itself had gone into the hands of receivers after having contributed considerably to the panic of October, 1907.

Various other newspaper references appeared that winter. For example: "Petition to remove receivers of the American Silk Company, alleging fraud on the part of the management; liabilities now estimated at eight hundred and ten thousand dollars."

In May, 1908, a special meeting of the stockholders was called for the purpose of authorizing an issue of bonds to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, the bonds to be used in compounding with the company's creditors, and so taking it out of the hands of receivers. In June the compromise with the creditors was effected and the receivers discharged.

You can imagine that the young man in Illinois—who had diligently followed the rules of the game by saving up a thousand dollars, in the belief that it would entitle him to a turn at the bat—had been following these extraordinary developments with painful anxiety.

A still more disagreeable surprise awaited him. The Knickerbocker Trust Company brought suit against a number of those New England subscribers to the preferred stock whose names had so impressed the amateur investor. Thus it was disclosed that they had subscribed under an agreement which required them to pay in only ten per cent of the amount of their subscriptions, the trust company to carry them for the balance. The company was now suing for this unpaid balance. The subscribers retorted with an answer that was plentifully sprinkled with such terms as fraud and conspiracy. The lower court gave judgment in their favor, but this, I believe, was reversed on appeal.

Stock at Forty-Five Dollars a Bale

About a year later our stockholder received a circular beginning: "As you are aware the board of directors of your company is controlled by the creditors who hold obligations that are already past due, which makes the position of your company a very precarious one. To provide a plan of reorganization for the benefit of the stockholders, a committee has been formed"—and so on.

Meanwhile the investor had been trying to discover what his shares were actually worth. A letter to a New York broker brought a press clipping showing that two days before three hundred and seventy-five shares of Peach Bottom Slate Manufacturing Company preferred; three hundred and seventy-five shares of Peach Bottom Slate Manufacturing Company common; one hundred and sixty shares of Pullman Automatic Ventilator Manufacturing Company preferred; one hundred shares of American Silk Company preferred, and fifty shares of American Silk Company common had all been sold in a lump at auction for the sum of forty-five dollars.

In due time there was a reorganization plan and a reorganization syndicate—to which our investor hopefully forwarded his stock. In due course he received the following reply:

"Your letter inclosing two five-share certificates of American Silk preferred has been received. We do not desire these certificates, as they are worthless. If you wish to protect your interest in this organization it will be necessary for you to send us your check for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, same being twenty-five per cent of the amount of your preferred holdings."

The investment, in fine, had been absolutely wiped out. All the young man had to show for his thousand dollars was two worthless pieces of paper. So far from embarking on the high sea of finance, he was set back to the point from which he started—except that he had acquired some experience.

A good many stockholders, including our investor, dutifully paid in their twenty-five per cent to the reorganization syndicate, which bought up a large part of the bonds issued by the American Silk Company and subsequently turned the business over to a new company, which issued a million dollars or more of bonds of its own and is now

"Now we'll have a feast!"

"Yes. And a feast that is not only tempting but wholesome and nourishing; easy to digest and easy to prepare—a perfect bisque made with

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

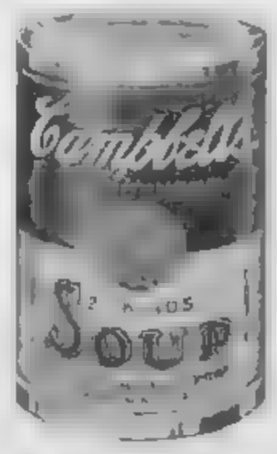
The simple directions on the label show exactly how. Put in as much milk or cream as you choose. Serve it with croutons or rice if you like, or grate a little cheese over it. You never tasted anything finer.

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a dozen other ways to prepare this tasty soup?

"I'm free to state, I lap the plate
When *Campbell's Soup* I get.
Although perhaps this is a lapse
From strictest etiquette."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

"Father grows younger every day." And his new photograph hits him to a "T".

The old portrait taken twenty years ago, made him look so serious and old-fashioned—not a bit like he really is.

We wouldn't part with it of course. But isn't it splendid to have a picture of him as *we* know him—just as he looks to-day?

And father says that he's glad he gave in and had it made—that having your picture taken is far from an unpleasant experience now-a-days.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SWP—The accurately-mixed, thoroughly-ground, time-tested house paint

Every ingredient passes the test of our laboratories—the severest test in the paint world.

Every gallon is so accurately mixed and so thoroughly ground that the paint is bound to be of long life and great durability.

That's why SWP always gives unusual results to property owners and painters.

SWP is but one of the many scientifically and honestly prepared finishes for the home, both outside and in—all described and illustrated in color in our

Portfolio of Plans for Home Decoration

A practical, artistic guide for you and your painter. Sent free.

Visit our Decorative Departments

6 West 32nd St., bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City and 1101 People's Gas Building, Chicago
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

running the business—with just what success does not appear upon casual inquiry.

It is only fair to say that the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which lent its name to the original promotion, itself underwent complete reorganization, with a new management.

It is not necessary to go behind the simple facts that this preferred stock was offered to innocent purchasers as a sound investment, and in less than a year it turned out to be almost worthless. In view of those facts no possible apology is worth considering.

Probably Wall Street would say that this episode belongs to a past era, but I am not so sure whether it does or not. The Street says that about ship-building, which was quite as dismal a fiasco and on a large scale; but even now neither law nor custom imposes any dependable restrictions upon the promotion of new companies.

In this respect the laws of Great Britain are far in advance of ours; but even English law leaves something to be desired, for there have been plenty of rotten promotions in London. When the securities of any company are offered for public subscription or sale the laws of every state should require at least the following: A prospectus stating exactly how all the shares of stock and the bonds or other evidences of indebtedness the company issues are to be appropriated—who gets them, and the precise consideration given for them; an independent appraisement of the company's tangible property, exclusive of good-will, trademarks, patent rights or any other non-physical assets; an exact statement by certified public accountants showing the earnings of the properties acquired by the company for the last three or five years.

Materials for a Corporation Law

The substance of every contract or agreement entered into in connection with the promotion and underwriting of the company should be set forth in the prospectus, and certified copies of every such contract or agreement should be filed, so that any subscriber could examine it.

The precise amount of stock, bonds or money going to the promoters and representing their profit should, of course, be shown.

Every other contract to which the company is a party that constitutes a lien on its assets or earnings should be mentioned in the prospectus in terms sufficiently clear to apprise a subscriber of its nature.

All the statements in the prospectus should be verified by the signatures of persons actually responsible for the promotion, and lying about any of them should be made a penal offense.

The only reason for describing the American Silk case is to illustrate the wrong of inviting public subscriptions to a pig in a poke—and a pig in a poke is what a great many of our industrial promotions really are. Any person of average ingenuity can take John Smith's corner grocery—that is actually on the verge of insolvency—and compose a prospectus about it which, without containing a single out-and-out lie, would lead an innocent purchaser to suppose it a flourishing concern. He could say it had been in business for twenty-five years without saying it had lost trade steadily during the last five; he could describe its excellent location without mentioning the fact that the rent was six months overdue; he could state that its accounts payable amounted to only five thousand dollars, while its accounts receivable amounted to ten thousand, but neglect to state that half of the accounts receivable were worthless, while suit had already been started to collect the accounts payable.

If he were compelled to have the stock inventoried by competent men and the books properly audited, and to show the results of inventory and audit in his prospectus, however, he could not mislead a purchaser very far except by downright lying. Law should pin the prospectus makers down to exact, detailed statements of the facts most necessary for a subscriber to know.

Everybody knows that promoters always make—or expect to make—a large profit. Everybody knows that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the new industrial issues stock much in excess of its tangible assets. There is no valid reason why both facts should not be precisely stated in the prospectus, or why a misstatement regarding these or any other material facts should not be put in the same category with selling goldbricks.

Try This Good Pipe Tobacco! Sample Free!

Let Edgeworth bring a new joy into your life—Thousands swear by it.

Don't postpone this wonderful delight! Only troubles should be delayed. Write us for a free sample of Edgeworth and learn how good a pipe-smoke can be.

There's *never* a bite for the tongue. Inviting in aroma, it is delicious in flavor. Try

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug
Smoking Tobacco

and you will find it all you could wish for in tobacco. Or ask any of the many thousands who swear by this pipe-smoke.

We're so sure of Edgeworth that we GUARANTEE it and will refund the purchase price if you are dissatisfied. Edgeworth READY-RUBBED in 10c and 50c tins, everywhere, and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

Liberal Sample Free

We know what it will mean to you to try Edgeworth, so we ask you to accept a few good smokes at our expense. Write today and we will mail sample to you without charge, if you will send us your dealer's name.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.
[Established 1877]
Also manufacturers of Qbold Granulated Plug Smoking Tobacco
1 South 21st St., RICHMOND, VA.

Sliced Plug or Ready-Rubbed—, Either way you want it

United States Tires

cut down tire bills

What Shall I Wear?

For Hot Weather or Vacation

wear there is nothing neater than a white flannel or a Rajah silk suit, or a light weight blue serge coat with striped white serge trousers — that is when such clothes are correctly and artistically

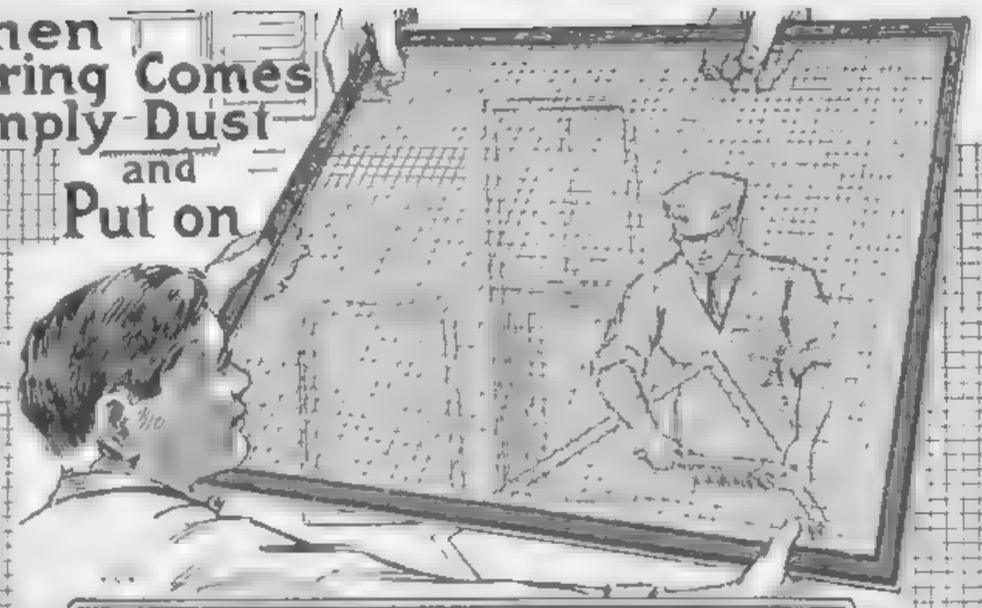
Made to Your Order by Our Tailors

If you do not know the name of our dealer in your locality, write us today for his name and address; have him show you these fabrics and take your measure.

E. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.



The First Fly

in the spring—harbinger of the swarms of winged germ-bearing pests to come—will find you always prepared to bar his entrance if your screens are filled with

Pompeiian Bronze Screen Cloth

No painting ever necessary—just take your screens filled with Pompeiian Bronze from their winter storage and install them.

This screen cloth of sterling worth is woven of wire drawn from billets of solid bronze (90% pure copper).

Its bare strands cannot rust. Barring fire or accident, no renewals ever necessary.

Pompeian Bronze Screen Cloth has high tensile strength, therefore no sagging encountered as with its substitutes.

The genuine has a *removable red string* woven into selvage. Look for it. If your dealer won't supply you, we will promptly.

Send for our Book

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH CO., 75 Sterling St., Clinton, Mass.

First Power Loom Weavers

Makers of Clinton Wire Lath and Clinton Electrically Welded Fabric for Reinforcing Concrete. Both recognized as standard by leading architects and engineers of both continents.

Snap! You Start the Breeze

You don't have to seek the crowded parks, or make a tiresome journey to thronged and expensive resorts *this* summer when you have a "STANDARD" Fan to keep you comfortable. *It makes cool breezes to order!* A snap of the button, and it blows out the heated, stuffy air of the room, cools off everything, and keeps you refreshed, vigorous and energetic all day long.

A "STANDARD" Electric Fan is no longer a luxury, it's a *necessity*, wherever electricity is used.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

You Can Put It Any Place

In two seconds you can connect a "STANDARD" Fan with the electric light socket in the kitchen, then move it to the dining room while dinner is being served, then to the living room, and finally transfer it to the bedroom—where its silent, steady, swift revolutions give you restful sleep the night through.

Your husband keeps cool in his down-town office. You and the family are *entitled* to the same comfort at home—see that he gets you a "STANDARD" Fan for the sweltering summer days.

So Inexpensive Any Light User Can Afford One

For as low as $9.00 you can buy a "STANDARD" 8-inch Home Electric Fan (other sizes in proportion). It uses *only ½ the current* of an ordinary electric light. Think how cheap!

Order a "STANDARD" Fan [illegible]

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans have been preferred by fan buyers for 18 years. We make fans of all styles for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating—for either direct or alternating current—for offices, factories, stores, cafés, places of amusement and homes.

Write for Free Fan Book Describes the entire "STANDARD" line, and will help you in making a selection. Free from your dealer or a postal will bring it from us.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

We are also the World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Small Motors—1/20 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes (72)

THE SWEETEST SWEETMEAT

(Continued from Page 7)

"You—honest, you look swell! I wouldn't 'a' known you."

"That's what they all tell me," he said. "I guess I'll enter the beauty show next."

"Well, I'm here—and ready, you see," she said by way of enlightenment and not taking her surprised eyes from his face.

He toyed with a paperweight—a heavy crystal sphere with bubbles in it.

"You're a nice little girl, with nice little ways. If I had my say you'd keep out of it all, pussy. I don't like to think of your wanting this cabaret stuff."

"Aw, now, Mr. Latz!"

"What you need is a little spanking and to be sent back home, where your mamma can take care of you."

She looked at him like a refractory child.

"What did you tell me I could come for?" she asked.

"I'll keep my word," he hastened to say—"I'll keep my word."

She shifted and glanced at the alarm-clock on his desk.

"Shall I begin now, Mr. Latz?"

"Come, we'll have a little something to eat first—not?"

"Oh, no," she replied, regarding him with darkening eyes. "I—I just had supper before I left my boarding house."

"A little delicacy, Miss Delia—a bit of terrapin—a marron salad—that will make you happy."

"Oh, no—please, Mr. Latz!" she said.

He touched a buzzer beside his desk and a waiter appeared as quickly as if Aladdin had rubbed the lamp; he gave short, concise orders without glancing up from his desk, and waited until the door had closed again.

"You don't mind if I eat my dinner, do you, Miss Dellie? I've had no time since breakfast."

"No, sir," she said. "I don't mind."

His dinner came served on a silver tray, in silver dishes covered with silver domes—two broiled chops, a dish of red German slaw which the menu disguised as hors-d'œuvre, two triangles of toast and a pot of coffee.

"Now," he said, unfolding his napkin and transferring a chop to his plate, "let's see what you can do, little one."

"Remember, Mr. Latz, I'm trying it without music, and it's hard for me to get used to doing it without my friend—he——"

"Yes, yes; go right ahead, Miss Delia. Don't get scared—I understand."

She stepped out into the center of the bare floor, her face the color of white lead. Mr. Latz was mercifully intent upon his chop and in scraping a tiny black edge off his toast.

"This is the Dingle-Dingle Song, Mr. Latz; a friend of my friend wrote it—of course it ain't like I had the music."

"I see."

She fished a small bunch of sleighbells from her handbag, attached them by a strap to her thumb and little finger, and started off; but she must stop scarcely had she begun and remove the white sailor hat, which wabbled.

"Don't be scared, little one!" he said kindly.

"I ain't," she replied, trying to keep the quiver out of her voice.

She began with a great jangling and dangling of the bells—her curls bobbed; her feet twinkled; her malaise vanished as rags before Abracadabra. What her voice lacked in quality it gained in strength, and after her first nervousness left her it arose to an unnecessary volume that banged against the walls of the room; the red of exertion flowed into her face.

She became more staccato with each refrain and each refrain became more staccato; she held her little, narrow skirts above her ankles and twirled on her toes; she directed her ditty to the top of Mr. Latz' head—to the line where the wall and ceiling met—to her sailor hat, which lay beside her handbag on the chair. She finished in a breathless whirl, with her head thrown back and the bells jangling rhythmically in her outstretched hands.

"That's the first one!" she cried, and, without pausing or inviting comment, she started off again—a song dedicated to New York, its lights and its sights, its pleasures and its treasures. She sang it with her shoulders and her wrists, her eyes and her curls. She was an automatic doll wound to its tightest. Mr. Latz watched her with his heavy lips parted.

She finished with a rush of consciousness.

"Gee!" she cried, dropping into a chair. "I bet you think I'm the limit!"

He continued regarding her with his newly-revealed, clear-water eyes; a smile slowly spread over his face.

"You ain't such a bad little number!" he said genially, but without enthusiasm. "I've seen better and I've seen worse."

"Oh!"

"You can't sing so good—but it makes no difference. You got spice and ginger, and that's what gets them—those two numbers ain't so bad, little one."

"I got another, Mr. Latz. My friend made it up. He says if we ever have a team he wants to sing it alone, it's so good. It's called the Chocolate Cream. Shall I sing it?"

"Don't you trouble, Miss Delia. I'll take you on next week if you don't want such a big price that I get scared."

"Why—why, whatever you think."

"I'll take care of you, little one, all right."

She pinned on her hat, worked into her white silk gloves, picked up the bells and crammed them into her bag.

"Mr. Latz, I'm ever so much obliged! I—if you like both of us later on, why—we got it all ready."

He rose and hitched his vest downward; his shirtfront bulged slightly.

"Listen to me, pussy—this ain't no life for a sweet little thing like you! I been fightin' this old world since I was a kid and I know its ways. Cut it out, Dellie! I'm a fellow who knows. Your friend ain't got the right to push you into this."

"There you go again!"

"It ain't no good for a sweet little thing like you, I say. You got a sweet little singing way, but it ain't going to get you nothin' but trouble. If I was a nice little girl like you I'd get married—and live in a quiet little place in the country or something. I'd get married."

He regarded her with the eyes of a grapeless fox.

"I could be sent to the Tombs for what I think of wedding bells!" she flipped back at him.

"Aw," he said, edging toward her, "you don't mean that!"

"I got a swell spangled dress, Mr. Latz; and honest, if I do say so, there's real class to it. I'm the best little seamstress you ever seen!"

"Yes!" He passed his hand across his expanse of hair and breathed outward in something that resembled a sigh. "Well, we'll go out in the café a while, so you may get an idea of the way they do it—not?"

"My!" she said, glancing down at herself. "I'm such a sight! If I'd 'a' known it I'd 'a' worn my white; but it was so late when I got home from the store."

"You look good," he said, regarding her white shirtwaist—"like a little flower you look."

"Mr. Latz, honest, do you want me to go in—you in your blacks and all, and so swell lookin'?"

"These are my working clothes," he said. "You come in with me and see how they do it."

"I—I was at Hector's once for supper," she said.

They passed out into the tapestry-lined hallway; he locked the door after them, slipping the key into his pocket. The music and the voices were suddenly very close.

"Right this way!" said Mr. Latz.

The interior of the Cafe l'Art was a cross between a Doge's palace and an Arabian Nights' banquet hall. On the other hand, Cleopatra might have dined beneath its goldleaf ceiling—Venus and her immortal son have languished beside its crystal fountains.

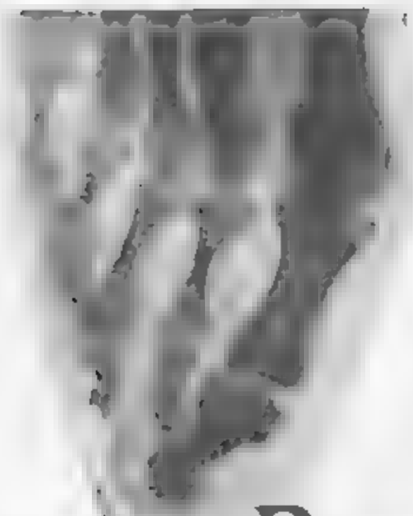
Art and architecture met in bacchanalian jamborees; the caryatids of Greece supported a Byzantine balcony furnished in Clydesdale by the Grand Rapids New Art Company. Theirs was a table in the shadow of a red-and-gold Venetian gondola, designed as a stage and orchestra stand. Two pussy-footed waiters hovered about.

"A little something, Miss Delia?"

She regarded the genuflections of the waiters and fingered her bag.

"You—you order," she urged—"some ice-cream or something."

"Two Oriental parfaits, Henri. Tell Felix to open some of those Brazilian melons that came in for the Spec banquet."



Bones Bent

Are Your Shoes Made For Real Feet?

FEET whose bones are bound and bent and twisted by narrow shoes as shown in this X-Ray photo, have ceased to be *real* feet.

And they have corns or bunions or callouses or ingrowing nails or fallen arches or some other of the ills that keep feet from giving the service Nature intended them to give you—keep them from being real feet.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is a handsome, aristocratic shoe built in the outlines of the real, natural foot, giving plenty of room for all five toes, without any extra looseness. And since it is built for real feet it can never cause corns, bunions or other foot troubles.

Put *your* feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and learn what it means to forget you have feet—to be able to get the same shoe season after season in the same handsome shape, without the discomfort of "breaking in" new shoes.

Made for men, women and children. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

If your dealer doesn't keep genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators with EDUCATOR branded on the sole, send us his name and we'll mail you complete catalog and tell you how to get a pair.

Do you want feet that are willing, and free from ills, and handsome to look at—in fact, *real* feet? Then, go to the dealer's and try on a pair of Rice & Hutchins Educators *today*.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair for Women

"Ain't it funny?" she said—"I get all mixed up when I look at one of these bills-of-fare."

"So do I," said Mr. Latz.

Patrons greeted him as they passed; twice he left her to chat with incoming guests.

"Everybody knows you—don't they, Mr. Latz?"

"Yes," he said; "but it ain't the kind of knowing that counts. When they're through eating and drinking they're through with me—and I'm through with them."

"This is sure one swell place!"

"There's nothing about this business that's my idea of things, Miss Dellie, except the making money. I guess I'm a plain, old-fashioned fellow—maybe that's why I like you, pussy."

"But, gee, I think it must be dandy to own a place like this! Mr. Fred says you're one of the best restaurant men in the country—and so young too."

"Yes," he admitted—"for a fellow that started out only ten years ago with a lunchroom on Eighth Avenue I ain't done so bad."

"I should say not!"

The orchestra played a selection from a Broadway musical success; women trailed past their table in lowcut gowns that shimmered like water in the sunlight.

"If I had a pattern I bet I could copy that pink dress! I just love to cut and snip. My landlady says I'm always doing somethin' round the house."

"Well, little one, how about it all?" he asked.

"I—gee, it's dandy!"

Her ice-cream came served in a nest of cantaloup surrounded by fine-shaved ice; she let the flavor dissolve slowly on her palate.

"Is it good?" Mr. Latz asked solicitously.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!" was Delia's reply.

Across from them a cork popped—a waiter smothered the mouth of a bottle in a snowy napkin, and she started nervously.

"Ouch!" she cried. "That scared me."

"Have a lemonade, Miss Dellie?"

"No, thanks."

The six-piece orchestra burst into a sudden flare of music.

"Watch!" Mr. Latz exclaimed. "Here comes the neatest little dancer you ever seen. This is the second month I kept her on—they like her."

The crystal chandeliers, dripping with light, were suddenly switched out; a red spotlight moved about for a moment searching its center, focused on the gondola-shaped stage, and a blur of twirling skirts and twirling legs landed in its glare.

A rain of applause passed round the room; the little gay-colored mote caught up her brief skirts at the hem, whirled her iridescent ruffles, aimed one silkclad leg at the northeast corner of the goldleaf ceiling, and danced as must have danced the handmaidens of Terpsichore.

The music gained momentum like a hoop rolling downhill, and she gained with it. She pirouetted to the gondola's edge and kissed her hands to the throng of upturned faces; a man with a long red face and a wide white shirtfront shouted to her, and she smiled and nodded, and finished in a whirl that sent her spinning round and round like a skillful top.

The diners applauded and shouted for her return; she danced back into the spotlight and repeated her whirl—more laughter, more shouts; the lights flashed up; the adjoining table ordered more wine—and Delia turned radiant eyes upon Mr. Latz.

"Talk about your dancers!" she ejaculated.

"That's the way you've got to do it here, sister—plenty of ginger is what gets 'em every time. They ain't carin' for nothing but their eating and drinking and the pleasure of the moment."

"Lordy!" she said with a catch in her voice. "I—ain't it funny for me to be getting into this?"

The orchestra struck up again; parties smiled across tables and kept time with hitching shoulders and rhythmic hands; in a remote section of the room couples ambled about a section of floor reserved for dancing with the sidestepping movement of a bear walking upright.

"If I had my way," said Mr. Latz, "there would be no such dancing here; but if I don't have it they have it next door—so what's the difference? You got to have the lowclass stuff to run a highclass place."

"Aw, Mr. Latz, I think it's grand! Honest, I can hardly keep my feet still."

Spread a sheet of Tanglefoot when you see the first fly. For these winter survivors may breed countless armies later.

Tanglefoot will save you from untold annoyance from flies this summer. No other method has proved half so effective.

300,000,000 Sheets Used Yearly

A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet will destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germs* as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germs on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

Don't be without Tanglefoot this summer, if you want to enjoy freedom from these pests.

Preferred for 30 Years

TANGLEFOOT

The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture

The Finishing Touch

MANY things are needed in the making of a home.

The land and the house come first, of course; then furniture, linen, silver; piano, pictures, books.

Later still, the family notice how rough and untidy the outside of the home is.

So finally the home is finished, inside and outside, by the buying of a **Coldwell Lawn Mower.**

Always use the BEST. The BEST is the Cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST.

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He looked at Delia's small head outlined against the fiddle-backed chair.

"That's because it's new. You listen to me, little one, and you'll keep away from this kind of thing. You don't know as much about life as me."

"Mr. Latz," she said, "I bet you ain't going to give me the chance—you're always tryin' to make me quit!"

A cloud might have passed over her eyes and dulled them; her lips trembled at the corners.

"Sure, I'm going to keep my word, only—— Sure I am, little one."

She finished her cream and pushed the plate away with a little satiated sigh.

"You didn't eat yours!" she cried.

"That's 'cause I just had my dinner," he said.

She danced to her feet.

"I gotta go!"

"Do you?" he cried wishfully. "It's early yet."

"Tomorrow's my friend Ella Rhinegold's birthday, and I got to finish embroidering her handkerchief-case tonight yet."

"I'll take you to your door."

"I ain't afraid."

"I want to be with you that much longer, Miss Dellie," he said.

When Delia stepped out of her little drab-colored cloak it was as if an imperial moth had emerged from a weatherbeaten chrysalis. Mr. Latz clapped his hands together and tilted perilously back in his swivel chair.

"Bless my soul, what have we here? Come right in all the way and let me see you. Turn round!"

She revolved slowly for his inspection.

"I did it all alone, Mr. Latz—except my landlady helped me sew some of the spangles on the skirt."

He regarded her with his fingertips touching.

"You look as inviting as a parfait!" he said.

"I ain't a bit scared," she said; but the sequins on her bosom rose and fell, and the red of her cheeks burned through the tint of rouge.

He regarded his watch.

"Sure, you ain't scared," he said; "and you got plenty of time to rest a little. I'll put you late on the bill, and you can wait your turn with the rest of them out in the little hall and sort of see how they do it."

"Do—do I have to go now?"

"Not yet a while, little fairy."

"You ought to heard the Chocolate-Cream Song just now, Mr. Latz! Charley Sparrow—the boy I was telling you wants to make a team with me—says it's the best of the three."

"I hope everything'll go all right for you, Miss Dellie. It's hard to know what they want these days."

"It's a good thing I don't have to give up my job before I find out, ain't it?"

"Don't you worry about that!"

"How much longer before it begins, Mr. Latz?"

"You got lots of time—the dinner crowds are just coming."

The alarm-clock, lying face downward on the desk, ticked.

"It's hot, ain't it?" she said.

He dipped his pen in the ink.

"That's because you're excited."

The telephone rang; he smiled at her over the mouthpiece as he unhooked the receiver.

"Hello! Yes—two dozen chafing dishes—single—one-portion size. You'll have to talk to McTague about that—tell the operator to connect you with the kitchens. Goodby!"

She regarded the bare expanse of wall, the heels of her slippers, her fingernails. She could hear his pen hurrying over the paper; off somewhere was the crash of a tray falling and the smash of breaking crockery—he frowned as he wrote.

"Gettin' tired, little one?"

"No." She rubbed her sleazy silk ankles one against the other and pulled at the shoulderstraps of her dress. "I wish," she began—"I wish that—I——"

He laid down his pen and swung round toward her.

"What do you wish?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"You can tell me, pussy."

"Well, I wish I—didn't have to go on alone—if my friend—if I didn't have to go on alone."

"You'll get over that feeling, Miss Dellie. I'll tell you what—I'll take you out in the anteroom now; they'll be coming any minute now, and you can——"

"In a minute!" she said. "In a minute."

He placed his hands on the arms of his chair and leaned forward.

"You aren't crying, are you, sister? Aw, come now, there's nothing to be scared about. Why, there's a little girl out there now ready to do a song and dance and she ain't half your size."

She swallowed hard and blinked her eyes.

"I'm just nervous—like every one in the beginning," she hastened to explain. "I—I ain't used to it—that's all."

"Course you ain't," he said. "You won't listen to me, but honest, sister, I wish you'd keep out of this. I—I just think you're the nicest little thing!"

"Aw, Mr. Latz—you're so good to me and all."

"It—kind a goes right through me to see you down here in these togs, little one—it's just like painting and fixing up a lily."

"Sometimes," she said, "you talk like they talk in books."

"You're not made for this, Dellie. You'd fit better in a little house, with two stories, and a rocking-chair on the side porch, and a little table and sewing basket next to it."

"When you get to talking like that," she said softly, "I always think you're kiddin'."

"Dellie," he said, "don't go in there! You stay back here with me—there ain't nothin' to be afraid of back here with me."

"Quit your kiddin'!" she said, trying to smile. "I ain't scared. Everybody's a bit nervous at first—you can't scare me!"

"Pussy," he said, "there ain't nothin' in it—honest, there ain't."

She gulped and looked up at him.

"It's like I was telling my friend last night—he thinks there is and I think there ain't; and we just ain't cut out for each other, 'cause we think so different about things."

"You take my advice, little girl."

"Whatta you want me to do, then?"

"I want you to let me take care of you, Dellie. I ain't such a bad kind of a fellow when you get used to me—I could be mighty good to a little girl like you. Now, honest, don't you think I could, pussy?"

She nodded and kept her head turned resolutely away from him.

"You could give my friend the start anyway, Mr. Latz—couldn't you? That's all he cares about me."

"Sure, dearie—it would be just like life beginning for me, Dellie, if I had you. I been a kinda unlucky fellow when it comes to having somebody to—to havin' any of the things that count. It's made an old man of me before my time. I'm thirty-five—and sometimes I feel forty-five."

"Do—do you belong to the lonesomes?"

"Yes, dearie."

He put his arm round her and she fitted unresistingly into his embrace.

"How about the house, dearie, with the side porch and——"

"And a garden, with roses and dandelions and things growing in it!"

"No funny dangles like this," he said, trifling with a gilt tassel at her elbow; "but quiet little ladylike dresses that come high up round the neck!"

"Yes," she said, like one talking in a dream; "and long sleeves, with lace falling down over the knuckles, and a big hat to carry upside down by the ribbons!"

The high voice of a singing woman came to them and the renewed pat-pat of applause; the fear flashed back into her face and he held her close.

"I—I got a friend that can take my place in the bill. He's a swell dancer—he can take my share. We couldn't do teamwork anyway."

"A dining room just for two, Dellie, where the sun comes in and clutters up the table!"

"And me pouring tea out of a blue-and-white teapot!"

"And wearing one of them soft wrapper-like things, with a pink rose out of the garden pinned on it!"

"Yes, and—you sittin' there so big and grand lookin'."

"And a little supper all to ourselves, with steak and French-fried potatoes, and no music—Dellie, dear!"

"I can fix French-fried potatoes swell—you kind of boil 'em in hot grease."

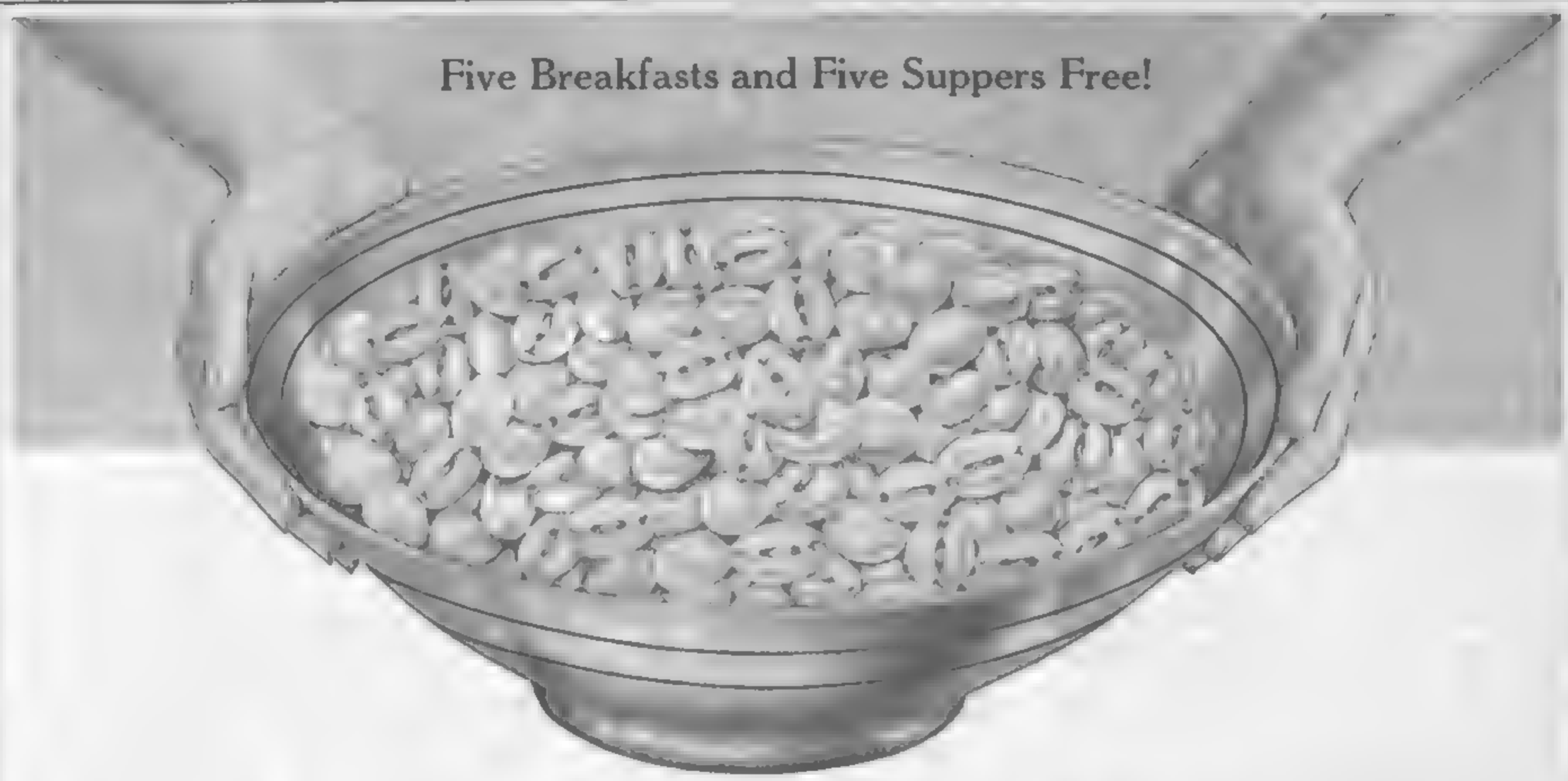
He kissed her and stroked her hair with his fingers.

"You ain't scared now, are you, little one?"

"No—not now!" She let her head fall forward on his shoulder.

He blinked hard and she brushed her handkerchief across his eyes.

"Those spangles on your dress, pussy—they shine so in my eyes!" he said.



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All to let the millions know the taste of these enticing foods.

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These are the grains which are sealed up in guns. Then heated until the moisture inside is turned to explosive steam.

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In the morning serve with cream and sugar. Or mix the grains with fruit.

Mix with berries in the berry season. They form a delicious blend.

Noons or nights, serve in bowls of milk, like crackers. These are whole-grain wafers, airy, floating—four times as porous as bread.

These grains taste much like toasted nuts. So housewives use them in place of nuts.

Try them in candy making. Use in frosting cake. Scatter them over a dish of ice cream and note the nut-like blend.

They are always ready. And, when you find them out, they'll add enjoyment to a hundred summer meals.

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Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice.

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Name _____

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The Quaker Oats Company

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THE more air-room—the more resiliency, which in turn means more comfort for you and your passengers—*more service from your tires.*

The secret of building a tire that lasts means building a tire that does the work easily—a tire that does not strain under road usage.

This extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls in any way.

To stand the pull of the engine—to absorb the shocks of the road—to travel farthest on the smallest quantity of gasoline—to make inner tubes last longer, were scientific tire problems.

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After countless laboratory tests and experiments, our chemists have discovered a process to scientifically toughen pure rubber so that it will give you the mileage you pay for.

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber are tough and flint-like enough to fight the road, elastic enough to absorb shocks, thus preventing rim troubles and breaking above the bead.

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Diamond Safety Tread Tires obey your will. No matter how slippery and treacherous the paving, they grip and hold. You drive with safety and you drive with pleasure with Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tires on your cars.

And that's not all—there's real economy in Diamond Safety Tread Tires. The Safety Tread is added to the regular tread—the extra mileage makes the safety cost you nothing.

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Look for this label in the coat

Styleplus Clothes

THE WIFE OF THE HERO-WORSHIPED

(Continued from Page 9)

manner and lovely voices—women who had no object in life except to amuse themselves. It was my first realization of them, and it came to me as they gazed at my husband taking his place before the lecture desk.

Roderick looked very different from the lecturer who had preceded him. He is not at all anemic or soulful. He is big and dark and broad, with a direct glance and a most infectious laugh.

Though I listened carefully to his words I was alive to everything else too—not only to how he stimulated his audience, but to how it affected him. He looked indulgently and affectionately at the adoring girls, reverently at the attentive old women; but the ones his eyes sought again and again were the dangerous ones—those clever, charming, sophisticated unmarried women, eager to know him better.

When the lecture was over I learned my place in the scheme. Roderick had seen me; and after he had delivered his bow, and the long applause had at last subsided, and the hordes of women had come up to praise and thank him, he made his way to me, with the troop at his heels, so that they might meet his wife. Once the introduction was over and they had said nice things about him to me, they ignored me and turned to him. It was sweet to hear him praised—but it did hurt to be regarded as a nonentity.

I was so upset over the chautauqua revelation that I might have committed some irrevocable failure in wifely tact, weakened some of my hold on Roderick, if it had not been for a woman I met in the Adirondacks. We went there for a few days as soon as we left the chautauqua. At the resort we chose there were just two attractive men—Roderick and a matinée idol. I hated the man on sight—handsome, vain, smug, openly courting admiration. The finer-grained women flocked about Roderick—the coarser-grained about the matinée idol.

A Chat With the Idol's Wife

His wife was there, with two little boys. She was ignored—just as I was. An unspoken sympathy drew us together, though I confess to feeling superior to her, because Roderick loved me—I knew that—while her husband had for her only a careless kind of affection, the same he showed his children. If ever a woman struggled hard to induce in a man some semblance of domesticity, that woman did.

Once after many intimate talks and after an experience when her husband's neglect of her had been public and humiliating she gave me the gist of her philosophy.

"It isn't all his fault," she said; "he is weak and women have spoiled him—women both in the profession and out. The women in the profession—I mean those who bid for his interest—attract him because of their force and boldness. He and they take love affairs casually. Those outside his profession attract him because they have illusions about him that an actress would lack, and because he has a chance to pose that he wouldn't have with an actress.

"I stay with him because of the children. The share that a wife gets out of a man's money is larger than the share a divorcée gets; and my boys need many things. Besides, if alimony isn't paid there is nothing you can do about it. I suppose if I were childless I'd leave him and make my life over. As it is I stay with him, excuse his faults all I can, and try not to let my love for him die, in the hope that some day I may save a little happiness out of the wreck. My active cause for gratitude is that my children are not girls. I shouldn't want them to be hurt; nor should I want them to be the means of hurting other women through men."

When I saw how little I had to complain of in comparison with this wife of a matinée idol I decided, no matter what happened, always to be sweet to Roderick. Yet I fought hard to turn back our life to what it had been five years before. I wanted Roderick to go back to classroom teaching. Yet, for all my fight, I lost. Roderick began that very summer to suggest giving up his university work entirely—to become a lecturer at large. I protested with all the arguments I could assemble. I pointed out the spiritual rewards of the academic life,

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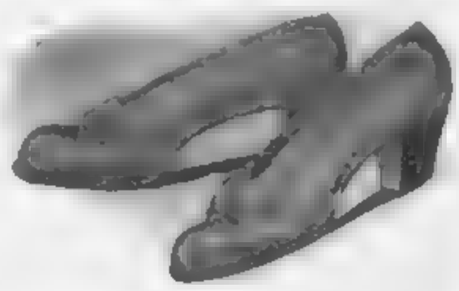

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Heretofore the Acousticon has been fitted to the weakness of the individual ear by a personal application, after the manner that glasses are fitted to suit the requirements of the individual eye.

This most recent contribution of Science, however, will bring great relief and convenience to the hard of hearing, for the problem of fitting the ear has been solved so that it will not be necessary for those desiring an instrument of this character to make long, expensive adjustments to secure the most satisfactory results.

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If a person with a soft voice spoke to you at an ordinary distance you would hear perfectly but a harsh, penetrating voice speaking at the same distance would be disagreeably loud and discordant perhaps unintelligible.

The voices of public speakers, actors and others vary, while the location of a church or theatre makes it desirable to be able to adjust the Acousticon instantly to secure at all times the most satisfactory results.

After seven years of incessant endeavor and experiments we have at last succeeded in developing to the highest degree of efficiency

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which gives you the same results that you would obtain if you carried SIX COMPLETE INSTRUMENTS about with you.

By the simple movement of a tiny lever from one button to another the sound is regulated to six different strengths, from the loudest to the softest.

Think what this means!

If you are carrying on a personal conversation the mildest strength will be sufficient if you are listening to a general conversation in a room full, however, you can instantly regulate the strength as is necessary distinctly all that is said.

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The same way but perhaps more so at the Opera, singing voices vary greatly in their power and penetration and here again you can change to your exact pleasure and comfort.

If you are deaf you know that both ears are never alike in their degree of deafness you also know how desirable it is to be able to use both ears. With the Sound Regulating Attachment you can change from one ear to the other at will, regulating the instrument to the requirements of the ear you wish to use.

HOW YOU MAY TEST IT BEFORE PURCHASING

Our confidence in this new Acousticon is supreme. We invite everyone who is interested to make a thorough test of it before purchasing.

We have many offices at convenient points throughout the United States and Europe. If however we find that you are not conveniently near to one of these to call in person and test the Acousticon, we will gladly send you particulars how you may test it at your own home before a purchase is concluded.

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and the need the children and I had of him in our home. He replied that he could do more good to people outside of the university than he could to those in it; that this new work inspired him and was developing him, as the other could not.

As I say, I lost; and I knew I should from the moment I felt Roderick's attitude toward his audience, particularly to one portion of it. It is more than ten years since Roderick gave up his university work. During that time I have brought up my children practically alone. There was one stretch of time when, in ten months, he spent only three nights under his own roof. But I have arranged matters now so that he and I are never separated for more than three months. When we are parted he writes me every day; and I know that he misses me and wishes we were together. He says he looks forward to the time when he can retire and be in his own home forever; but though he thinks he means it, he does not; he could not bear to give up his work and his adoring audiences. These women look on him as a perfect husband and father; and I know, despite the family separation, that he is a good and loving man.

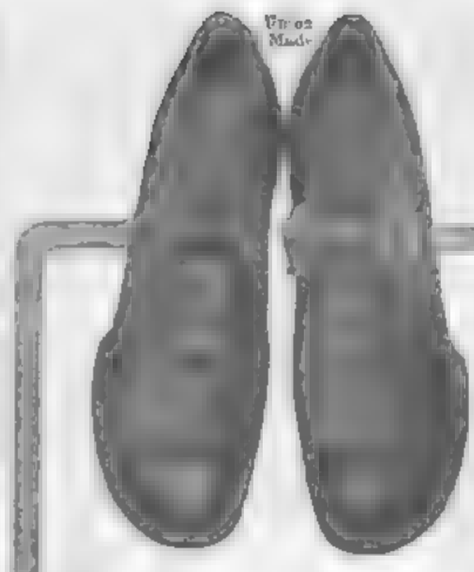
Roderick's Secretary

Only—we don't have a family life. There is his secretary, for example; usually she travels with him. On his vacations at home she is with us, and sometimes she does not accompany him, staying where I am in order to do some of the mechanical work on his books and lectures. She is a meager, earnest woman of his own age, without an atom of charm—intellectual, nervous, and devoted to his interests and to him. Having read Candida, in my own mind I call her Prossy. She lives in and for him, and most innocently thinks it is his work and not him she cares about. I am, I hope, a large enough woman to be glad that, in a life that would otherwise be so starved, she has found this big interest. She has a little managing way with him that is amusing when it isn't pathetic; and he has a big-brother attitude toward her. My Roderick needs her; he could not do his work without her. He has to have the complete service of two women—his secretary and his wife.

And then there are his friendships with women. They are always those charming unmarried women of whom I have spoken. Roderick does not draw his inspiration from the Prossy type. He tells me about them; there seems to be a new one each year. They write to him; and I suppose he would offer to show me their letters if he thought of it. Their mutual interest seems to wax and wane, but it is sincere and complete while it lasts. I do not care to speak to him about them and I do not like to think about them. Sometimes I catch myself wondering what they talk about, and then I have to push that thought away hard. I have never yet met a charming woman who could let her talk with a man remain abstract. I suppose they tell him their problems and ask for admiration and approval and sympathy, which I am sure he gives.

As I say, I do not dare to think about it. I know his liking is innocent; and it has always been my theory that husband and wife should not interfere with each other's friendships. The difficulty with the equality of the theory is that a wife rarely has a friendship a husband would want to interfere with; and it is a very exceptional woman who enjoys thinking of her husband as having tea with a beautiful woman a thousand miles away. The truth is, it hurts. And I know that if my husband's work did not carry him away from home these friendships would not exist.

I would not change husbands with anybody. I should not want to be married to a man at whom no other woman would look, and I am proud to believe that Roderick will never love any one but me. Yet I wish he were not hero-worshiped so much. I wish other women would reflect that it is bad for a man to receive so much casual attention. I wonder what pleasure they can take in gushing over a man they will see only two or three times in their lives! I suppose each one does it because the others do. Above all I wish my Roderick could be more at home. The dear, humdrum, daily life in the accustomed house, the daily oversight of his children, the daily association with the woman he has chosen from all the rest of the world—all this is the best antidote for the state of the hero overworshiped.



Two Feet of Comfort in

Ralston

SHOES

READY to *wear* when you buy them. Not a single uncomfortable moment, because Ralston's are made on *foot-moulded* lasts. They do not require "breaking in."

Pleasing to look at. Delightful to travel in. Sincerely made from a wide variety of dependable leathers in conservative and progressive models to fit the feet of well dressed men.

Authority Styles $4. to $6.

SOLD IN OVER 1000 TOWNS

Write for "Style Talk"—a friendly chat with the Master of Style.

Ralston Health Shoemakers

CAMPELLO, Mass.

Illustrated above
"Horn Darby" Model
Black Russian Calf
Leather Lined
Goodyear Welt Soles

Your Guide LOOK FOR THIS *Your Guard*

The one safe guide and guard in collar buying. It insures comfort, fit, wear, style and satisfaction. All of these depend upon linen

BARKER BRAND

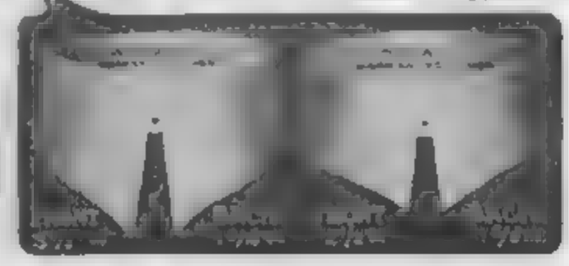
WARRANTED LINEN

COLLARS

¼, ½, ¾ sizes—2 for 25c

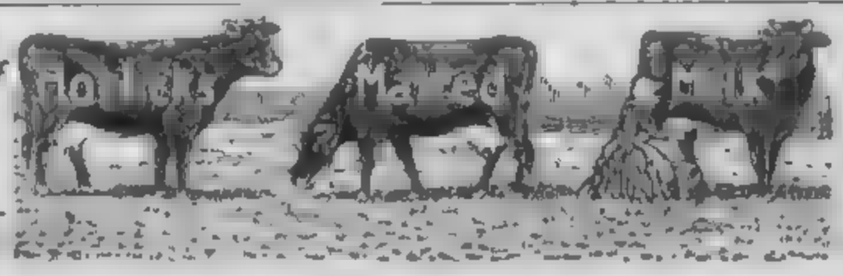
100 styles to choose from at your dealer's. Send postal for Style Book "A," including Dress Chart.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



Protect Yourself

Ask for ORIGINAL—GENUINE



The Food-Drink for All Ages

Others are Imitations

All Druggists

Are These Things There?

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In buying a car in 1913 here are some things to look for. By them judge how the car is built, how up-to-date it is.

And judge by them if the maker gives you the very best he knows.

Outer Features

Note if the car has left-side drive, like the leading cars today. Does the driver sit close to the cars he passes, or on the farther side?

Has the car electric set-in dash lights, or the old projecting lamps?

Is it under-tired or over-tired? That makes enormous difference in your tire upkeep.

Note that no side levers, no center levers, block the driver's way in Reo the Fifth. He is never compelled to dismount in the street.

The upholstering is genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair. The finish shows the final touch. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. There are no signs of skimping.

Inner Features

How many Timken bearings has the car? They cost five times what common ball bearings cost.

In Reo the Fifth there are 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timkens.

In Reo the Fifth there are 190 drop forgings, used to avoid the risk of flaws.

The steel is made to formula. It is analyzed twice to prove its correctness.

The gears are tested in a 50-ton crushing machine. The springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations.

We use a $75 magneto, a doubly-heated carburetor, a smokeless oiling system, big, strong brakes.

We give to each driving part vast margin of safety—50 per cent over capacity.

Each engine gets five long tests. And each, after testing, is taken apart and inspected.

If you seek a durable car, a trouble-proof car, and low cost of upkeep, these are points to consider.

Skimping Is Now Unpopular

Many a car has gone into obscurity because the maker skimped.

I go to the other extreme in these days—after 26 years of car building. I spend about $200 per car for features unusual in this type of car.

Men who buy my cars expect it. They expect low cost of upkeep, freedom from trouble. They expect a five-year-old car to run as well as new.

I have built such cars for legions of men. And every Reo the Fifth which goes out this year marks my level best. In the years to come, you men who get them will realize why I do this.

It means slow, careful building. It means endless inspection. It means grinding parts over and over. It means doing in a $1,095 car what users expect, and what makers must give, in a $4,000 car.

Where I Save

Such a car at such a price is made possible in this way:

We have a model factory, so finely equipped that engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it. Here we build the entire car by the most efficient methods.

Then this entire factory is devoted to a single model. Every machine, tool and mechanic is adapted to its production. We save in this way about 20 per cent under what it would cost to build two or three models.

Thus we give you a car, built as we describe, at this matchless price.

The Demand

Our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so cars are never rushed. Last April and May the demand for our cars ran five times our factory output.

We have worked all winter, at fullest capacity, to avoid that condition this spring. But a shortage is inevitable. If you want spring delivery on Reo the Fifth, please see your dealer now.

Our Unique Control

In Reo the Fifth you find a one-rod control. And that rod is out of the way—between the two front seats.

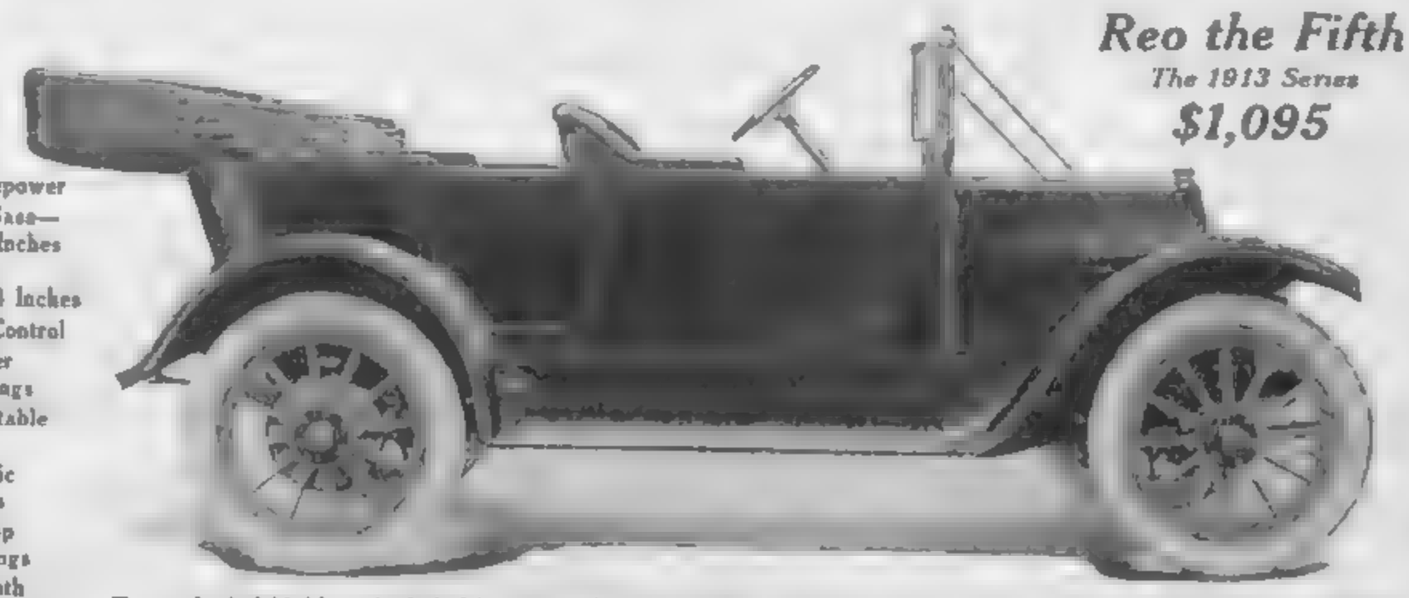
All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It is as simple as moving the spark lever.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no levers, side or center. The driver's way is clear.

No other 1913 car has this form of center control. And a car without it will seem inconvenient when you see what this form means.

This control rod comes at the driver's right hand, for the car has left-side drive.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog and we will direct you to our nearest showroom.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies

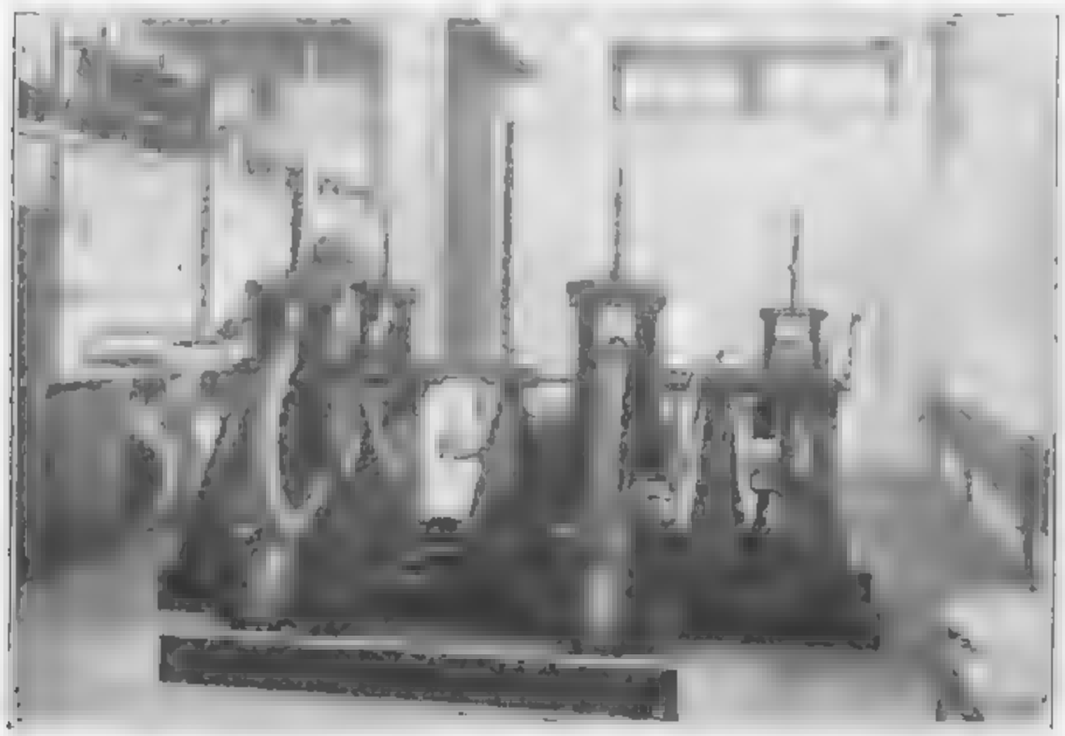
Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(193)

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize



This Machine Tells Mileage

This is How We Get for You the Lowest Cost Per Mile

This machine runs night and day, year after year. It is wearing out four tires at a time under actual road conditions.

It is in our department of research and experiment—a department which costs us $100,000 yearly.

There scores of our experts—mostly technical graduates—seek ways to better tires. And this machine tells when they get them.

On this machine we have compared 240 formulas and fabrics—compared them by actual mileage.

We compare materials, methods and processes. We compare rival tires with our own.

For years and years we have done this—done it by metered mileage. Thus year by year we have found out ways to better Goodyear tires.

And the Goodyear tires you get today are the final result of this testing. So far as present knowledge goes, they represent the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Your Meter Will Confirm Our Tests

For your own sake, make similar comparisons. Compare these tires with others.

Our meter shows that we've secured the lowest cost per mile. Your meter will confirm it.

Countless meters have.

More than two million Goodyear tires have gone into use. They have probably been tested on 300,000 cars.

As a result, men have told each other how Goodyear tires cut upkeep.

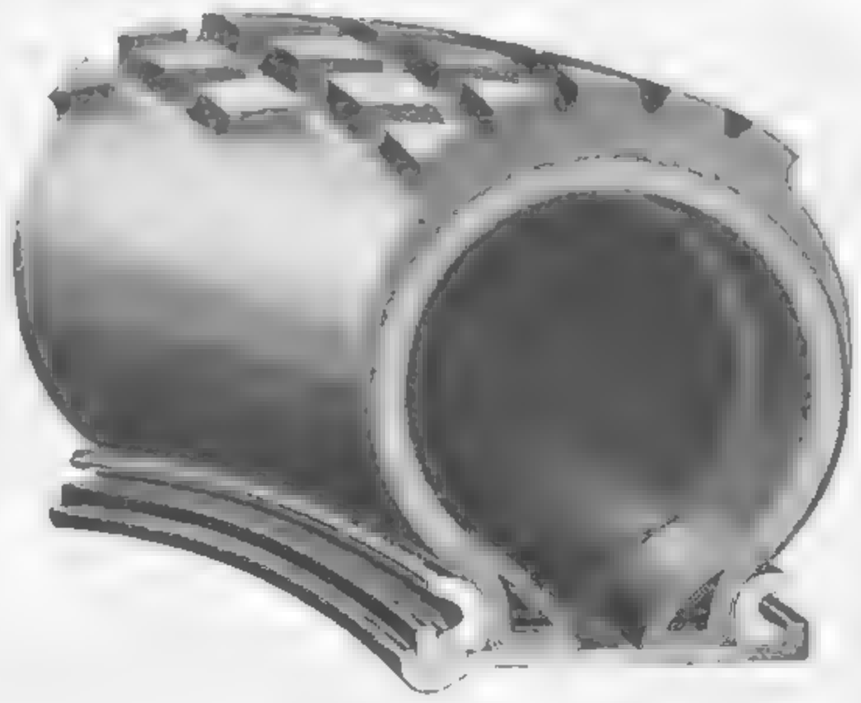
Sales have doubled over and over, until these tires by far outsell every other tire in existence.

Mileage Did It

Don't assume that this great success came without ample reason. Men are not fooled on tires.

In the past 12 months we have sold more tires than in the previous 12 years put together. And the demand from users now is running twice as large as last year.

Car makers have contracted for 800,680 Goodyear tires to go on this year's new cars. Such things mean that the test of time has shown enormous savings. And your tests will confirm them.



Each Tire is Double-Cured

Each Goodyear tire is partly cured before the tread is added. The complete tire then goes through another curing.

Thus every part is vulcanized exactly as it should be.

Each is partly cured on an iron core. Then the curing is finished on air bags.

This process, we think, is used by us alone. It is the most expensive process known. But it has brought our cost of replacement, under our warrant, down to eight-tenths of one per cent.

The Two Most Vital Savings

But the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires did most to cut tire bills down.

That tire, which we still control, wiped out the waste of rim-cutting. And that means enormous saving. Statistics show that 23 per cent of all old-type tires become rim-cut.

Then these new-type tires are 10 per cent over rated size. That means one-tenth more air capacity. And that with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together have saved motor car owners a good many millions of dollars.

Our Profit

We can give such tires at the Goodyear price because of the following facts:

We make more tires than any other plant. Our equipment is new and modern. We believe our making cost, quality considered, to be the lowest that exists.

Our capital cost is extremely low, because we have clung to small capitalization.

Our average profit last year was $2.90 per tire, figuring no interest on millions of capital invested.

That is on tires which cost all the way from $15.55 to $104.95, according to size and type.

Those are the reasons why tires that can't rim-cut—oversize tires—tires built as we build them—are sold at the Goodyear price. Judge for yourself if any maker can give you greater value.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

THE SILVER SPOON

(Continued from Page 21)

boy was thoroughly and systematically corrupted. I remembered how on a rainy evening a few months before I had seen the boy, with his father and a woman of uncertain age, emerge from a brownstone house well known as a fashionable gambling resort. It was a picture that I shall never forget; the father, blue-skinned, loose-lipped; the boy, fascinated, feverish, clinging to his father's coat; while holding to the boy's arm was the woman—her gray eyes half closed, her thin lips pressed together. Poor foolish Trude Zundel! Poor obstinate Felix Zundel! Then—so I had been told—the boy had reformed.

"How am I better than Pickering?" I said to myself, reaching a stage of contrition that had in it something of the joy of self-torture. "He corrupts his son—I allow mine to be corrupted!"

The music came to an end; there was a ripple of laughter and Margaret ran in from the ballroom just as John Crowninshield came from the hall.

"Hello, Jack!" I said, mastering my voice with an effort, but not daring to look into his face.

Margaret came up to my chair, caught my sleeve in both her hands and began pulling me toward the ballroom.

"Come along, daddy!" she said. "We are going to have an old-fashioned square dance and you are to lead off with mother."

"In a minute, dearie. I have some business now with Mr. Crowninshield."

"Business tonight! Nonsense! Come along! Mother's waiting."

"Leave us, Margaret!" I insisted. "I will join you in five minutes."

The door closed behind her.

"Well?" I asked.

"It's all right!" he whispered. "Thirty thousand dollars—everything signed—money paid. Girl leaves for Europe Saturday."

I heaved a sigh of relief. You might have thought I could not have missed that lesson. It seemed at the time that I was doing everything possible. Young Roscoe Baldwin, the nephew of my old friend Doctor Baldwin, was engaged to coach Robert who, as a result, graduated from Princeton creditably and entered Harvard Law School. Soon, however, I became again all engrossed in my business. When Roscoe left us to spend a year in Germany Robert relapsed.

Robert's Relapses

After that he always relapsed. Soon he gave up the law for literature and planned innumerable plays and novels which, however, were never completed. "What Robert lacks," said Margaret, "is finish. He is always talking about the canons of art, but nothing ever comes out of them."

I could not tell whether Robert was working or not; I was too busy to know or even care, so long as he was not in actual mischief. Then his mother died and Robert was absent from the funeral. He was nowhere to be found—and he never explained his absence.

Then it was that I determined, once for all, to give up business and devote myself to my family. My sister Katharine, Robert, Margaret and I were actually embarked on the Prinzessin Augusta, bound for Egypt. But just then the big rubber opportunities came and called me baggageless from the boat. I left Robert to take care of his sister and aunt, while I took a cab post-haste for the Chicago train. It was not until I was in the car that my brain registered a certain impression I had seemed to get while on the steamer. I wired from the train to the steamship office: "Are Horace Cheever and Miss Cheever on board the Prinzessin Augusta?" At Albany I received the reply: "They are."

All the way to Chicago the thought of Horace Cheever obsessed me. Cheever was one of the most fascinating of men and the most dangerous. He had begun as a lawyer, making a specialty of bankruptcy cases. His big start had come—so the story ran—when he had persuaded a fraudulent bankrupt to deposit with him a hundred thousand dollars of assets. Afterward when the debtor, released by the courts, asked for his money, the old fox had laughed in his face. Later Cheever cleared a million dollars from the fake Altamonta Gold Mine, and more than a million from a string of loan-shark offices in the West. Then he had lost all he had in an attempt to buck some trust. Desperate for money, he had tried to land young Pickering; and now ——

I sent my sister a long wireless, putting her on her guard.

When, six months later, I saw Robert he went straight to the point.

"I want to marry Gertrude Cheever."

The paw of the old fox was over it all.

"I don't approve," I said.

"I do," said Robert.

There was a certain quiet clench to his jaws.

"You know your own business, Robert. You're—let me see—twenty-five. Can you support her?"

He blushed.

"I'll be able to soon. Are you going to do the cut-me-off-with-a-shilling stunt?"

I tried in vain to reason with him. He was infatuated with old Cheever; and anyway, he insisted, the daughter was not responsible for the father. After a month I offered to give in.

"Robert," I said, "if Cheever expects me to recognize him socially or financially he has another guess coming. But I'll consent to the marriage. I'll give you an allowance of twenty thousand a year and a place in the office. Only—don't thank me!"

The Schemes of Cheever

"Thank you?" he repeated. "Why, look here, father, I'll have to have at least a million cash in my own hands before Mr. Cheever will give his consent. He thinks you ought to trust me. And I think so too."

I saw it in a minute.

"Oh," I said, "he wants me to pull him out of his Venezuela tangle, does he? You tell your father-in-law he'll be in a hotter place than Venezuela before he sees any of my money!"

It was common report that Cheever had tried his old Altamonta game with an imaginary gold mine in Venezuela, but that things had gone badly; and the post-office had been asked to act. If it did act before the promoter could make good his stealings it looked like a Federal prison for the Honorable Horace G. Cheever.

I talked it over with Jim Portugal. We were no longer partners and I saw him only seldom. He looked gray.

"How's the wife?" I asked.

I did not inquire after Lank, who a year before, during a drunken debauch, had married a young woman in San Antonio.

"I've got a letter here from my boy," said Portugal, his eyes filling with tears. "He likes it out there on the ranch, and he hasn't touched a drop for a whole month."

Portugal agreed with me that we would see Cheever in the bottomless pit rather than give him his million!

"Though she's a decent sort, I hear," he added rather wistfully. "She'd make you a good daughter-in-law."

For three months I saw nothing of Robert. He did not come near the house; and when I telephoned to his apartment his man always answered that he had just gone out. During those days Margaret and I grew closer together; but I missed Robert. I missed my boy.

I was about to telephone to him again when Portugal came stumbling into my office.

"I've good news from Lank," he said, his eyes glistening. "He's on the ranch again. He hasn't touched a drop for a week."

"That's fine!" I commented.

"He's a good boy at heart," said Jim Portugal.

"Yes," I acknowledged, "he's a good boy at heart."

He looked at me for a full minute.

"John," he said, "I've seen Bob." My heart beat painfully. I could not utter a word. "I've seen Bob," he repeated fatuously.

"Well?"

"John, you'd better let him marry that Cheever girl." I did not dare ask him how he had seen Bob. "Yes," said Portugal, and I noticed how very old he had become—"Yes, John; he had better marry that Cheever girl."

"Has Cheever seen you?" I asked.

"Yes, Cheever came—the old fox came. Oh, I know how you feel, John! I don't

NOTASEME

(Perfect-Process)

Silk-Lisle Hosiery

Our Best "Know How" Goes Into This Hosiery

THIS "know how" was gained by years of specialization on 25c hosiery. Machinery, methods, materials, workers, have all been brought to the highest efficiency in making this one article.

The result is this great American 25c seamless hose—"Notaseme"—that

Wears Like "60"; Looks Like "50"; Costs But 25

It is made to last long at "points of wear"—to look well at "points of view." The fit and finish are made permanent parts of the hose.

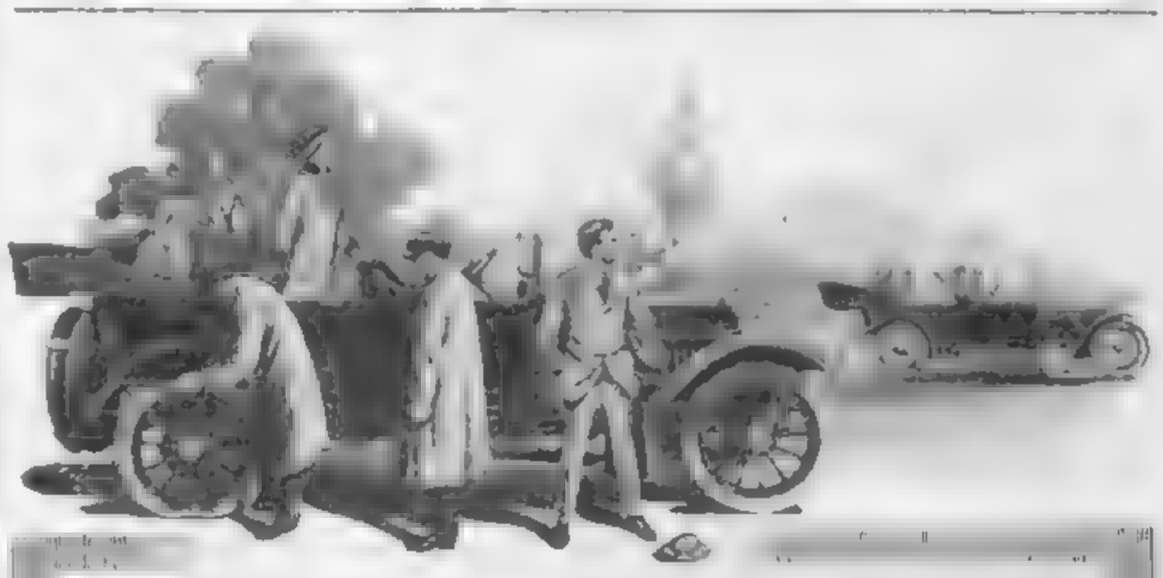
Silk-lisle 25c, pure silk 50c, for men and women. Children's ribbed hose 25c.

If your dealer is not one of the thousands who sell "Notaseme," we will supply you direct, at regular retail prices. State size and color wanted.

Send for booklet descriptive of Notaseme quality and values.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY

Oxford and Mascher Streets Philadelphia, Pa.



INTERLOCKS Stop Tire Trouble

The Only Complete Tire Reinforcement

Why? The only one that will hold rim-cuts. The only one that will strengthen broken and weak side-walls. The only one that will reinforce every part of the tire. The only one that will carry any part of the load independently of the tire.

How? The double Interlocking flaps and endless construction automatically anchor the Interlock to the rim as firmly as the tire is held—it can't creep any more than the tire itself. It entirely surrounds and protects the tube and will hold ten times any air pressure ever used. It is a complete inner tire giving the additional strength to every part so necessary to secure the greatest tire efficiency and satisfaction. Easily installed in any pneumatic tire.

Prevents Rim-Cuts, Blow-Outs and Punctures

If your tires are equipped with Interlocks you can see them wear out instead of hearing them "Blow-Out" before they are half worn out.

Write Today for Free Booklet

Which throws light on many tire problems, and gives complete information about Interlock Inner Tires. Please give us the name of your local dealer. If your dealer cannot supply the size you want—advise us and we will fill your order by first express.

DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE CO., 803 W. 9th Street, Auburn, Ind.

Originators and Largest Manufacturers of Tire Reinforcements

Shoes With Style, Fit & Comfort

Of course, if you think shoes are just shoes, you can get them anywhere.

If you are critical, however, and discriminate between ordinary shoes and the kind that really have style, fit and comfort, you will certainly ask for

Dorothy Dodd SHOES

Whatever your footwear needs the Dorothy Dodd dealer can supply you. Ask for them and look for the trade mark.

Here are four of the more popular models:

3037, Brown Kid Blucher Oxford, Welt.
3290A, Patent Kid Pump, Turn.
1736, White Washable Buck Button Boot, Welt.
1477, White Arabian Cloth Pump, Welt.

Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
A few $5.50 and $6.00

Dorothy Dodd dealers can supply you through Parcel Post Service

DOROTHY DODD SHOE CO.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

You'll feel good in a

SUMMIT Town and Country SHIRT

You get what you want most in a soft shirt—comfort and appearance—if you wear the Summit Town and Country Shirt.

The collar that's **right** on the shirt gives the appearance of a white starched collar without its discomforts.

GET YOURS TODAY AT YOUR DEALER

Send for Illustrated Style Book and give your dealer's name.

GUITERMAN BROS.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

blame you, and I wouldn't pay a cent if I didn't have to—but the girl's all right; nothing the matter with Gertrude. And marriage may settle the boy a bit."

"Let him marry somebody else!" I almost shouted.

"That's exactly what I'm afraid he will do!" said Portugal. "Pay up, John; pay up! And be glad you don't have—to swallow my medicine!"

That's how Cheever got on his feet, and how my son Robert came to marry and play polo and beget children, and settle down into a country gentleman. Gertrude is a good girl and has steadied him wonderfully. But Gertrude owns Robert, Cheever owns Gertrude, and the devil owns Cheever.

Since writing these lines I have come from a visit to my brand-new grandson, John Booth. The little girls, Edith and Margaret, are dear; but I think I love the newest baby best of all.

As I looked at him this afternoon it came to me that I could be a wiser father today than thirty years ago. But then—we never learn until we fail. The chain of the generations is endless, but each link is short. One generation has not learned before it is called upon to teach.

Driving back to the big, empty house, I thought of my will. I must be careful, very careful! Above all, not too much! You see I am more convinced than ever that Dr. Buchanan Lane was wrong. I no longer worship the silver spoon.

Mountain Plungers

LIKE the ending-up place of a runaway engine, the terminal place of a snowslide—especially a large one—may be almost anywhere. Many shoot down a slope and sprawl dead on a flat at the bottom; others coast and curve through a cañon until their force is gone. A few plunge blindly over cliffs, to fall in wild and spreading picturesqueness into the depths below.

An unusually mad dash was made by an avalanche on Mount Guyot, Colorado. This avalanche was made up of ice, new snow and a landslip. Its weight was vast and its starting slope long and steep. A few hundred feet above the bottom of this slope it struck an inclined rock mass, which gave it an upward shoot, tilted it to one side and caused it to leap to the opposite slope. It struck at an angle and on it went. Sweeping round and upward for several hundred feet it crossed a ridge, carried off two log houses, and then took a final plunge down through a forest into the bottom of a gorge.

In a few places the potent slide has so frail a hold that it is said a shout will precipitate a plunger. In his wintry travels only once did the author think to try this shouting. From a point of vantage and safety a shout was given that aroused echoes. Acres of snow instantly slipped off and slid away; but the shout may have been only a coincidence. Along many snowy slopes on which he stepped lightly silence was so strongly encouraged that breathing at times was almost suspended. A few steep slopes have been crossed where new snow lay in such ticklish readiness to get into action that a person crossing was apparently predestined to start something and go with it!

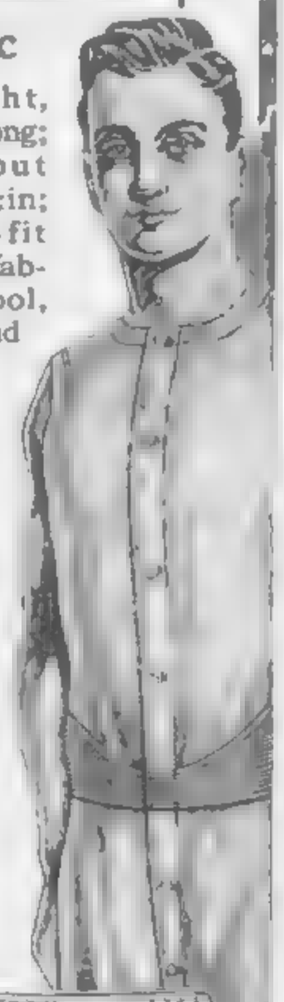
There are many snowy accumulations that slip and start slides, which may be easily secured and slides thus prevented. Most slides originate from small beginnings; if the initial slidepile or starting fragment be held in place the slide does not form—does not happen. A half-million-ton slide may result from one hundred pounds of temporary snow at the top, which might be securely anchored to a picket pin!

Forest destruction on the mountains has caused an increase of snowslides, as most transcontinental railroads know through reduced dividends. Before fires burned forests of slopes every tree thereon acted as a hitching-post and the forest as a corral; on the steeply inclined mountain-walls these held the deep snow deposits from collapsing and stampeding.

One dry autumn, above the treeline on Mount Baker, Colorado, a campfire spread and burned over a few acres of healthy growth. This mere fringe of dwarf arctic willow and black birch was only a few inches high, but it was an anchor for a large snowdrift.

The drift moistened the growth in summer and in winter secured its foundation in this entanglement, and remained until melted in July.

Here's an entirely new
Union Suit at $1
Boys' 50c



Featherweight, but doubly strong; absorbent, but dry to the skin; tailored-to-fit from knitted fabric;—open, cool, comforting—and with the

Give-and-take Elastic Waistband

that permits up-and-down freedom—no pull on the shoulders, no pinch in the comfortable closed crotch. In every way up to the high Smythfield standard.

Look for this label

SMYTHFIELD MODERN UNDERWEAR

While we sell to retailers only, if there's no Smythfield dealer near you we will send, prepaid, a trial supply at the regular price—men's $1, boys' 50c. Send chest measure and trunk measure (over the shoulder and under the crotch). Men's suits made in all styles. Give your dealer's name, so he may supply you in future.

Young, Smyth, Field Co., Philadelphia

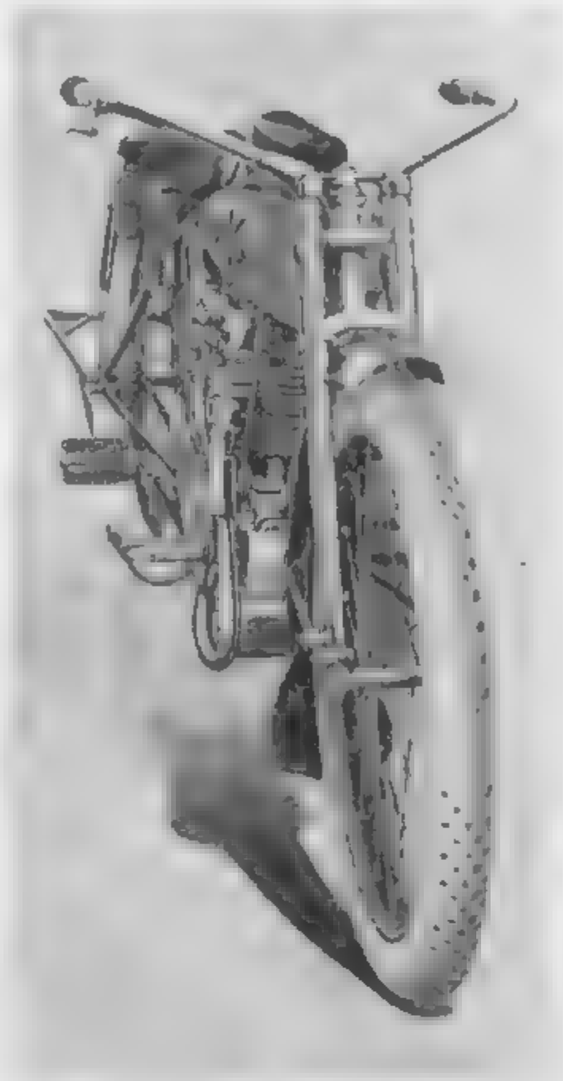
United States Tires

cut down tire bills

John Galsworthy's story
The Dark Flower
(The Love Life of a Man) in
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
is the best LOVE STORY of years. It began in the APRIL NUMBER. It appeals to all who love or have ever loved.

Why You'll Buy The Yale:

WE believe the Yale to be the best motorcycle in the world. In support of that belief we want to point out certain factors of Yale value which you can see, touch, measure, test, understand and *demonstrate*—even if you never before bought a motorcycle.



Yale 7-8 H. P. Twin, $275
f. o. b. Toledo

7-8 h. p. Yale Twin develops practically 9 h. p. on block test. Horizontal cooling flanges cool both cylinders perfectly. Y-A Shock Absorber. Yale cush-o-fork. Speed Yale Model 4 magneto. Bosch waterproof magneto. Belt or chain drive with clutch—starts like an automobile. *Automobile* type. Weight 200 pounds. Special 60-65 miles per hour Yale 5 h. p. Single $225 f. o. b. Toledo. Send 2 cents or postal card for catalogue giving complete mechanical description.

STRENGTH—58 drop forgings in your Yale—more than in any other motorcycle in the world—make it stronger in 58 places than it would be if we used metal stampings or castings. Wherever a strain *might be*—motor parts, gears, frame connections, spring fork rocker-arms, reinforcements, fastenings—there are Yale drop forgings made from the costliest raw material money can buy. Count this one Yale feature alone an extra factor of safety whose value can't be computed in dollars and cents.

SAFETY—Yale safety proceeds in part, as we have said, from the 58 drop forgings in sections subject to strain. In part, also, from the vibrationless cushion fork. A broken fork may mean a broken neck. Yale forks don't break. Not one broken in all the thousands sold last year. Examine the *extra-long* rebound springs of specially tempered steel. Study the fork-sides extending all the way up to the handlebars and connected to the latter by drop-forged crosshead.

POWER—The Yale Twin long-stroke motor guarantees superabundant power. 7-8 horsepower is the conservative rating, but on actual block test the Yale Twin shows a pull of better than 9 real horsepower *at the rear wheel*, where it gets results. That means—infallibly—an engine with a pull like a locomotive. Incidentally it means a speed of 60 to 65 miles an hour if you want it. No emergency can exhaust or embarrass the supply of power. That's made sure by the remarkable efficiency of the motor with piston displacement of 60.92 cubic inches—the nice adjustment, the perfect equipoise and balance.

COMFORT—128 inches of springs (10 feet, 8 inches of steel in two big coils, each 6 inches long) in the Y-A shock absorber. Placed *where it will not weaken the frame.* Every element of road jar eliminated. Sideplay—simply impossible. Now—add to 128 inches of steel spring protecting you from the road-shock, the *great big, generous 3-inch tires.* Add to that, the vibrationless cushion fork. Net result—incomparable comfort.

We repeat—we don't believe there's a better motorcycle than the Yale in the world. You can find out. Go to your Yale dealer. See him, first or last, whichever you choose. Look over as many other makes as you like. But hunt out the features that constitute strength, safety, power and comfort. The Yale will win you on that basis.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Manufacturers also of Yale and Spalding Bicycles, Hexagon Handlebars, Steel Tubing, Bent Parts, Drop Forging.

Pacific Coast Representative,
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Print name and address plainly and mail at once.

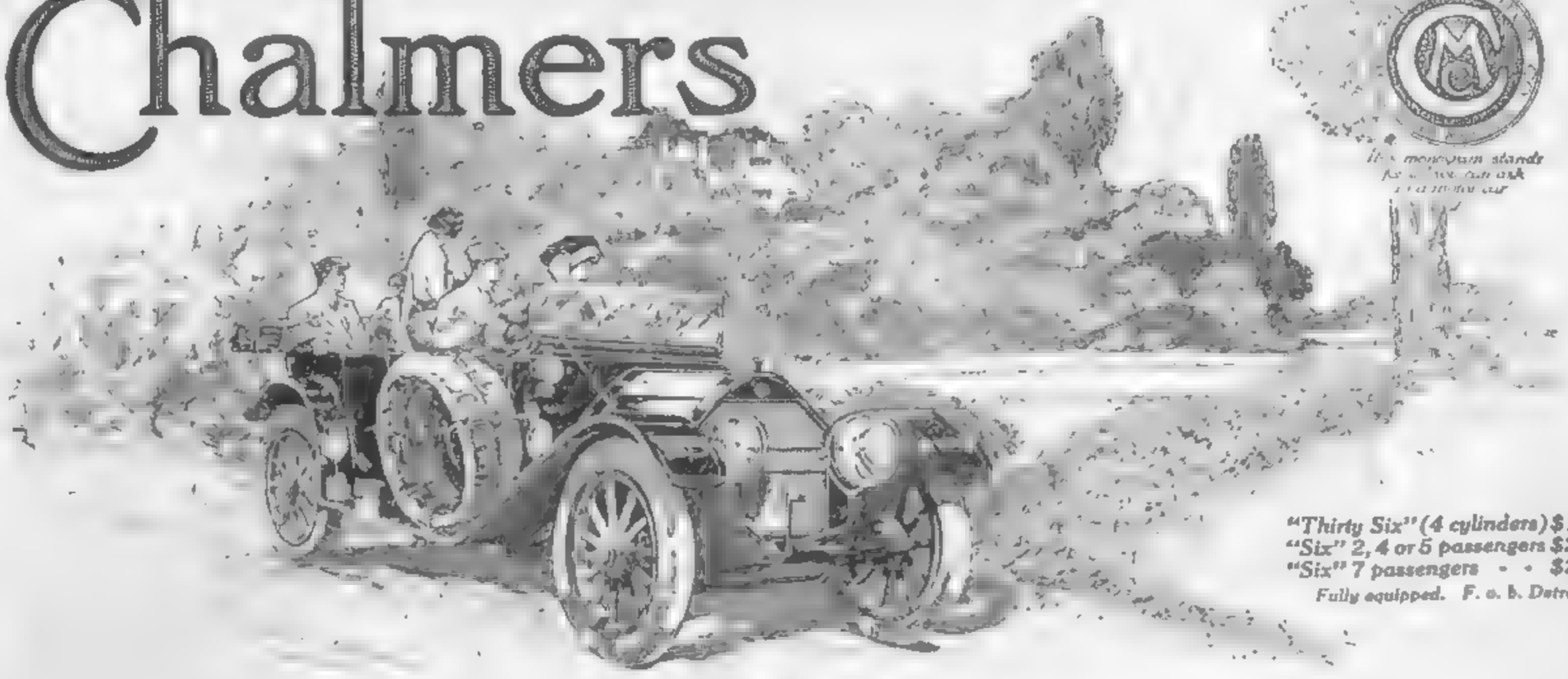
The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Please send Yale booklet and catalogue to

Name_____

Address_____

Chalmers



"Thirty Six" (4 cylinders) $1950
"Six" 2, 4 or 5 passengers $2400
"Six" 7 passengers - - $2600
Fully equipped. F. o. b. Detroit

Time Tells—*or*

Things That Words Won't Tell

THERE are some things about a motor car that words won't tell. Words are simply labels—and it is one of the shortcomings of our language that words don't always express the difference between things.

Thus the word used to describe the covering over a motor car is "top." There is only one word for it—"top." You might make the covering of leather or wood or gingham or paper—but it would still be called a top. Even if one says a *mohair* top, you don't know exactly what that means—for there are many different grades of mohair. One might say "highest grade mohair"—but even that is not definite. For unfortunately some are careless in the use of such words as "highest grade," etc., and their meaning is not certain.

So words won't tell you the difference in tops.

Figures won't prove quality of a motor

The same is true about motors and motor sizes. In words, two motors of "4½" bore" and "5½" stroke" are the same. But between them there may be a hundred differences. Differences in power; in economy; in smoothness; in reliability. Words won't tell those differences. Even blue prints won't.

Take the leather in the upholstery. Leather is leather. There are many grades. Words won't identify them. But between them is great difference.

And so on all through the car. "High grade bearings," "springs of finest quality," "channel section steel frame," "full floating rear axles." All cars have them, it seems from the announcements. But the differences which we know to exist in the cars themselves words won't tell.

But *Time* Tells

Time is the great teller. Time tells the difference between good things and ordinary things. Time gives the real verdict on books, pictures, buildings, men—and motor cars. Time brings out the differences that cannot be seen on the surface—the differences that ***words won't tell.***

Please bear that in mind in choosing your motor car. You are not buying it for a year only—but for five, six, eight years—or maybe more.

Perhaps several cars look about alike to you now. Their specifications, motor sizes, wheels, tires, axles and equipment read about the same. But look for the unseen differences—the differences that will be apparent ***with use.***

How will you know? Well, one way is to look over the list of cars built five or six years ago. Note the cars built then that are still running and giving satisfaction today. You will find among them lots of Chalmers cars.

Here are eleven Chalmers cars, selected from various parts of the country, which have been driven more than 1,000,000 miles—an average of nearly 100,000 miles each.

Owner	Address	Mileage
Fred Roberts	Corpus Christi, Tex.	80,000
Geo. Stump	Independence, Kas.	140,000
Frank W Fiske, Jr.	Buffalo, N. Y.	54,752
Louis Pacheco	Oakland, Cal.	122,000
Dr F S Cuthbert	Kingman, Ind.	75,000
A. D. Williams	Buffalo, N. Y.	100,000
W. H. Caffery	Kansas City, Mo.	125,000
P. May	Kingsley, Ia.	50,000
E. Watson Gardiner	Amsterdam, N. Y.	78,648
R. L. Holt	Burlington, N. C.	120,000
W. C. Kramer	Joplin, Mo.	75,000
		1,020,400

And at the Chalmers factory we have records of many more cars which have been driven 25,000 to 50,000 miles and are still giving satisfaction.

Time has told the difference between these cars and less efficient ones. So you can feel absolutely safe in selecting a Chalmers.

You are invited to visit the Chalmers factory

Another way to find out about the unseen differences is to visit the factories where cars are made. Our $6,000,000 plant—one of the largest and best equipped in this country—is always open to visitors.

If you could make a trip through it you would realize once for all the differences that make Chalmers cars so good—the differences words won't tell. Differences in the way we select our materials, in the way we machine our parts, in the way we build and inspect Chalmers motors, transmissions, rear axles, brakes, steering gears—and a hundred other parts.

Other cars have all these parts—or they wouldn't *be* motor cars. The difference is not in the name, but in the quality of the parts.

And still another way—perhaps the best—to know about these differences in cars is to talk with owners. We are glad to have you talk with any Chalmers owners—especially those who have had their cars a long time and learned by experience the differences that Time tells.

Please try any or all of these ways—and be convinced that Chalmers cars are ***better*** cars—better when you buy them, better after two, three or five years' use.

Your Chalmers is worth $1000 more but costs only $300 to $500 more

Human ingenuity and ability simply can't build as good a car to sell for $1,000 to $1,500 as can be built to sell for $1,800 to $2,500.

You know you can't get an all wool tailor-made suit for the price of a ready-made semi-wool suit. And you can't get a thoroughly high grade automobile for the price of a cheap automobile.

Values seek their levels—in automobiles as in everything else—50,000 buyers would not every year pay the difference for high quality, medium-priced cars of various makes, if they were not worth the $300 to $500 extra which they cost.

You know, of course, you would rather have the better car. If its price and the price of the cheaper car were the same you wouldn't hesitate a minute.

The only thing that keeps you from signing the order for the better car is simply the writing of the check for a few hundred dollars more. That's all.

The extra money looks big to you—but that is because you are regarding money simply as money. You are forgetting what that extra price will bring you in service, comfort, safety, pleasure and pride of ownership.

Once you have signed the check—made the ***decision***—you will forget the money. Here's the proof. Just sign the check. Then the first question you will ask the salesman will be "How soon can I get the car?" Just that. You'll forget the few hundred dollars as soon as you have placed your order.

But the car you buy you can't forget. You'll have that with you every day, and unless it is a good car you will have it mighty much on your mind every day.

The difference in cars is only partly expressed by the difference in price. The ***real difference*** is the ***difference in value.*** A genuine quality car will cost you only $300 to $500 more than a cheap-priced car. It will be worth fully $1,000 more—in the service and satisfaction you get out of it. This isn't theory; it is a fact as any man who has ***owned*** automobiles for five years will tell you.

Economy doesn't necessarily consist in spending the least money. It is spending ***judiciously*** whatever you do spend.

Do not let the supposed "saving" of a few hundred dollars blind you to the maximum value you can get in a Chalmers. Decide now.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

BENSINGER'S LUCK

Continued from Page 19)

The fool might as well have written it up on the wall. I saw it in a minute. I couldn't get cash. I had to take drafts. All you've got to do is to cash the drafts for me."

Steve stared at him, fairly amazed by the audacity of the proposal.

"Oh, yes!" Hempel crowed in his rasping half whisper, grinning. "Don't think I'm going away from here with my money in drafts that the bank can stop payment on any minute—after you've got hold of the books and covered up your crooked work so you can lie out of it. That wouldn't do for George at all. Listen now! You fetch me fifteen thousand dollars in currency right here at half past seven tonight. You're smart enough. You can get the money out of the bank all right. Tell 'em you've got a chance to get the ground next door that you want for the new factory. Tell 'em anything! The suckers'll swallow it. You fetch me the money. Then I'll turn over these drafts to you and I'll take the half-past-eight train for Chicago and never bother you again. And you'll close up your bond deal and be worth a million in a few years—that's all! I'm going to get that fifteen thousand or you're going to get kicked out, with liar and crook written all over you! Think it over, Stephen."

Meanwhile his wariness with the revolver never relaxed.

As Steve left the office he was trying to think it over, but there seemed to be precious little to think about. Undoubtedly Hempel's disclosure would bring upon him the contempt and wrath of Nathaniel G. Barker and the advertising agency. They might get a receiver appointed and throw him out of Vito, neck and crop. At least they would probably demand a dominating voice in the business—declining to trust themselves further in the hands of a person who made false statements and used forged bills-of-lading. On the other hand, with the bond deal closed on his own terms, the loss of fifteen thousand dollars would be a small matter. Obviously if one were to think about it the only reasonable course was to give Hempel his blackmail and get rid of him.

A blind, unreasoning force within him, however, kept dragging him on to fight. He kept protesting to himself illogically that he was not really a crook. He had not set out to beat a creditor out of a dollar, but only to get the best terms possible on the bond deal—and at that, with what Vito stock would be worth in a few years, he was giving N. G. and the advertising agency a great profit. He could not bear to lie down and be "done" by the hunchback that way. He could not bear to accept the hunchback's view that they were two thieves together, the only difference being that he got the larger share of the booty. Above all, Nathaniel G. Barker troubled him—the pugnacious, downright, staunch man who had stood by him like a brick from the beginning and trusted him to the limit. Unquestionably he had treated N. G. like a dog; but he had not really meant to. He did not want to be a dog to N. G.

He wandered on toward the bank, trying to think about it. One moment he even thought what pretext he could frame for drawing fifteen thousand in currency; and he felt a huge disgust at that—another crooked deal. Then it occurred to him that he could easily get the drafts cashed for Hempel in Chicago; but that also disgusted him. He did not want to stand in with that chattering, apish, thieving creature. He wanted to stand in with N. G. His indignation boiled up again—and without any further thinking the affair settled itself. His jaw closed firmly and he quickened his pace to the bank.

"I'm satisfied the fifteen thousand is all he's got," he told Barker. "He's going to be at the office this evening. You tell your man with the John Doe warrant to leave here exactly at a quarter to eight, walk right down to my office and come upstairs and serve the warrant. That fellow Hempel is going to cough up the money or go to the pen."

"That's the right medicine, Steve!" said Mr. Barker approvingly. And if anybody had reminded him that to let the embezzler go for the sake of getting back the money was compounding a felony he would have considered the suggestion highly quixotic.

From the bank Steve went home, and on the way he was suddenly horror-stricken. "Why, I must have been plumb crazy!" he thought, aghast. It all came upon him in a heap—Hempel could surely ruin him; the hunchback would never be such a fool as to lie down, when he held so strong a hand, and give up the money and run away—never in the world! And the lies in his statements; the forged bills-of-lading—why, N. G. and the advertising agency would kick him downstairs! Of course they would! This business that he had built up fairly with his blood would be taken away from him. There would be a receiver in there within twenty-four hours. Even Hempel might justly despise him for a doddering idiot, when a little matter of fifteen thousand dollars would have saved him from all that! He was really horror-stricken and in a panic. He wanted to go back to the bank—tell N. G. something else—get the currency. Yet his stupid feet kept plodding right on toward home.

"It will be mighty tough for her!" Steve thought when Elsie came into the hall to meet him. "What a rotten deal I've given her all along!"

And his heart was again constricted with remorse when he remembered that unread letter from Eddie Skellenger which he had carried away.

He left the house directly after dinner, and he was still thinking: "I must have been crazy!" But his feet kept straight on toward the plant. "Crazy!" he thought again as he mounted the stairs. He was a couple of minutes ahead of time, but Hempel was already there.

The hunchback had taken up a strategic position behind the farthest stenographer's desk. A brown handbag lay upon the desk and beside it the short, heavy revolver. Steve looked down upon him from the doorway and the turmoil in his mind at once ceased. He felt quite unreasonably self-possessed and assured.

"You didn't bring the money, eh?" Hempel commented, picking up the revolver but apparently not disappointed.

"You get no money from me!" Steve replied.

"You lie, you crook!" the hunchback retorted. "You were a fool not to bring the money now, for it will make you useless trouble; but you're a fool anyway. I suppose you've been putting in the time thinking how you could double-cross me. Well, you can't do it! Listen now! Do you know what this is?" He took a key from his vest pocket and held it up. "Oh, yes! You had a special lock put on that upper right-hand drawer of your desk. Very particular about that drawer, wasn't you? Well, this is a duplicate of that key. It was easy's falling off a log, you fool! Go look in the drawer now if you want. Everything I wanted that was in that drawer is right in this bag." He touched the latter object, grinning widely. "What does that come to?"

Probably Steve's face showed that the shot told, but he replied:

"You don't get any money!"

Hempel cackled derisively:

"All your private memoranda that you thought nobody on earth would ever see! Shows you was keeping pretty close track of all your own lies! Nails you right down to it where you can't wiggle a finger! You'll cash these drafts for me, I guess."

Steve took two steps toward the desk in spite of the leveled revolver and Hempel's snarl "Look out!"

"There's a warrant out for you this minute!" he said. "An officer leaves uptown for this office at exactly fifteen minutes to eight. If you want to save your hide you can skip now. If you don't you can stay and go to the pen and blow on me and be damned!"

Hempel turned livid and his voice rose fairly to a scream:

"You lie, you crook! There ain't any warrant! If there is you'll call it off yourself! You don't dare face it! Look at it in your own figures—your own hand!" He jerked open the bag, plunged his free hand in and held up some memoranda. "Look at it yourself! Oh, yes!" He held up something else. "And this sweet letter that Eddie Skellenger wrote to your wife and you stole, you—I'll shoot!" he screamed.

But Steve rushed forward.

. . . . . .

The next forenoon he looked up at the figure by the bedside with his unbandaged eye, and said with some annoyance:

TIME flies, and your little kiddies will soon reach the age when dolls and building blocks will be laid aside to gather dust with the little tin soldier. Ere then—yes, right now—get an Ansco and start a picture record of them. You can make your photographs just as natural and artistic as the above if you will use, according to directions, the amateur camera of professional quality—

The neat little camera shown below is the No. 3A Folding Buster Brown. Price, $10 Takes pictures of the popular postcard size, 3¼ in. x 5½ in. It is one of three folding cameras of the Buster Brown family priced from $2 to $10

The superb ANSCO

loaded with Ansco color-value Film, and then develop your films with Ansco chemicals, and print them on the prize-winning *Cyko Paper*

$2 to $55 will buy a good Ansco. Write for catalogue No. 27, and booklet, "How to Make Enjoyment Last Forever"

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is the most durable and satisfactory finish for any job around the house, we will send a sample can, any color—enough to do any ordinary chair—a ten-cent brush, a color card and full directions to any person sending us 10c, with name of their dealer.

Just use Kyanize once, see how it looks, and watch how it wears

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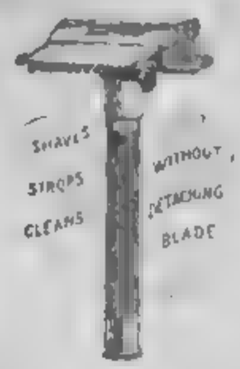


AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 Fifth Avenue

TORONTO New York LONDON

NOTICE!

In the fall of 1912 we announced the policy of Guaranteeing 500 Shaves from each package of 12 Blades.

This guarantee is entirely reasonable, because the self-contained stropping feature in the AutoStrop Safety Razor makes stropping so simple and efficient that a shaver cannot resist the temptation to use it. The stropping assures long life to the blade in addition to smooth, cool shaving.

Past experience has shown that the 500 shave Guarantee is conservative.

We take this opportunity of again calling the nature of this Guarantee to the attention of the public:— "Should anyone fail to get at least 500 Shaves from each package of 12 Blades he will, upon mailing them to us, receive in return enough new blades to make good his shortage.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.

K. J. Gaisman

PRESIDENT.

TO BUSINESS EXECUTIVES: You know that bookkeeping by hand means errors, delays and inefficient use of time

The Bookkeeping Machine

will actually do *all* your bookkeeping—will do all your posting, adding, subtracting, and extending balances, with machine-like accuracy and machine-like speed

Does this work faster than it can be done by hand.

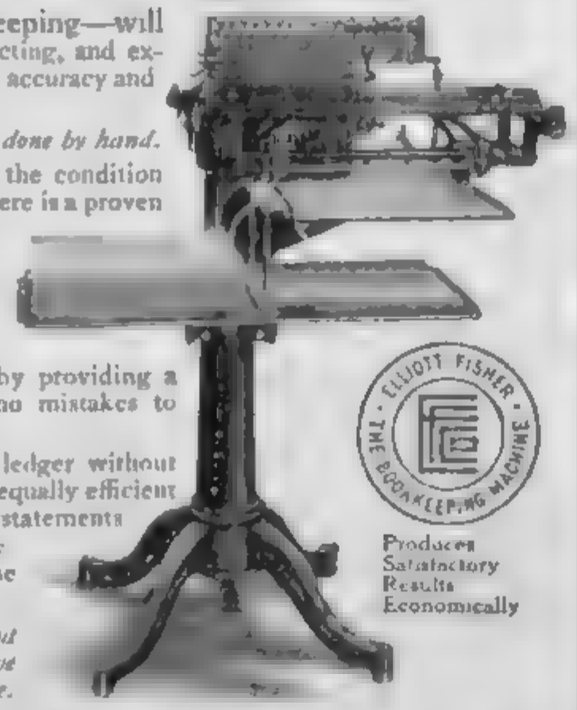
It will inform you *every day* about the condition of any account on your books and there is a proven trial balance always waiting to be taken off whenever wanted.

It will make all entries in plain machine type.

The Bookkeeping Machine automatically checks every posting, by providing a separate proof-sheet. There are no mistakes to look for at the end of every month.

It posts to a standard loose-leaf ledger without removing pages from binder and is equally efficient for card ledgers. Makes monthly statements while posting, if desired, your statements are ready for the mail when the final posting is made.

You know what it means to cut out your bookkeeping overtime—to have books always correct and in balance.



Produces Satisfactory Results Economically

Send us your name and address for more detailed information and for a copy of the illustrated magazine "Bookkeeping Today."

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY, 51 Cedar Street Harrisburg, Pa.

"I ain't got this through my head straight yet, Elsie. Hempel shot me and set the office afire—but how did I get out?"

"Why, Mr. Muggs, a deputy sheriff, was going toward the office," she explained. "I don't know why, but he was going down that way—and he heard the shot and ran. And when he got near the office he saw Hempel come running out, and he suspected Hempel had shot you and took after him; just then he saw a blaze through the engine-room window, and then he suspected Hempel had set the place afire to cover up what he'd done. It was all oil and gasoline, you know, and when Mr. Muggs got on the stairs it was all afire; but he went on up and dragged you out, and just as he was getting out some gasoline blew up. It threw him down and burned both of you quite a little—though, of course, you didn't know it. He managed to pull you away, however, and by that time other people came."

Steve reflected a moment and observed:

"Muggs? I remember him, but I never thought of him especially—a red-headed, shabby sort of chap. If I ever thought of him at all I guess I thought he was a joke. . . . That's the way they do—ain't it?—just wade in and get all burned up in order to drag out any old pup that never cared a rap for 'em!"

"He was very brave, dear," Elsie replied. "You mustn't talk a great deal. The wound isn't bad if you'll only keep quiet and do as the doctors say."

Steve was quiet for a minute. Then he asked:

"Did they get Hempel?"

"No," she answered gravely. "They think he must have drowned himself in the North Fork. They can't find any trace of him beyond that."

"And the office all burned?"

"Oh, yes. They say it went up like tinder—but you mustn't worry at all. Mr. Barker said so. He and some others stayed last night until the doctors were sure you weren't badly hurt, and he was here again this morning. He thinks a lot of you, Steve. He said to tell you not to worry for a minute, because he would see personally that everything was attended to just as though you were right there yourself. 'You tell him,' he said, 'that N. G. will be right on the job for him until he gets round himself.' Wasn't that fine of him?"

Steve did not answer directly, but experienced a little attack of heartburn. The office had been burned, with its mess of lies! The false books were destroyed. His bills and accounts receivable were in the bank—his good grain and Vito safe in the fireproof warehouse.

He pondered this a few minutes and remarked:

"I guess I'm the luckiest dog alive; but I'll take no chances on having that kind of luck again! I'll never do another bit of crooked business so long as I live! It don't pay."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Fireproof

WILSON MIZNER, the playwright, and Nat Evans, the globe-trotter, were coming back from Europe not long ago. Evans, who has lived all over the United States and prides himself on his good memory, was distressed because he could not place a fellow passenger—a solid-looking citizen with the Middle West air about him.

"I know I've seen him somewhere," he said; "and just for curiosity I'd like to know what town he comes from."

"All right!" said Mizner. "I'll find out for you."

"How?" inquired Evans. "Ask him?"

"Certainly not," said Mizner; "anybody could think of that way of finding out. The thing to do is to show some finesse. Come, little one, with me."

He led Evans to where the stranger was standing on the promenade deck intently watching a passing ship. Directly behind him they halted. He had not seen them approaching.

"Tell me," demanded Mizner in a loud tone, "what town in the United States in your opinion has the most up-to-date fire department?"

The stranger spun on his heel, with his forefinger aimed and leveled.

"Cedar Rapids," he said—"small, but highly efficient!"

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

A marvel of durability

The really wonderful wearing qualities of Phoenix pure-dye thread Silk Hose coupled with its low cost render it as inexpensive in the end as good cotton hose. Bought by the box, and worn daily, it gives such splendid service that it will not increase your hosiery expenditure—besides which you have the additional satisfaction that luxurious silk hose gives the wearer

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All colors and weights
MEN'S, 50c., 75c., $1.00 Pair
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AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
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TORREY Razors

make smooth shaving a daily delight

With a Torrey you always shave clean and smooth, because it has the perfect shaving edge. Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A *Real Man's* Razor—

this beautiful razor is one of the finest examples of Torrey skill ... ing. It guarantees ...

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The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

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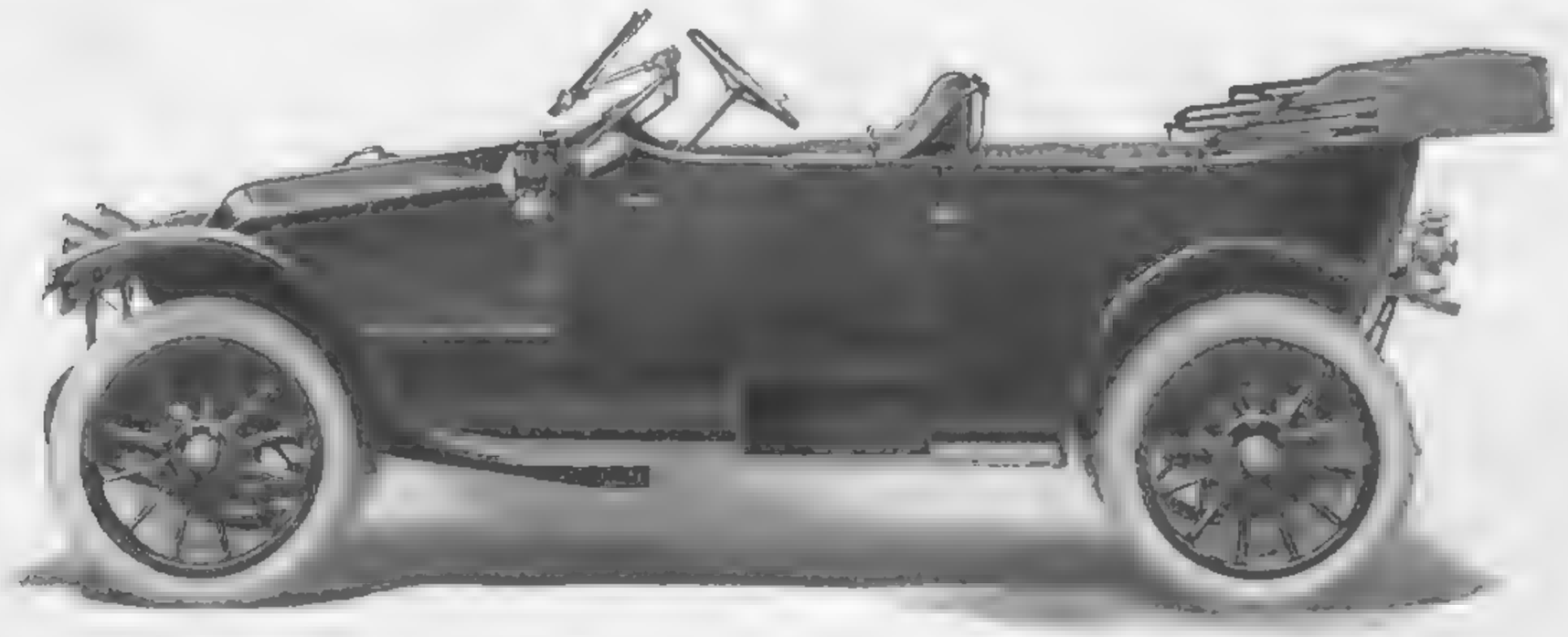
A Year to Pay

FREE— ... done in purple and gold. Sent everywhere, free.

Westminster Monument Co., 208 Westminster Bldg., Chicago

The Meaning of "*Balanced Construction*" in the Light-weight Fact-Backed Franklin Car



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car · $3600

FRANKLIN "Balanced Construction" is the practical application of a well-grounded, well-proven mechanical principle—less weight means less cost. It provides for trimming down overweight in every part; for measuring the capacity and strain of every part; and in correlating size, weight and capacity to meet the strain. The result is the modern motor prodigy—

A Light-weight Car with Heavy-weight Ability!

Advantages of Franklin *Balanced Construction*

(1) By securing maximum strength in every part without excess weight and bulk, we are enabled to build a car that totals from 1000 to 1200 pounds *lighter* than other cars of same power and speed.

(2) A lighter car in which nothing of strength or efficiency has been sacrificed means a lighter up-keep cost—less load to carry, therefore fewer tires to buy; fully 100 per cent. more miles per gallon of gasoline (and gasoline cost at the present market price is an item seriously to be considered).

(3) Less weight—and all weight properly apportioned—means a safer car; a car less difficult to handle—a car in which, without undue fatigue, you can travel 300 miles per day, when in heavier cars of this same class 100 miles would tire you.

Tire Cost—the Bane of Motoring

Few automobilists know how much they spend for tires. Or what their tire cost per mile is. They should know. Every tire maker knows. Most automobile manufacturers know, too. But, as a rule, automobile manufacturers don't say very much about tires.

Proper tire equipment is really an engineering problem and we have worked it out on a scientific basis. A leading car of fine reputation, weighing 4450 pounds, has the same size of tires that we put on a car weighing 3350 pounds. The result is obvious.

Tire makers usually guarantee 3500 miles of service. Franklin owners say an average of 10,000 miles is common. 12,000 miles is not infrequent. And there are cases on record of Franklin owners who have got more than 15,000 miles out of a set of tires!

8000 Miles is the Franklin Average

However, take 8000 miles as the average. That is 4500 miles more than the guarantee. Velvet! Every bit of it.

What is the explanation of the Franklin's wonderful showing? Light weight! Balanced construction! Right-sized tires! Right spring throw! Wood sills that soften the "hammer, hammer, hammer of the hard highway." The biggest factor, of course, is light weight.

Franklin owners have infinitely less tire trouble, immeasurably less tire expense than owners of other cars. 98 per cent. of Franklin cars don't carry extra tires. Why should they?

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We have completely and forever put by all necessity of even considering a water-cooling system. Listen! *Not a man who owns a Franklin car today is conscious that he has a cooling system.* So perfect and simple is direct air-cooling he does not have to think about it, fill it up nor oil it. Leaks and boiling water, freezing water in winter, rust-outs, clogged circulation, these are some of the other troubles avoided. If you would like more Franklin reasons, ask your dealer or write for catalogue.

The Fact-Backed Franklin is made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	$3600
Franklin Little Six "30"	2900
Franklin Four "25"	2000
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INSPIRED by a desire to have everything bearing the name "Ladies' Home Journal" under its own control, The Curtis Publishing Company last year purchased The Home Pattern Company. For eight years previously Ladies' Home Journal Patterns had been manufactured by an independent company identified with The Curtis Publishing Company by contract. The designing, manufacture and sale of The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are now under the control of The Curtis Publishing Company. Plans for this year include the expenditure of $300,000 in improving our patterns, our publications and our service, while our Spring advertising campaign will cost about $100,000. We therefore anticipate an exceptionally large demand during 1913 for

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THE HOME PATTERN COMPANY
629 West 43rd Street, New York

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

The color stole slowly out of Gawtry's face, and for a long moment he regarded Craig, his lips tightly pressed together. Then when he spoke his speech came halting and troubled.

"There is some mistake about this, Leonard! Freest, to my knowledge, died nine—nearly ten—years ago!"

IX

FROM the double front windows of the Pioneer Club's ancient and dingy yet much-sought first floor lounge a sweeping view may be had of Fifth Avenue and the life that goes roaring past up and down the long slope of famous Murray Hill. And of that life and all it symbolizes the club is a noted integral. It typifies much. It is the emblem, first, of aristocracy, then of wealth; or, as the club prefers to believe, alone of aristocracy. Money talks, as the vulgar saying has it; but here, where it might reasonably shout, it is not only thought indecorous to raise the voice, it is considered the height of ill-breeding to speak of one's cash by even so much as a whisper. However, besides its wealth, its aristocracy, the Pioneer Club has other features extraordinary. It is of all New York's clubs the most select, exclusive, the most difficult of access. Around its name is woven the proud halo of having blackballed more candidates than has any other club in the Avenue.

Craig, at Mr. Gawtry's curious, not to say extraordinary, statement, was staring at him absorbed, when with a little stir two gentlemen entered, followed by a third. With the first two he had no acquaintance; the other, however, was known to him. It was Mr. Hemingway again; and as he entered he nodded to the two that had preceded him.

"How are you, Glenn?" mumbled Mr. Hemingway in his singsong tones. "How are you, Rhett?"—or rather, as he pronounced it, "Hah-h-h you?"

The two barely looked at him.

"'Day!" grunted Rhett, and turned his back.

"Howdy-do?" growled Glenn, and did likewise.

Evidently, with all the care the Pioneer Club exercised, there was one person on its rolls not *persona grata* with all the other members; and Craig, at the sight of this little byplay, turned back to look at Mr. Gawtry, Hemingway's uncle.

That gentleman was still white, but at the entrance of Hemingway his brows drew themselves suddenly together and the color returned to his face. Presently there grew in his eyes as well a look suggestive of distaste, of anger, say, if not downright, positive dislike. Hemingway, mind you, was his own nephew; but Gawtry, so far from rising to greet him, kept his seat, meanwhile glowering at him darkly.

Hemingway, however, did not tarry. After a glance at his uncle, then at Craig, his eye fell; and he departed, obviously embarrassed.

Then Gawtry spoke.

He made no reference to the interruption, but with his voice harsh, shaken with some inner stress of feeling, he returned to the original topic:

"One thing or the other," he announced. "Either I've lost my wits or that fellow Freest has come to life!" Then he leaned forward, his eyes on Craig's. "Tell me—how do you know it was Freest?"

Craig, with the feeling now that the mystery swam far too high for him to reach, shrugged indifferently.

"How? Why, Madame told me. She saw him."

"Madame?"

"Madame Ragmet-Bouldu, Mr. Gawtry. She had the inn where we lived."

Gawtry at that abruptly knitted his brows together. Evidently Madame's acquaintance with the man inspired a new train of thought. "A stout, middle-aged woman, was she?" he asked. "And her first name—was it Caroline?"

Craig jerked up his head, his heart leaping. He knew now he stood on the brink of a revelation.

"Caroline? Yes! Why?" he exclaimed; and instantly Gawtry laid a hand upon his arm.

"Hush! Do not raise your voice!" he cautioned, and glanced guardedly at the two men across the room. But these two, a pair of beefy persons with the stolid, rakish look of sporty middle age, were immersed in a topic to them equally engrossing. It was the comparative merits, as game birds, of the English partridge and the French. "Aw, damn the redlegs, Glenn!" said Rhett, the other, with unaffected heartiness. "The vermin won't stand to a dog and they're not to be beaten up. You can't ask gentlemen to waste their time on them!"

"Leonard," said Mr. Gawtry, "the night you left New York, that time twenty years ago, do you remember the woman that went with you?"

Craig remembered. His mind, slipping back across the past, drew again before him the picture of that hour. He recalled the darkened house, its wide, deserted halls; and with a quickening eye and a swifter throbbing of his heart he pictured again the dismantled library where his father had stood waiting. That woman, the servant who had roused and dressed him, she had wept, snatching at her breath as if terrified.

"Well," said Mr. Gawtry, and he tugged thoughtfully at his mustache, "that woman was the one you call Madame. She was your nurse. She was also the wife of Freest."

Craig drew in his breath.

"And who was Freest?" he asked.

A smile, shadowy and reflective, for an instant dawned on Mr. Gawtry's lips, and he looked at Craig with a vague suggestion of mockery in his eyes.

"You ought to know!" he answered, and Craig writhed.

It was the second time he'd had that reply; and at the veiled, half-uttered innuendo it conveyed his face burned hotly.

"I know nothing, Mr. Gawtry!" he growled sullenly, and Gawtry raised his brows at him.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Do you mean your father never told you?" His surprise was manifestly sincere. "As you say, sir," Craig answered. "He told me nothing. I never even learned Freest's name till the day of my father's death."

Mr. Gawtry abruptly drew out his watch, looked at the time, then as abruptly replaced the watch in his pocket. "We'll have to leave here in half an hour. My launch, the Onontio, is coming down for us, and I've promised Mrs. Gawtry to get you home in time for luncheon. Now if you want to know about this business I'll give it to you briefly. I warn you, though, my boy, it's a sorry affair. Are you sure you won't wait?"

"Quite sure," answered Craig; and with a swift glance around him Gawtry turned to Craig, his face impressive.

"Leonard, I was your father's oldest and best friend. I dislike telling this story to his son. I can never fail to regret it." But Craig signed for him to go on. "Very well then!" said Gawtry, and he pressed his lips together decisively: "My boy, the day your father fled New York he was mixed up in one of the most disgraceful affairs Wall Street has ever known. In the first place, it involved looting a bank, a trust company—the Island Trust, in fact—of close to three and one-half millions of its funds. I hate to say it, Leonard, but your father—my best friend, remember—was deeply involved in the crimes!" Here Gawtry looked away, his face grave and regretful. "You understand, don't you?" he inquired; "your father was charged with embezzlement!"

Craig understood. His face moist, he leaned intently forward. It seemed to him there was no end to his father's wrongdoing.

"Yes, Mr. Gawtry. Embezzlement, you say! Theft!"

"Quite so!" added Mr. Gawtry crisply; "quite so! Only, as I'm bound to say, it's not clear he was guilty! No, wait!" he cried as Craig sought to speak; "I cannot let you have any false hopes. If your father was innocent of the theft it's by no means certain he wasn't guilty of a crime more reprehensible—in my mind meaner, more corrupt!"

"What in the world do you mean?" said Craig under his breath.

There was a brief bustle in the room. The two sporting gentlemen having concluded their gossip, they were now rising to depart.

"How's the market? Doin' anything?"

"Haven't looked. Rotten, I guess!"

They passed out then.

"You asked me," said Gawtry, "who this fellow Freest was. He was a servant

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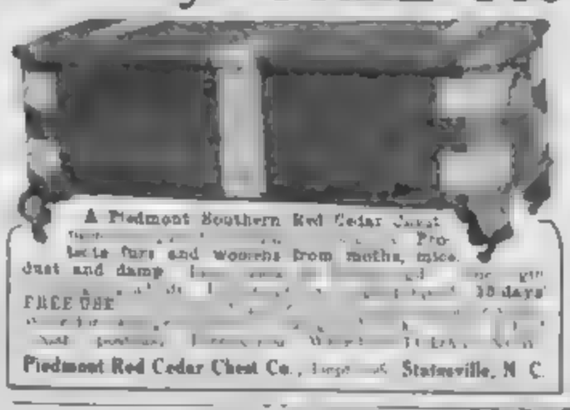
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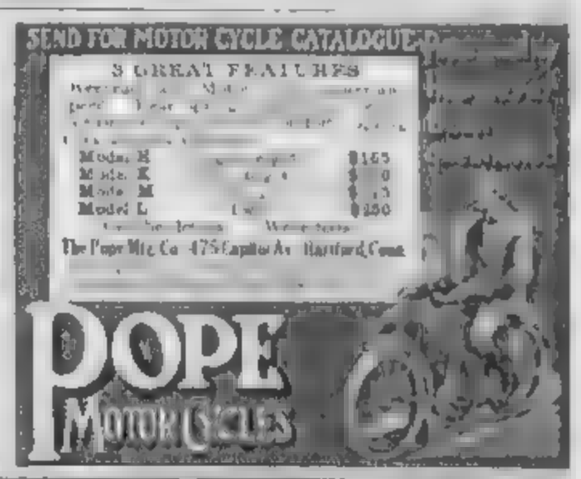

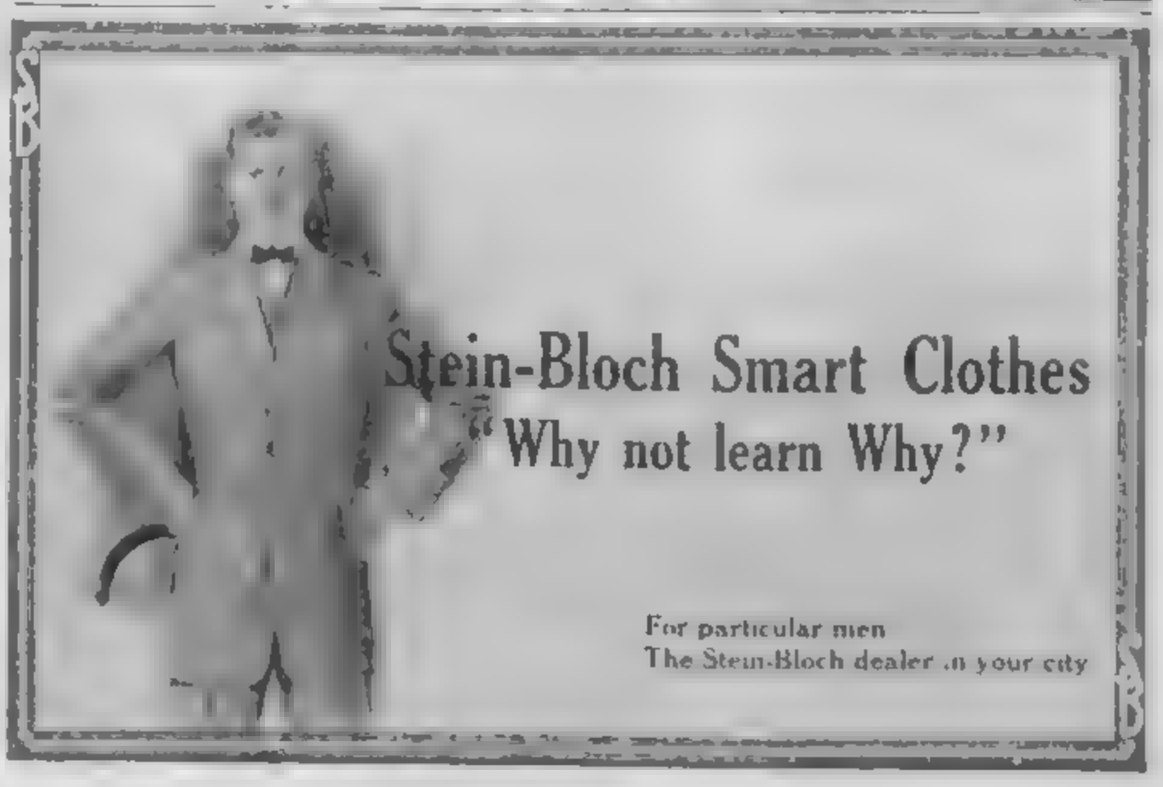

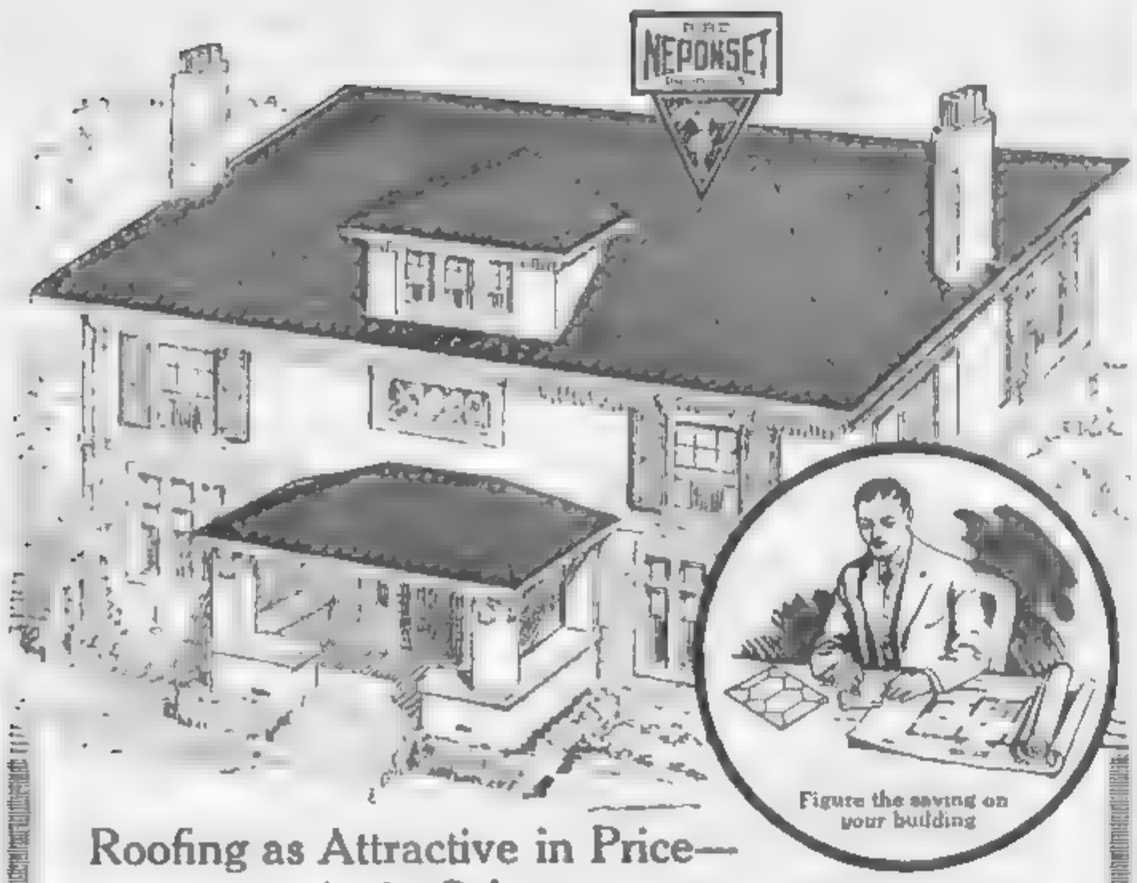

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in your father's house—your father's butler, Leonard. He was also your father's accomplice. Your father, however, tricked the man, it appears, and Freest followed him, threatening revenge. From all accounts I should say he got it, too!"

"Mr. Gawtry," said Craig, mastering himself with an effort, "you've got to tell me now. What did my father do?"

"Well," answered Gawtry, and again he pressed his lips together, "it's all bound to come out, now your father's dead, so I suppose you'd better know. Your father found out who'd looted the Island Trust, and using Freest as his tool he tried to bleed the man that got the money. That, of course, was after Adair was dead!"

"Adair?" said Craig, and wondered whether he were dreaming. "Did you say Adair?"

Gawtry nodded negligently.

"Yes, Robert Adair, old Jim Adair's brother. I dare say you saw the old man and his daughter on the Amsterdam, didn't you?" Gawtry added, and he glanced idly over at Craig.

"Yes," answered Craig; "I saw them."

There was a pause. "What?" asked Gawtry.

"I said I'd seen them," repeated Craig; and Gawtry, after a moment, nodded.

"You'll see them tonight, too, I shouldn't wonder, Leonard. Mrs. Gawtry has asked Adair and his daughter to dinner. You must be sure to meet the daughter, Leonard. A fine girl!" Then he paused, thoughtfully regarding Craig. "But Leonard," he added, "I wouldn't tell her who you are. It was her father, you know, that your father tried to blackmail."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Singing in New York

CHURCH-CHOIR berths are many in New York; and they pay from five dollars a Sunday to fifty dollars, the latter figure being exceptional. New York has one thousand places of worship, among which barely a dozen do not have a quartet, with many a congregation paying more than ten thousand dollars a season for its solo and chorus singers.

Something like seven thousand singers find employment in these religious edifices of New York, and they receive every twelvemonth the round sum of one million dollars. However, the average salary a very competent soprano or tenor obtains is six hundred dollars, with the contralto and basso drawing lower sums.

If one can "catch on" in comic opera or musical comedy a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a week for as long as the show lasts and the singer satisfies is not unusual. And there are many adaptable Americans who get considerably more. Florence Wickham, one of the Metropolitan Opera Company's mezzo-sopranos last season, forsook that organization to accept a fancy salary with the aggregation reviving Robin Hood.

The singing teachers profit most liberally, however, for their returns are surer as well as proportionately larger. Moreover they do not have to guard against colds, or take other precautions followed religiously by public singers. The city of New York has two thousand instructors in voice production and in singing interpretation, and to them thirty thousand pupils pay every season the amazing sum of three million dollars. Legitimate New York instructors of singing—men and women who not only can and will do their work well but who tell the truth as they see it to those who enter their studios concerning the probable successes that can or cannot be had—need never fear about their finances.

In all parts of the country several hundred such workers do better every year than seventy-five hundred dollars, a much greater number acquire from three thousand to five thousand dollars, and thousands earn from one to two thousand dollars.

The selection of a voice teacher is the one thing that requires the utmost caution; and the writer doubts if any hard-and-fast rule can be laid down that will enable the competent instructor to be recognized until lessons have actually been taken.

Generally speaking, the teacher who has developed successful artists should have the preference; and if time and care are exercised in talking with singers who have studied under an instructor with whom the prospective student intends to work, valuable information may often be obtained.

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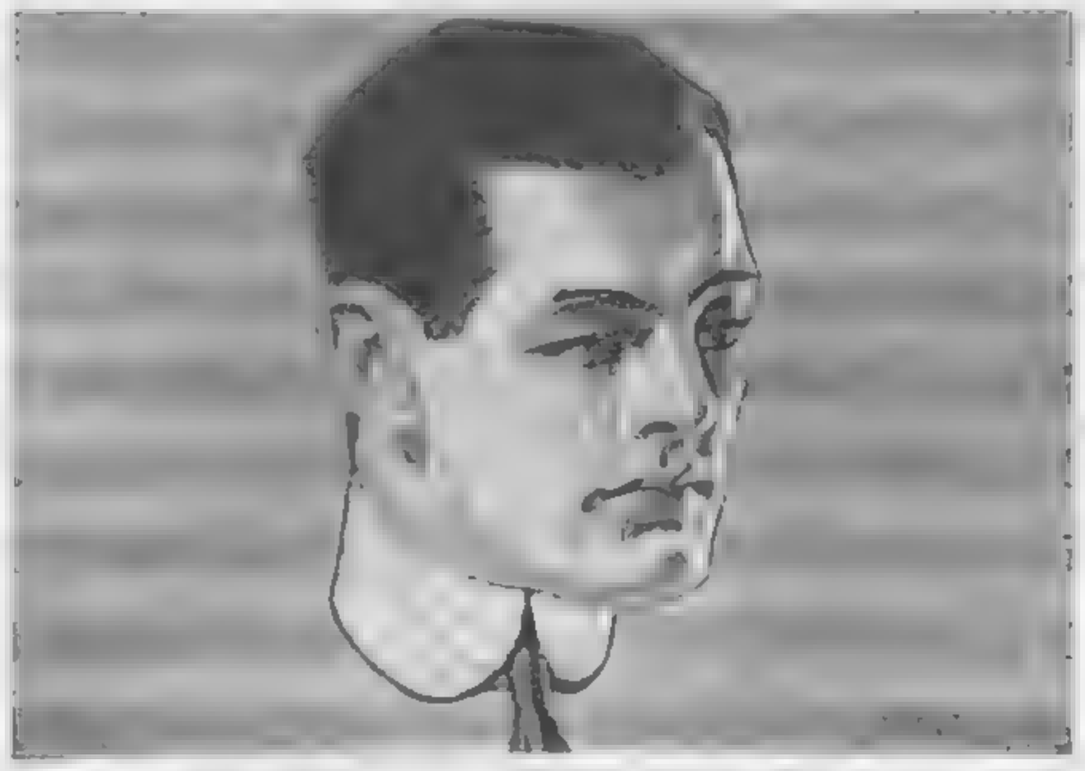

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THE DOOR-STOPPER

(Continued from Page 14)

among the elderberries except the grating of the tool and the purring of Ikey's pipe.

They were working on the third brick when Red Spring uttered a series of gutturals in his native tongue. What with his tense nerves, Abel Strong started and momentarily took his hand from the piece of paper.

"What say, Injun?" asked Jerry.

"Owopumwa—no take more—takum all!" grunted Red Spring, rolling his savage eyes terribly toward Abel Strong.

"I get you," replied Jerry. "He don't want us to drill any more gold out of his bricks—he thinks we've got enough."

That is what Jerry said; but the significant thing for us is what he did. At the moment when Abel Strong started and took his hand from the piece of paper Jerry caught it by the corner and with one delicate flip sent its contents scattering among the ashes of Red Spring's fire. With another motion, just as neat and expert, he shot from the palm of his hand a little conical package, ripped it open, and dropped its contents—filings of pure twenty-four carat gold—into the paper. When Abel Strong looked back again the paper lay as it had before, its filings apparently undisturbed.

"I guess we have got about enough—haven't we?" asked Jerry. "You're making a heap of fuss about nothin', Injun. We ain't got more'n ten cents' worth of your gold."

"That's all right. I guess it'll do," replied Abel Strong, carefully wrapping up the filings and depositing them in his waistcoat pocket. The conspirators against the property of a simple Indian rose to their feet. Red Spring shifted his position so that his hand lay within reaching distance of his bricks. Having done this, he settled again to his smoking, with the air of an Indian who awaits the enemy's next move.

Jerry nudged Abel Strong and his lips formed the words:

"Put your proposition!"

Abel Strong wet his lips; his Adam's apple rose and fell three or four times.

"Mr. Red Spring," he said huskily, "how much will you take for your share of your gold bricks?"

"Wampum—heap wampum," replied Red Spring, thoughtfully knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"How much wampum?" asked Abel Strong.

"How much you give?" asked Red Spring, refilling his pipe.

Jerry winked at Abel Strong. Abel winked back with an air of great cunning, pulled out two buckskin sacks—one from each side pocket of his trousers—and tossed them into Red Spring's lap. The aborigine picked up the bags and opened them without apparent emotion. He emptied them into his blanket. By dint of much counting on his fingers he arranged seventy-five twenty-dollar goldpieces into eight stacks.

"It's fifteen hundred dollars, you fool Apache!" said Jerry. "A hundred dollars—five pieces—more than your bricks are worth! You savvy? This is real money! Buy you fifty ponies. Gold brick no good to buy ponies. There's Government medicine in this stuff. It buys things! You savvy Government? Just like beef money!"

Red Spring picked up piece after piece until he held a double handful. He let them trickle through his fingers. Abel Strong breathed heavily.

"How long you take um?" asked Red Spring.

"What's that? Say it in Injun," replied Jerry.

Red Spring emitted a string of coughs and grunts.

"He wants to know how long before we'll be back," interpreted Jerry. "About two or three hours, Injun."

Red Spring reached out, ran his pipe along the shadow of an elderberry bush that fell athwart the entrance of the cave, and drew a parallel mark in the dirt. He pointed to the shadow, to the mark, to the horizon, and threw out both hands in a gesture indicating flight. And again he settled himself to smoking.

"That's sign language," explained Jerry. "He means if we don't get back by the time the shadow reaches that line he'll take his bricks and beat it! Let's see!" Jerry squinted through the elderberry bushes toward the sun. "That means about it four o'clock. Got to hustle! See here, Injun" Jerry was addressing Red Spring again—"if we come back before that there shadow hits this here mark you'll give up your share of these bricks for this money?"

Red Spring deposited the gold in the buckskin sacks, handed it back to Abel Strong, put two fingers of his right hand against his right temple, and said solemnly:

"I give um."

"That's all right," said Jerry. "That's the way his people swear an oath. When an Apache puts up two fingers like that—'tain't often done—he never goes back on it. Come on!"

An expression of low cunning, however, had crossed the features of Abel Strong.

"How do I know the bricks you hand me when I get back will be these bricks?" he asked.

"Say, you're a bright young fellow!" responded Jerry with great admiration. "I never'd have thought of that. Give us your knife, Injun. Now you mark them—anyway you want."

The bricks marked, the two conspirators against an ignorant Indian parted the elderberry bushes and were gone. Red Spring Ikey Moritz, having satisfied himself of their departure, pulled from his pistol pocket a copy of Old Sleuth, the Iron-Grip Detective; or, Caught With the Goods, and resumed his struggles for mental improvement.

Just before four o'clock they were back again. This time Abel Strong carried a heavy valise.

"It's all right, Injun," said Jerry. "You can beat it. This here jeweler, Mr. Chase, says our gold is good as gold. We might as well pack up and git away. Just shovel the bricks into this grip. There's your marks, Mr. Strong—all right, are they?"

"Catchum wampum!" replied wary Red Spring.

"Oh, sure—he wants his money first," said Jerry.

"You bettum!" admitted the subtle Apache.

Abel Strong dropped his moneybags into the hands of Red Spring. The Apache gravely told over the coins, nodded, and gestured toward the bricks. A smile illuminated his features for the first time that day.

"How!" he said cordially.

Abel Strong did not notice. He was absorbed in examining the bricks, in satisfying himself that the marks were his own handiwork, and in packing them away in the valise.

Suddenly Red Spring, with a swift, catlike motion, sprang to his feet.

"What——" began Abel Strong, starting.

Jerry clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Shut up!" he whispered. "The Injun has heard something!"

Red Spring dropped to all-fours and put his ear to the ground.

"One—two pony!" he grunted softly.

"There mayn't be nothing in that—and again there may," whispered Jerry anxiously to Mr. Strong. "You peek through the bushes careful—that's a good fellow!"

He shoved Abel ahead of him. The latter poked his long neck between two branches. When he withdrew it he was pale.

"There's a man on a horse a-standing on the top of that hill!" he said.

"What kind of a hat does he wear?" inquired Jerry.

"Black slouch," replied Abel Strong.

"Goshamighty!" exclaimed Jerry.

Red Spring said nothing, but from the folds of his blanket he pulled two large army revolvers and a box of cartridges, and laid them out on the floor of the cave, ready for instant use.

"What is it?" cried Abel Strong, shrinking backward from the weapons. "You people ain't ——"

"No, you fool!" exclaimed Jerry. "Don't you see? We're cornered—that's the posse!"

As Abel Strong, overcome with emotion, sat himself down on the ground, Jerry peeped through the bushes.

"Gee-whillikins!" he whispered in glad excitement. "Put away your guns, Injun! Grab your grip, Mr. Strong! He's rode on! Now's our chance!"

Abel sprang up at this and stood looking from one to the other of his companions.

"What's the trouble?" he said.

"Mister," said Jerry, "I'm talkin' to you straight. That's the posse after me on

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the hoss-stealing deal. You don't want to be caught with us. We've got to sneak and sneak quick! We'll double back on our tracks toward town. I ain't givin' any advice to a smart young fellow—but if I was you, Mr. Strong, I'd keep away from Caropolis with this stuff. In case anything happens you've been seen too much with me the last few days. I'd walk to the next town and take the train from there."

"But suppose they get to shooting?" said Mr. Strong. By now he was making a strong effort at self-control, but his hands were twitching.

"They ain't watching this cave just at present," said Jerry. "And we're going to git right away. You lay low for a while—especially if you hear any shootin'. That means—well, I don't want to tell you, in the fix I'm confrontin', just what it means. If you hear shootin' lay quiet for an hour or two. Then take your grip and walk away just like you was a traveler—down to the next town, remember. Because," added Jerry grimly, "if there is shootin' Caropolis will hear about us, all right—and it mayn't be agreeable for you."

"This is a dangerous fix for me to be in!" quavered Abel Strong.

"Fix!" said Jerry. "Think of my fix! You've got the good end of this—ain't you? Suppose"—here a gesture that indicated grim tragedy—"Suppose something happens to me, where do you get off? I ain't got chick or child—who'll collect on that note?"

Here Red Spring, who had been methodically arranging his goldpieces in his pockets, inspecting his knife and revolvers, pulling down his hat in the back to conceal the nature of his hair, and otherwise making all preparations for departure, plucked at Jerry's sleeve.

"Go now!" he said, rolling his eyes frightfully.

"Goodby!" said Jerry, grasping the cold, limp hand of his co-conspirator. "Gee!" he added cryptically. "I wish I was in your shoes!"

The bushes parted—Jerry Jones and Red Spring were gone. Gathering his nerve, Abel Strong peeped between the branches. They were crossing the pasture on a crouching run. They reached the hill. With subtle Indian woodcraft Red Spring dropped to all-fours and worked his way upward among the bushes. Jerry followed suit. They disappeared over the crest.

Five minutes of tense, aching silence followed. Then, as The James Boys on the Trail hath it, a shot—another—and another—pierced the stillness. A plowman working in a far field rested on his handles and remarked to his mate that this was "middlin' late to be shooting duck." But Abel Strong, on the sound, shrank back to the deepest recesses of the cave.

Red Spring, in a little hollow of the hill, threw out the cases of the three blank cartridges he had just fired into the air, and peeped over at the crest of the next hill, where in a moment a horseman appeared, waved them a greeting and galloped away.

"Tom sure does look the part at this distance!" remarked Jerry. "You didn't hear any noise like a sucker squawking his death-rattle of fright, did you? No? Let us now proceed in leisurely fashion to the metropolis of Caropolis and resume the disguise of gentlemen."

Red Spring Ikey Moritz thrust his hands into his trousers pockets.

"Gee, it was easy!" he chuckled.

Jerry, Ikey and Tom, the bartender, sat in Burke's Hotel the following afternoon, fairly languid with old laughter. A bottle of champagne stood before them.

"Hey, rube! Bring a corkscrew!" remarked Jerry genially as he cut the wires. "Excuse me! I've been away from wine so long that I kind of forget." He poured. "Here's to mellerdrammer!" he exclaimed. "After doing the legit all these years, it's a blessing to pull the old stuff."

Tom laughed his last laugh of the day and turned to practical topics.

"I suppose everything's settled up?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Jerry. "I sent this jeweler Chase his bit by messenger—might embarrass the chief if I was hangin g round Chase's today. I saw the chief myself While I'm talking he says he'll get your bricks back as soon as Abel Strong turns them in. We sure rolled that Mr. Strong; but we gave him something to talk about the rest of his days!"

"Ain't it about time you sneaked?" inquired Tom. "Course you can go as soon

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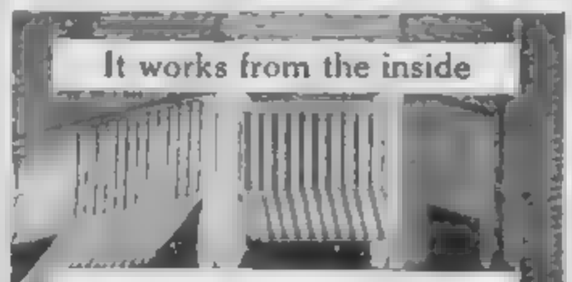

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"Well, Ike," said Jerry, "suppose we do beat it on the seven-fifteen. Next stop Indianapolis—huh? Say"—Jerry pulled a folded piece of paper from his waistcoat pocket—"there's the boob's promissory for four thousand. Guess we'd better lose that—hey?"

"I dunno," responded Ikey. "I kind of hate to burn up a note for four thousand. Can't we use it on him somehow?"

"I wouldn't," interrupted Tom hastily. "It's all right if you got it from him straightlike; but there's no good in walking right up and asking to be arrested!"

"I told you, in the first place," said Ikey, "that you could get more'n his fifteen hundred out of this Abel Strong. I wanted you to make him go home and suck in the old man too."

"So we would, Ikey, if this had been a regular operation in the old days, instead of just a little flyer. No, sir! This piece of paper might embarrass the chief if it was found on us." Jerry cut carefully the end of a new cigar and lit it. He was about to flick the match away when, as though struck with a sudden impulse, he moved it, still lighted, toward the edge of the paper. "Hadn't I better?" he inquired.

"Sure, you had!" said Tom; and "Yes—I guess so!" said Ikey.

The edge caught; the paper flared. Jerry dropped the burning brand into an ashtray and watched it vanish to cinder.

Jerry poured another drink. No sooner had they lifted their glasses than the door was burst open and a short, dapper man entered the room in a state of great excitement.

"Hello, Chase!" exclaimed Jerry. "The chief ——"

"Say!" exclaimed Chase. "Where the blazes did you get those gold bricks? What's the game? I ask you, what's this game?"

"Explanation!" Jerry said. "You look heated!"

Chase burst into a snort.

"Your sucker," he said, "showed up in Jarmouth's shop at Centerville this morning, asking him to have those bricks tested again."

"Getting cagey when he thought it over!"—this from Jerry.

"Cagey!" exclaimed Chase. "Cagey! Do you know what it is? It's gold! It's pure, raw gold! Jarmouth sawed 'em clear through."

"Gold!" exclaimed the conspirators.

Chase, for very lack of breath, nodded.

"Didn't Jarmouth hang on to him?" asked Ikey eagerly.

"He tried to, but the boob took the stuff away—he's headed for the mint in Chicago!" replied Chase. "The boob dropped that I'd made the tests and Jarmouth called me up by long distance. Where did you get those bricks?"

"It's our old door-stopper!" exclaimed Tom. "It's ——"

Chase dropped into a chair.

"But you've got the note anyhow!" he exclaimed.

"No!" snarled Ikey. "No! Jerry burned it. There!"

"Cut that!" said Jerry, as though absorbed with matters more important than personal insult. "Tom, get Patsy Burke in here! Tell him I want to pay my bill ——"

"You can't tell Patsy!" put in Ikey Moritz.

"I deserve that," said Jerry, eying him with scorn. "It's coming to me after the rube I've been! No; I ain't going to tell Patsy—and you ain't, either, unless you all want to be laughed out of the game. You see where we are? We can't even risk trying to collect from the sucker without the note! Get Patsy here! Tell him I want to pay my bill!"

"What for?" snarled Ikey.

"Curiosity!" replied Jerry.

When Patsy Burke entered the back room he found three gentlemen languidly toying with their wineglasses and smiling pleasantly.

"You've got my bill, have you, Patsy?" inquired the chief conspirator. "All right for you! I'm going at seven and I ain't stuck on being seen in front."

"Yes," said Patsy Burke, "and you've took off my door-stopper. I can't be standin' that kind of monkey business about this house. I need that stopper ——"

"That's all right, Patsy!" replied Jerry. "It'll make the joke better if people knows it's been sold again. Besides, the chief's promised to send it back as soon as the boob turns it in for evidence. And I'm credibly informed," he added, "that it's been turned in." He ran over the items of the bill. "Twenty-six fifty—all right, Patsy; take it out of that. Say, while I'm talking, where'd you get the good old door-stopper anyway?"

"I don't know who he was," said Patsy. "He registered here—John T. Sanderson, of Skagway, was the name he give—just when the boys was comin' back from Alaska after the game played out. He died that night in bed. His heart failed or something. He didn't have anything valuable and we never found out who he was. The chief let us keep his truck."

"John T. Sanderson!" mused Jerry. "A monaker I guess. I never knew a grafter of that name."

"Well, when a man registers at this hotel with a set of regular oldtime gold bricks in his grip he's a grafter—ain't he?" inquired Patsy with final logic.

Patsy departed in the direction of the cash register. Left alone, four subdued gentlemen said together, like a stage chorus, a phrase of five words which admitted the justice of condemning them to everlasting punishment.

The village storekeeper at Maidsville was closing shop for the night. The drummer, selling Doctor Peeble's Magic Medical Bitters, had departed an hour before. The effect of the sample doses, which this pioneer of commerce had distributed in order to prove the instant curative properties of his sovereign remedy, had evaporated from the loafers about the store. They rose, yawned, got into their coats, and began wearily looking for parcels, whips and buggy-robes.

Suddenly steps hammered on the porch without, and Abel Strong, bearing two large valises—one new—strolled easily and confidently into the room. Now Abel's financial leanings, his break with his father, his departure for parts unknown, had been a village joke for a week. This pat entrance raised a laugh.

"Well, Abel—got enough, I see!" said the storekeeper.

"Make your fortune?" asked Matt Brown.

"Yep!" declared Abel laconically but proudly.

"A dollar-thirty?" inquired the deacon.

"Oh, if you don't believe it ——" exclaimed Abel. "I always told you it could be done. Look here!" He opened the new valise—tilted it toward the group. They fell back with very emotion.

"How much?" asked Matt.

"Oh, about thirteen thousand dollars!" replied Abel carelessly.

There was no response except whistles.

"I told you fellows!" declared Abel. "I always told you!"

"Well, well!" said the deacon, when the exclamations had died down. "You're going right ahead, I suppose, and get real rich?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Abel. "I've showed you I could do it. I expect to show the old man tonight! Now I'm going to get a farm and settle right down here ——"

"With Nellie?" inquired the jealous Matt Brown.

Abel blushed to the ears. To cover his embarrassment, he shifted.

"No, sir! I wouldn't go through it all again for any thirteen thousand dollars—it's an awful strain!"

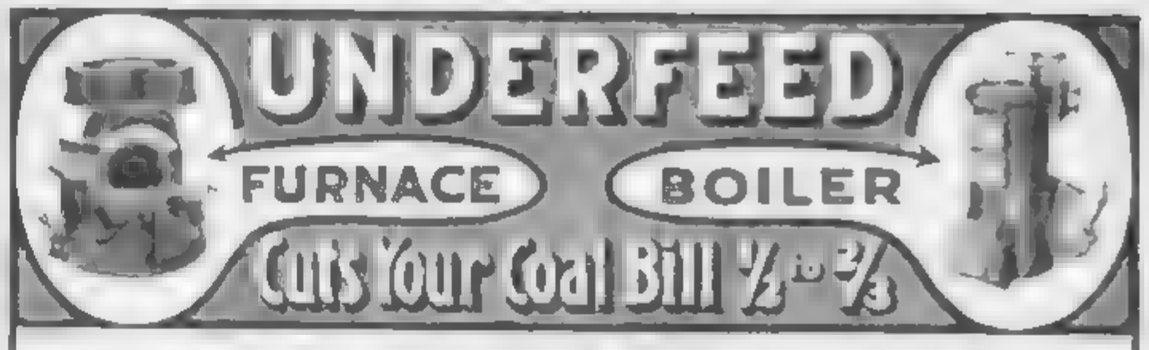
"How did you do it?" inquired the storekeeper.

Abel closed the grip with a lordly gesture.

"I took a chance!" he said. And he fell into a silence on the subject which he maintains even to this day.

Abel bought his farm and came to share it in time with Nellie. He held out four thousand dollars for some time; then, hearing nothing from Jeremiah Jones, he used it to buy another hundred acres, soothing his conscience with the reflection that it was a shame to let good money lie idle. Probably, Abel reflected, the posse got him anyway! He has already become a person of consequence in Maidsville. He passes the plate in church; he is running for supervisor; and his opinions on finance carry great weight. As they say round the stove in the store:

"He wouldn't strike you that way at first, but he carries round a great head for finance. Why, that boy got his start by going to New York and looking into that Wall Street game! He saw clear through it the first thing. Then he had the sense to pull out with his winnings and come home before any of those brokers got him!"



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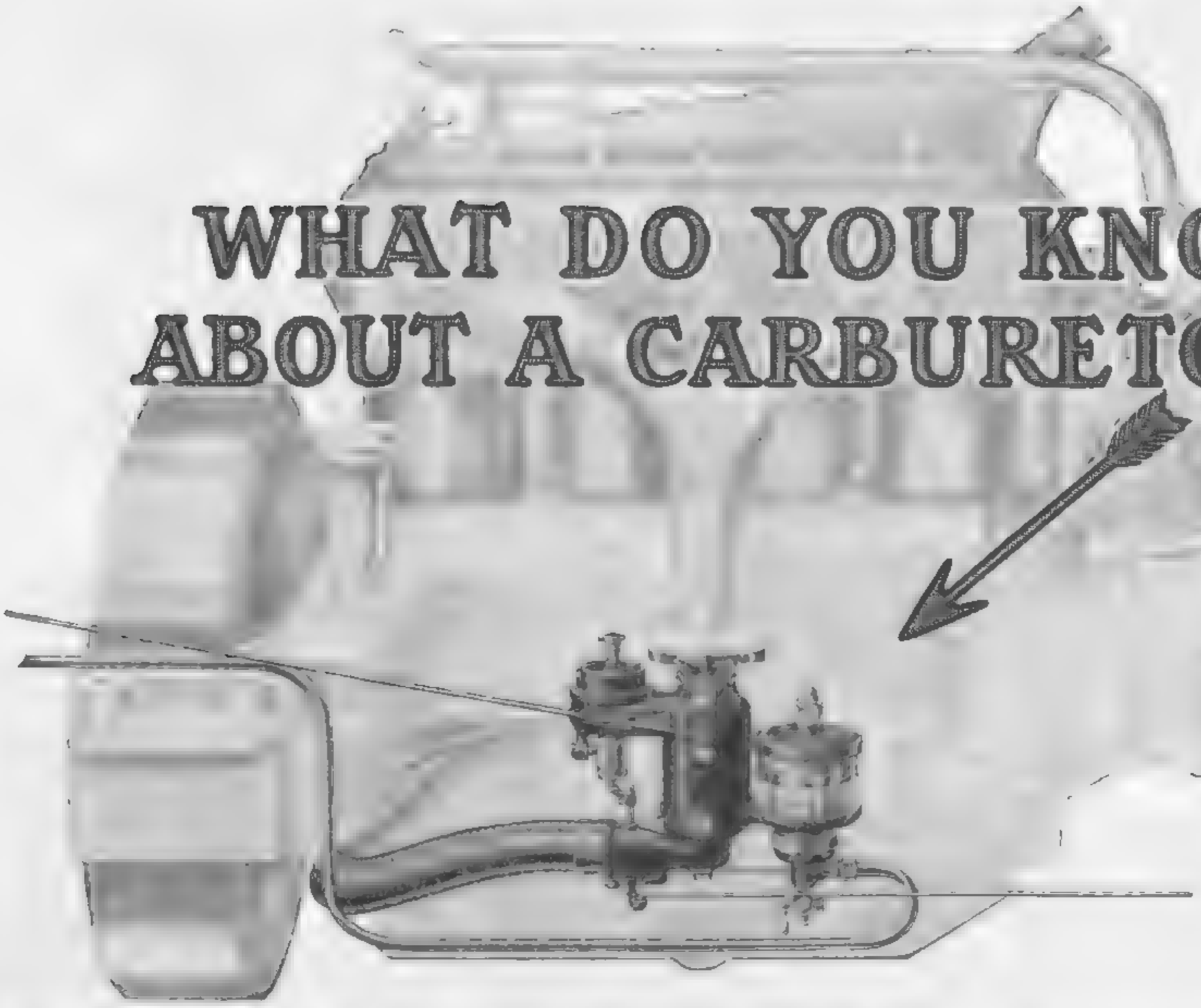

THE ABOVE illustration shows a Stromberg Carburetor on a modern gasoline automobile motor.

The carburetor is that little mechanical device, on the side of an automobile motor, which is used for obtaining an economical explosive mixture of raw gasoline and ordinary air.

Too little is known, or understood, by automobile owners, of the modern carburetor. Yet it is one of the most important single units of your car. For the more efficient your carburetor the more efficient your motor. Besides that, an efficient carburetor means complete control of your power plant under all conditions. It means more efficiency out of every gallon of gasoline consumed. It means a reduction of your gasoline expense.

With gasoline costing from eighteen to twenty-two cents a gallon (this varies, of course, in different sections of the country) you know how rapidly and to what a surprising extent your monthly gas bills can swell. And from every indication gasoline is going still higher. In addition to this the grade or quality of gasoline has been rapidly decreasing from year to year.

As a consequence, the only way to reduce your gasoline expense is to reduce your gasoline consumption. So it becomes more urgent than ever that the carburetor on your car be one that gets the utmost efficiency out of every gallon of gasoline with the least possible waste.

The carburetor question, without doubt, demands more consideration, by you, than any other part of your automobile. Gasoline you must have—or you cannot run your car. Thus the sensible and economical move is to investigate and understand that part of your car which actually converts the gasoline into working shape, and that part is—the carburetor.

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Efficiency

STROMBERG
Carburetors

Economy
Flexibility

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The Stromberg was the first to introduce the glass float chamber—so that you can tell at a glance whether or not there is "gas" in the carburetor.

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It will pay you to have your present carburetor taken off your car and a Stromberg put on.

If you are buying a new car insist on a Stromberg. Don't be talked into anything else.

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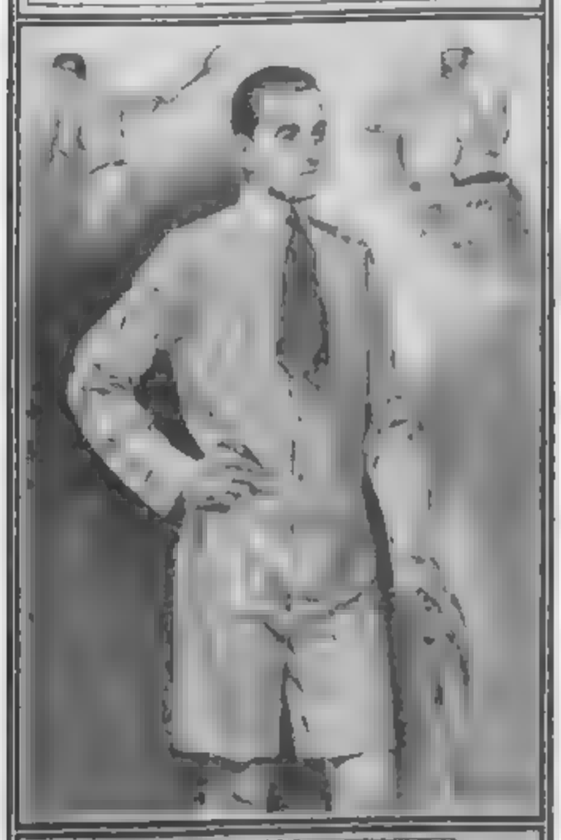

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THE LITTLE BROWN ONE

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'll go now and send one of the maids over to you. Be sure and get some rest yourself. What is it?" He bent over to hear.

She pointed to the flame of rose that filled the windowed sky. "It's your morning!" Her eyes crinkled up. "You need a shave dreadfully," she said.

LANNISTON did not wake until late. As he dashed out for his dip in the lake he caught a glimpse of Miss Page standing on the green slope, looking incomparably radiant and dazzling after this long dark vigil of the night. The sight of her was as invigorating as that plunge into the sparkling, sun-filled water. He had always felt that he had some enormous, as yet unknown, capacity for happiness. Yet the thought of those hours still held its anxious undercurrent.

But when he was hurrying over to the Brownell cabin after his hasty breakfast alone at the camphouse, the omnipresent Mrs. Speir stopped him in the path to relate incidents of the devastative lobster. She herself had been with the sick all night. Poor little Miss Brownell had gone round in the dark knocking at the cabins of all the young men to get some one to help her uncle, without avail. If it had been Miss Page it would have been a different story! The doctor from Wonax was at the Brownells' now.

It was evidently no moment for callers. The fact disturbed him some way.

"All the rest have gone," said Miss Page as they walked off at last together, he shouldering the picnic stores.

"Well, that was the calculation, wasn't it?" asked Lanniston absently, with an admiring glance at her tall, upstanding young figure. As usual Snow White didn't answer. She gave him a strange, startling glance from her blue eyes before the long golden lashes hid them: a faint flush rose to her exquisite cheeks—Lanniston could hardly believe his senses. Why these signs of feeling just now, when he wasn't looking for them? Great artists, however, may reap the reward of prolonged creative toil in an unforeseen yet culminating moment. He was conscious of an extreme elation. He could tell the Brown One that she had predicted rightly.

When he looked at Snow White again she was as impassive as ever. He found himself studying her curiously as they ran down to the canoe.

"The lake looks as if it might whip up into a storm," she remarked casually. "We really ought to have got off when the others did!"

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" she repeated scornfully. "I can swim better than you can."

"All right, we'll have a swimming match when we get back," said Lanniston gayly. "Hand me those things on the sand there, will you?"

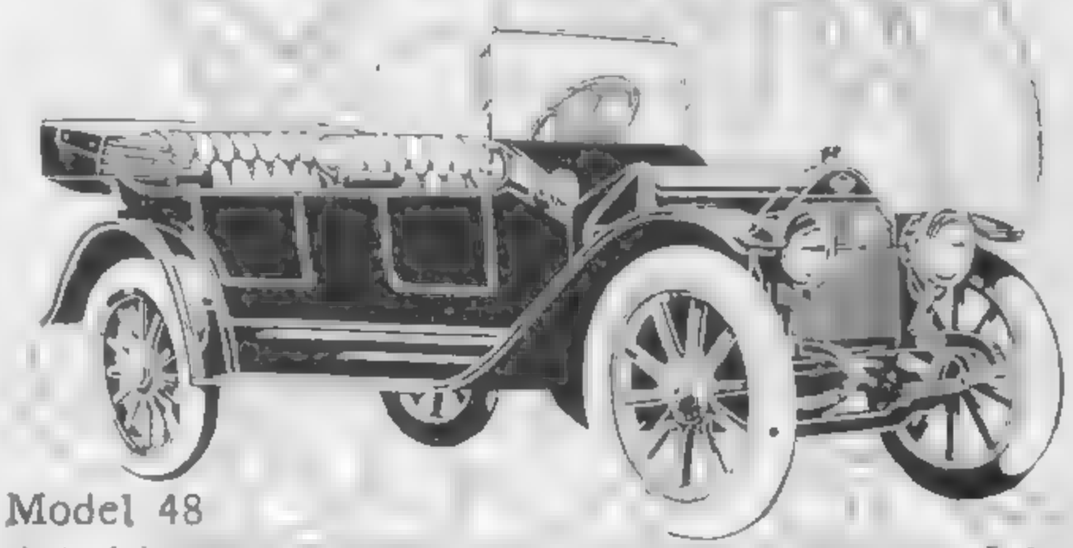
Sardine tins are not in themselves conducive to sentiment, yet there was sentiment somewhere in her way of handing them. She was conscious when her fingers touched his: she moved them away with such undue haste that a jar of something fell in the water and had to be fished up.

As he paddled out into the lake they seemed to be in a world of incomparable beauty. The mountains curved round to meet the irregular curve of the long green forest, through which the white birches shone like silver torches; the sky was a deep-blue vault of radiance, with darkly contrasting clouds in the west; the water on which his canoe floated was alive with glancing sunbeams; and in the canoe sat, facing Lanniston, Snow White, bright and white and golden, with all her long exquisite curves of throat and bosom and limbs, her fair, firm hands lying in her lap. The wind that fanned them both was pine laden; it seemed to come from the very slopes of Heaven and to have in it the essence of life.

"By George, it's almost too much!" said Lanniston suddenly, drawing a long breath. He answered her questioning glance. "This scene—the day—you—everything! If we could go on like this forever! That's what people always say, isn't it? Ah, it's beginning to change already."

As he spoke the clouds in the west began to mass together; a chill wind came from beyond the curving shoreline.

MOON



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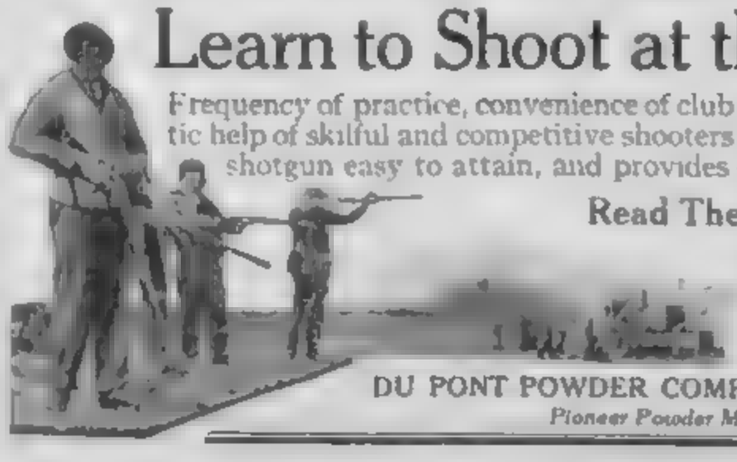

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"I told you it would," said Miss Page. "Storms come up so quickly here."

The next minute the gale, rushing down the lake, had lashed it into black white-topped, seething waves. The sky was black, the forest and the mountains—with an eery, yellow witchlight somewhere on the edge of the blackness. The lake boiled, tossing the canoe up and down.

"We'll run into the cove over here and beach her," said Lanniston.

"Look out for the sunken trees," said Miss Page anxiously.

Lanniston turned his head a moment where he stood to look round, swerved inadvertently as a sardine can hurled itself at him as from a catapult, lost his footing and, pitching headlong overboard, took canoe and girl with him. He felt a sharp blow on his forehead, and after one agonizing moment lost consciousness.

When Lanniston woke for the second time that day he was lying on the cot-lounge by an open window in his own cabin, screened by a red curtain from the rest of the room. Apart from the crackling of the logs everything was still; yet he felt that it was not the stillness of solitude—somebody was there. Through the window he looked up into a little patch of blue sky where a small white cloud was coquetting with a pine top. His head felt odd. He found that it was bandaged, but when he tried to lift it from the pillow it lifted all right. He began to remember with strange lapses what had happened: He must have hit against one of those sunken trees—somebody's arms—Snow White's—had been round him, holding him up. She had said: "Don't clutch me!" He could feel the waves strike his face. There he was, lying on the oil-clothed floor of the cabin of the tiny steamer that plied up and down the lake, surrounded by the alien faces of passengers, still with their valises and the air of those whose interest is reluctantly wrenched from the absorbing matter of their own arrival in time for dinner.

Somebody had remarked: "He's opened his eyes."

The red-faced captain was doing things to him that were disturbing. Then he was being half walked, half carried up the slope to his own door. By the smell of iodoform he must have been attended to here. What an infernal idiot he had been! The events of the night before rushed over him; he sat up straight, and parting the curtains looked out at the kind face of gray-pompadoured Mrs. Speir.

"Oh, Mr. Lanniston! Do lie down again," she entreated.

"Oh, I'm all right now. I've had a good nap," he said with a reassuring smile. "I think, if you don't mind leaving, I'll get up and dress."

"I hardly think you ought," she protested, but to his relief she rose. He felt some strange quality in the gaze she bent on him; it was as if she saw him through some other medium. "Of course I understand your hurry after—— Oh, Mr. Lanniston, what we all went through! Mr. Jones was looking through the spyglass—we were all down on the float watching the storm—and he saw your canoe capsize and Miss Page holding you up just as the steamer got there. Our hearts were in our mouths. That dear, brave girl! We all know what your feelings must be. Even when it's some one you don't care about, you'd feel—and when you do! I've been brushing out that beautiful hair of hers—it was so wet——" Mrs. Speir's light eyes dwelt tenderly upon him.

"Yes," said Lanniston. "It was so kind of you to stay here, but if you'll go now, Mrs. Speir——"

He heard her just outside his door, answering a newcomer. "Yes, the dear fellow, he feels it very deeply—— Yes, it is sweet, isn't it? His life belonging to her! Such a romance!"

"For Heaven's sake!" said Lanniston blankly, going out of earshot. In spite of his annoyance he grinned as he thought of the Brown One's comments as he told her. But Snow White had been fine: if he had a natural masculine wish that he had been her rescuer instead of she his, he quenched it instantly with disgust at himself.

But when he was dressed and started to walk somewhat shakily over to the Brownell cabin before the supper bell rang, he was aware of that curious new quality in the gaze of all the people he met, going and coming on the pathway, or sitting in groups on the low cabin steps. Conversation hushed as he approached. Some called out

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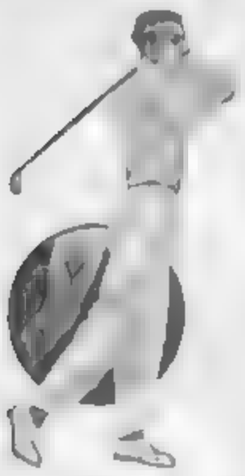

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congratulations, others only looked at him speakingly. The men turned their eyes away with affected ease. He grew hot. Impossible not to see that the wind of romance had whipped the camp mind into a seething tumult of sentiment as the gale had whipped up the waters of the lake. There was only one thing for him to do evidently. A tingling, uncomfortable sensation began to pervade Lanniston as he felt the cords that bound him, a sacrifice, even if a willing one, on the altar of love.

He went with renewed swiftness down the more solitary trail that led to the Brown One's cabin. He had fancied her waiting for him, but there was nobody there. Her uncle then had entirely recovered; they would be at supper.

The office of the camphouse, with its big, spark-showering log-fire, its low counter where the register lay, and its little post-office window, was filled with the usual before-supper crowd, the men in semi-sporting rig, the women with white sweaters or cloaks over their light gowns.

Outside, through the window, one saw between the white, gleaming trunks of the tall birches on the slope the tiny steamer pushing off with a spread of white foam into the dark waves, with a shaft of red sunset behind her. The Browneils were not there, but Miss Page was, dressed in white, as usual, talking to a girl beside her, shorter by many inches.

She was paler than was her wont, but as she caught sight of Lanniston a wave of crimson enveloped her from forehead to throat; her beautiful blue eyes, suffused with the consciousness of surrender, besought him not to take too great advantage of it.

Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair.

There was a hush, a lane seemed to make itself through the assemblage for the shamefaced Lanniston to reach her. Before that audience he felt like a fool as he stumblingly tried to express his deep gratitude. To his utter relief the doors behind him were soon thrown open; supper was announced, and the only conversation possible, that over intervening figures at the table, while he waited for the chairs at the other end to be filled.

"The Brownells are late tonight," he suggested at last.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" asked Mrs. Speir, surprised. "They went this morning with the doctor on the eleven o'clock boat to connect with the train—you can't get out of this place any later." She answered his look of astonishment. "The doctor thought Mr. Brownell should be taken at once to Boston in case an operation is necessary. They'll cable for his married daughter in Germany."

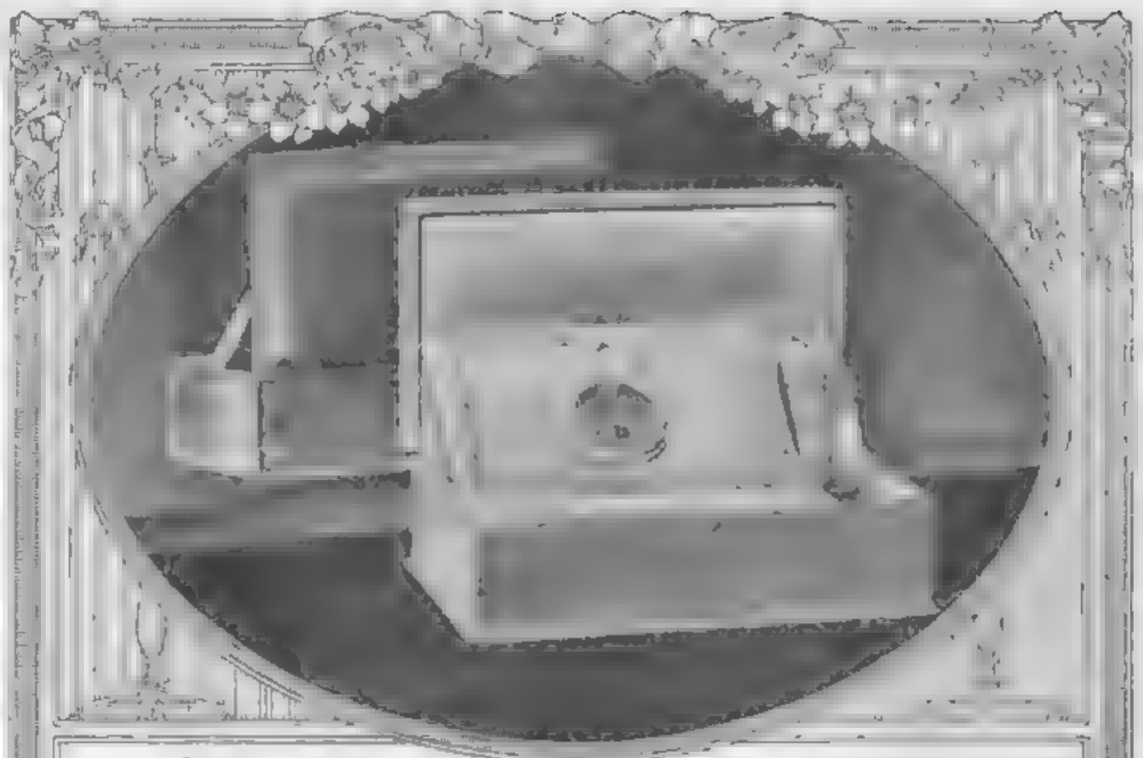
The Brown One had gone! Lanniston heard afterward that he had been very lively at the meal. Bitterness inexpressible surged over him. If this was the way a friend treated you—to go off and make no sign!

Of course it was only common decency to respond to the appeal she had made the night before, but after those intimate, stressful hours—why, if the man had been his own relative he couldn't have identified himself more with the Brown One's efforts. You gave without calculation, out of your own overflowing desire to help and comfort, and then you were cast off like an intrusion, an impertinence. And he had had his arms round her little figure the night before, and she had leaned on him. Bah! people in places like this, who came and went to serve their own ends, just used you as occasion demanded. They thought of you afterward just as somebody they had once met.

He laughed so loud, he talked so audaciously, that people at other tables turned round. Once he caught the expression on Snow White's face it had worn when she pushed away the child; she leaned over to speak to the ever-ready Talcott.

Yet there was something in Lanniston which he struggled against and couldn't subdue, a wild craving for the Brown One, the like of which he had never felt for any woman before. It took him unawares. It was the hunger one feels for the common, everyday, necessary things—for bread, or water, or air, or the pillow on which one lays his weary head.

He heard himself proposing a game of bridge for them all, three tables. "I'll see you later," he murmured to Snow White, pressing her firm, cool, beautifully shaped hand. The Brown One's soft little palm had melted into his.



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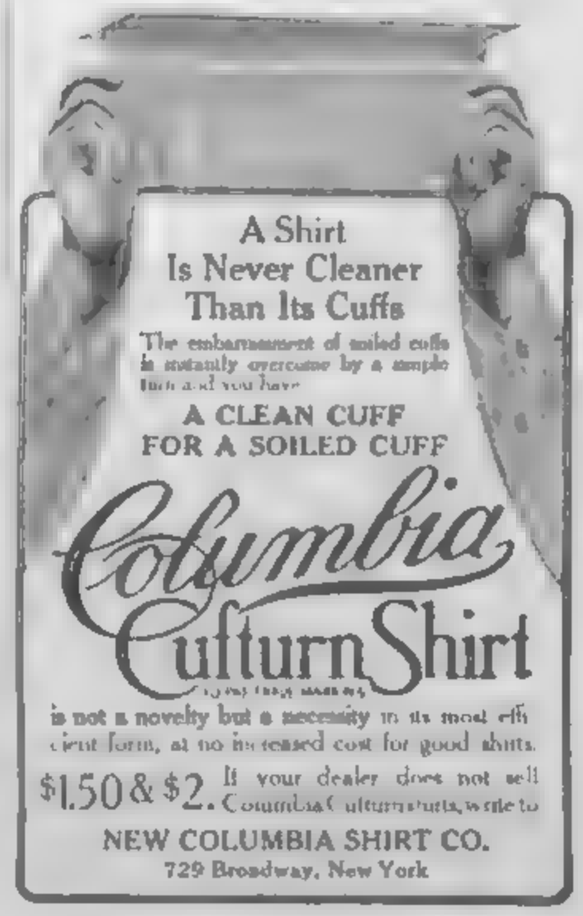

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As he was dashing out of the office the clerk's voice called him back:

"You didn't get your mail tonight, Mr. Lanniston. Miss Brownell left this for you."

In his cabin, with the door barred, he read it by the lighted lamp—only a few words, yet they breathed the soul of the Brown One in them. They bore the comfort of her touch, the lovely cadence of her voice, her laugh; her invisible presence radiated the spirit which makes the plainest face changelessly beautiful to the one who loves.

The tears came to Lanniston's eyes; he put his head down on his arms on the table boyishly.

When he rose there was a dancing light in them; he smiled as he looked at the address of the Boston hotel in the letter.

"They say you can't get out of this place at night, do they?" he murmured scoffingly, and strode from the cabin.

"Yes, there were two matches made up there last summer," Mrs. Speir announced to some friends. "Miss Page, of course, and Mr. Talcott—they have three magnificent homes. That young Lanniston felt terribly! He sent her a gorgeous wedding present. There was a great fuss about her saving his life, but the steamer would have done it anyway. That plain little Miss Brownell—you remember her, don't you, Mrs. Wells?—caught him on the rebound. I must say I feel sorry for her; he's flirted with every girl north of Washington!"

"They say that kind sometimes makes the best husbands," suggested Mrs. Wells, who was the wife of a popular man.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Speir.

Sunspots

FATHER RICARD, director of the observatory of the University of Santa Clara, is convinced that observation of sunspots furnishes a successful method of predicting weather more than a month ahead, and is predicting Pacific Coast weather on this basis. To what degree—if any—sunspots affect the weather on the earth is a burning question among astronomers; and Father Ricard is one of the firmest believers, for he contends that the spots not only affect the weather of the earth, but that spots located at certain points on the sun affect the weather of certain places on the earth.

It is the idea that the sunspots affect the magnetism in and round the earth and so set up disturbances that make themselves known by storms.

A sunspot goes round the sun in twenty-seven days. When a spot gets near the western edge of the sun weather disturbances may be expected along the Pacific Coast, Father Ricard has contended for some time. He now finds there are other points in the travels of the spot where it seems to affect Pacific Coast weather—the others being three days before the spot passes the center of the sun on the back, three days before it reaches the eastern edge of the sun on the back, and three days before it reaches the center line on the front.

His contentions have been answered by the argument that if a sunspot affects the earth's weather at all it must affect the weather of the whole earth and not one locality, for the spot can be seen as well on the Atlantic Coast as on the Pacific or in China. To this he recently replied with a table of his weather predictions based on sunspots for the early part of the past winter, and the Weather Bureau reports of Pacific Coast disturbances in the same period, to show the accuracy of his predictions.

The Newest Broom

STREET cleaning on the general principles of sweeping the parlor carpet is rapidly coming into use in Europe. In many cities various types of vacuum cleaners are being tried out. Most of them are motor vehicles—in which the motor operates the suction pump besides driving the car. In Milan a street sweeper almost like the ordinary carpet sweeper is being used. A revolving broom, five feet wide and four feet thick, revolves in an iron shell, which fits it closely except for the slot where the broom sweeps the pavement. The motor drives the broom round so fast that it creates a suction in the shell, sucking in dirt that is stirred up by the bristles. The dirt is then carried two-thirds of the way round the shell and thrown into a bin.

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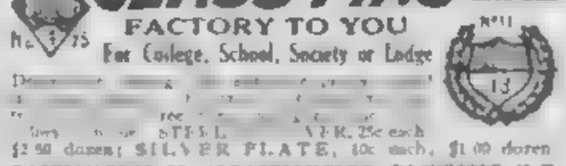

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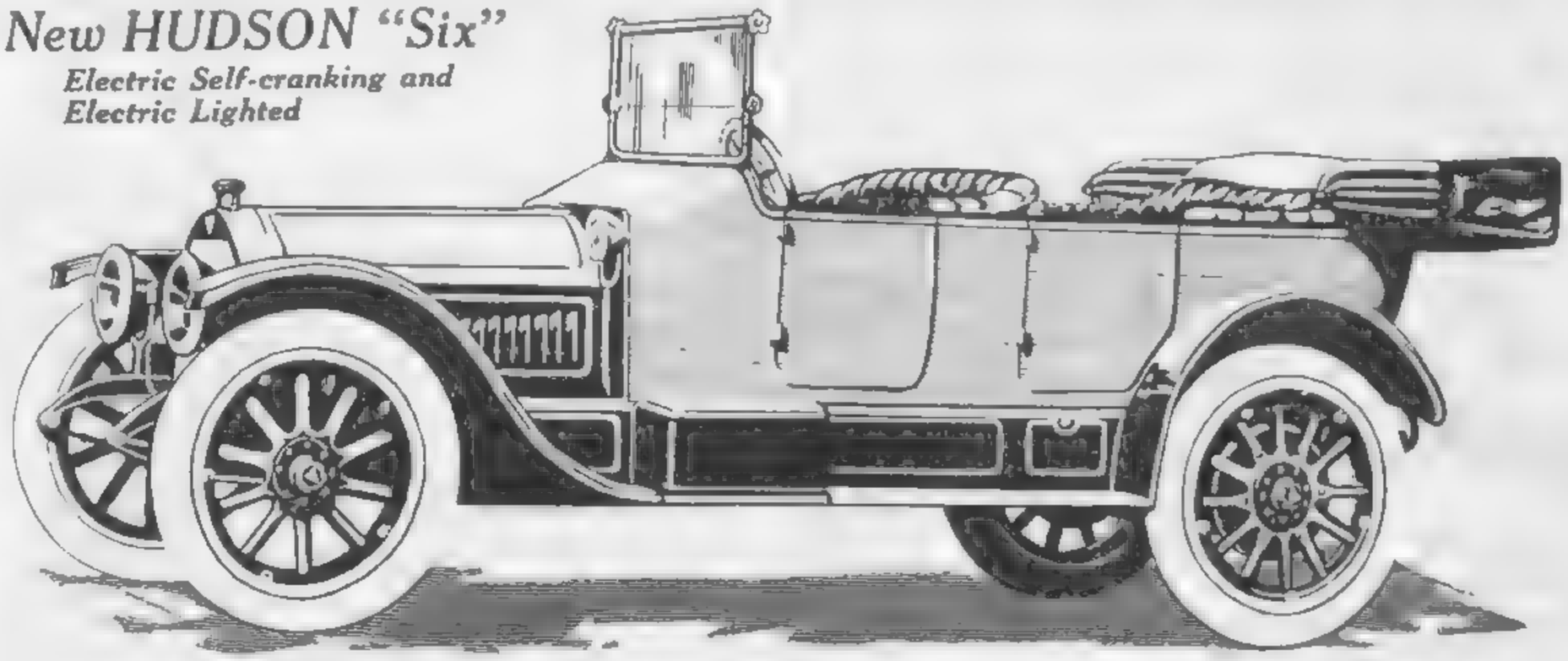

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It is possible for us to get a great deal out of these engineers under these conditions, because Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer, is an officer of the Hudson Motor Car Company and heads our Engineering Department. He has taught many of the principal automobile designers their first knowledge of motor car designing. Consequently he knows the qualifications of many of the best men and how best to use them.

When he started on a Six, he surrounded himself with the men who had done best in that line. They had worked on Sixes in America and Europe and under his direction they combined their experience and ingenuity so cleverly that the *New* HUDSON Six, while having been on the market less than a year, has resulted in our becoming the world's largest builders of six-cylinder cars.

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JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 25)

mask of hedonism you are yourself the Noseless One and your way leads to the Night. Hedonism has no meaning. It too is a lie—at best the coward's smug compromise ——"

"Now will I cap you!" the White Logic breaks in.

But, if you would not this poor life fulfill,
Lo! you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.

And I laugh my defiance; for now, and for the moment, I know the White Logic to be the arch-impostor of them all, whispering his whispers of death. And he is guilty of his own unmasking, with his own genial chemistry turning the tables on himself, resurrecting and making to sound again the old voice from beyond of my youth; telling me again that still are mine the possibilities and powers that life and the books had taught me did not exist.

And the dinner gong sounds to the reversed bottom of my glass. Jeering at the White Logic, I go out to join my guests at table and with assumed seriousness to discuss the current magazines and the silly doings of the world's day, whipping every trick and ruse of controversy through all the paces of paradox and persiflage. And, when the whim changes, it is most easy and delightfully disconcerting to play with the respectable and cowardly bourgeois fetishes and to laugh and epigram at the flitting god-ghosts and follies of wisdom.

The clown's the thing! The clown! If one must be a philosopher, let him be Aristophanes. And no one at the table thinks I am jingled. I am in fine fettle—that is all. I tire of the labor of thinking; and when the table is finished I start practical jokes and set all playing at games, which we carry on with bucolic boisterousness.

And when the evening is over, and good night is said, I go back through my book-walled den to my sleeping porch and to myself, and to the White Logic that, undefeated, has never left me. And as I fall to fuddled sleep I hear youth crying, as Harry Kemp heard it:

I heard Youth calling in the night:
"Gone is my former world-delight;
For there is naught my feet may stay.
The morn suffuses into day;
It dare not stand a moment still,
But must the world with light fulfill.
More evanescent than the rose,
My sudden rainbow comes and goes,
Plunging bright ends across the sky—
Yea, I am Youth, because I die!"

XXXVIII

THE foregoing is a sample roaming with the White Logic through the dusk of my soul. To the best of my power I have striven to give the reader a glimpse of a man's secret dwelling when it is shared with John Barleycorn. And the reader must remember that this mood, which he has read in a quarter of an hour, is but one mood of the myriad moods of John Barleycorn; and that the procession of such moods may well last the clock round through many a day and week and month.

My alcoholic reminiscences draw to a close. I can say—as any strong, chesty drinker can say—that all that leaves me alive today on the planet is my unmerited luck—the luck of chest and shoulders and constitution. I dare to say that a not large percentage of youths, in the formative stage of fifteen to seventeen, could have survived the stress of heavy drinking that I survived between my fifteenth and seventeenth years; that a not large percentage of men could have punished the alcohol I have punished in my manhood years and lived to tell the tale. I survived through no personal virtue, but because I did not have the chemistry of a dipsomaniac, and because I possessed an organism unusually resistant to the ravages of John Barleycorn. And, surviving, I have watched the others die, not so lucky, down all the long, sad road.

It was my unmitigated good fortune, good luck, chance—that brought me through the fires of John Barleycorn. My life, my career, my joy in living, have not been destroyed. They have been scorched, it is true; but, like the survivors of forlorn hopes, they have by unthinkably miraculous ways come through the fight to marvel at the tally of the slain.

And like such a survivor of old red war, who cries out, "Let there be no more war!" so I cry out, "Let there be no more poison-fighting by our youths!" The way to stop war is to stop it—the way to stop drinking is to stop it. The way China stopped the general use of opium was by stopping the cultivation and importation of opium. The philosophers, priests and doctors of China could have preached themselves breathless against opium for a thousand years, and the use of opium, so long as opium was ever accessible and obtainable, would have continued unabated. We are so made—that is all.

We have with great success made a practice of not leaving arsenic and strychnine, and typhoid and tuberculosis germs, lying round to destroy our children. Treat John Barleycorn the same way. Stop him. Don't let him lie round licensed and legal, to pounce upon our youth. Not of alcoholics or for alcoholics do I write, but for our youths, for those who possess no more than the adventure stings and the genial predispositions, the social man-impulses, which are twisted all awry by our barbarian civilization that feeds them poison on all the corners. It is the healthy, normal boys now born or being born for whom I write.

It was for this reason more than any other, and more ardently than any other, that I rode down into the Valley of the Moon, all ajingle, and voted for equal suffrage. I voted that women might vote, because I knew that they, the wives and mothers of the race, would vote John Barleycorn out of existence and back into the historical limbo of our vanished customs of savagery. If I thus seem to cry out as one hurt, please remember that I have been sorely bruised, and that I do dislike the thought that any son or daughter of mine or yours should be similarly bruised.

The women are the true conservators of the race. The men are the wastrels, the adventure lovers and gamblers; and in the end it is by their women they are saved. About man's first experiment in chemistry was the making of alcohol, and down all the generations to this day man has continued to manufacture and drink it. And there has never been a day when the women have not resented man's use of alcohol, though they have never had the power to give weight to their resentment. The moment women get the vote in any community, the first thing they proceed to do is to close the saloons. In a thousand generations to come men of themselves will not close the saloons. As well expect victims of morphine to legislate it out of existence.

The women know. They have paid an incalculable price of sweat and tears for man's use of alcohol. Ever jealous for the race, they will legislate for the babes of boys yet to be born; and for the babes of girls too—for they must be the mothers, wives and sisters of these boys.

And it will be easy. The only ones that will be hurt will be the topers and seasoned drinkers of a single generation. I am one of these; and I make solemn assurance, based upon long traffic with John Barleycorn, that it won't hurt me very much to stop drinking when no one else drinks and when no drink is obtainable. On the other hand, the overwhelming proportion of young men are so normally non-alcoholic that, never having had access to alcohol, they will never miss it. They will know of the saloon only in the pages of history, and they will think of the saloon as a quaint old custom similar to bull-baiting and the burning of witches.

XXXIX

OF COURSE, no personal tale is complete without bringing the narrative of the person down to the last moment. But mine is no tale of a reformed drunkard. I was never a drunkard and I have not reformed.

It chanced, some time ago, that I made a voyage of one hundred and forty-eight days in a windjammer round the Horn. I took no private supply of alcohol along; and, though there was no day of those one hundred and forty-eight days that I could not have got a drink from the captain, I did not take a drink. I did not take a drink because I did not desire a drink. No one else drank on board. The atmosphere for drinking was not present and in my system there was no organic need for alcohol. My chemistry did not demand alcohol.

So there arose before me a problem, a clear and simple problem: This is so easy. Why not keep it up when you get back

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on land? I weighed this problem carefully. I weighed it for five months in a state of absolute non-contact with alcohol. And out of the data of past experience I reached certain conclusions.

In the first place, I am convinced that not one man in ten thousand or in a hundred thousand is a genuine chemical dipsomaniac. Drinking, as I deem it, is practically entirely a habit of mind. It is unlike tobacco or cocaine or morphine, or all the rest of the long list of drugs. The desire for alcohol is quite peculiarly mental in its origin. It is a matter of mental training and growth, and it is cultivated in social soil. Not one drinker in a million began drinking alone. All drinkers begin socially, and this drinking is accompanied by a thousand social connotations such as I have described out of my own experience in the first part of this narrative. These social connotations are the stuff of which the drink habit is largely composed. The part that alcohol itself plays is inconsiderable when compared with the part played by the social atmosphere in which it is drunk. The human is rarely born these days who, without long training in the social associations of drinking, feels the irresistible chemical propulsion of his system toward alcohol. I do assume that such rare individuals are born, but I have never encountered one.

On this long, five-months' voyage I found that, among all my bodily needs, not the slightest shred of a bodily need for alcohol existed. But this I did find: my need was mental and social. When I thought of alcohol the connotation was fellowship. When I thought of fellowship the connotation was alcohol. Fellowship and alcohol were Siamese twins.

The East End of London, I read, or some one says—and, first of all, under my eyelids leap the visions of the shining pubs, and in my ears echo the calls for "Two of bitter!" and "Three of Scotch!" The Latin Quarter—at once I am in the student cabarets, bright faces and keen spirits round me, sipping cool, well-dripped absinthe, while our voices mount and soar in Latin fashion as we settle God and art and democracy, and the rest of the simple problems of existence.

In a pampero off the River Plate we speculate, if we are disabled, of running in to Buenos Aires, the Paris of America; and I have visions of bright congregating places of men, of the jollity of raised glasses, and of song and cheer and the hum of genial voices. When we have picked up the Northeast Trades in the Pacific we try to persuade our dying captain to run for Honolulu; and while I persuade I see myself again drinking cocktails on the cool *lanais* and fizzes out at Waikiki, where the surf rolls in. Some one mentions the way wild ducks are cooked in the restaurants of San Francisco, and at once I am transported to the light and clatter of many tables, where I gaze at old friends across the golden brims of long-stemmed Rhine-wine glasses.

And so I pondered my problem. I should not care to revisit all these fair places of the world except in the fashion I visited them before. Glass in hand! There is a magic in the phrase. It means more than all the words in the dictionary can be made to mean. It is a habit of mind, to which I have been trained all my life. It is now part of the stuff that composes me. I like the bubbling play of wit, the chesty laughs, the resonant voices of men when, glass in hand, they shut the gray world outside and prod their brains with the fun and folly of an accelerated pulse.

No, I decided; I shall take my drink on occasion. With all the books on my shelves, with all the thoughts of the thinkers shaded by my particular temperament, I decided coolly and deliberately that I should continue to do what I have been trained to want to do. I would drink—but oh, more skillfully, more discreetly than ever before. Never again would I be a peripatetic conflagration. Never again would I invoke the White Logic. I had learned how not to invoke him.

The White Logic now lies decently buried alongside the Long Sickness. Neither will afflict me again. It is many a year since I laid the Long Sickness away; his sleep is sound. And just as sound is the sleep of the White Logic. And yet, in conclusion, I can well say that I wish my forefathers had banished John Barleycorn before my time. I regret that John Barleycorn flourished everywhere in the system of society in which I was born, else I should not have made his acquaintance—and I was long trained in his acquaintance.

(THE END)

Ask your dealer about the famous "Berry Wagon." Three generations of children have delighted in it.

Make Varnish Problems Vanish

You can solve all your varnish problems quickly and satisfactorily with one of the many Berry Brothers' products—there's one designed especially for every varnish need

And the Berry Brothers' label represents 55 years of quality manufacturing, 55 years of development, 55 years of study and experiment. Our business is today the largest of its kind in the world solely because we have never deviated from the policy of the founders—"if it's Berry Brothers' it must be the best possible to make." You should be careful in selecting a varnish, no matter how small the job, for if the finish doesn't look well and last well, it's worse than none.

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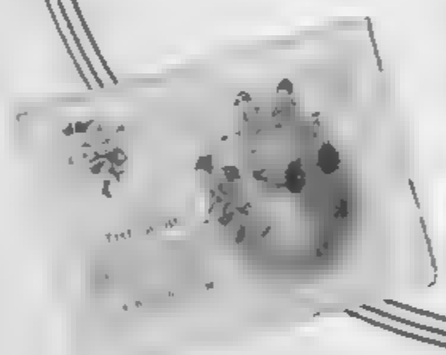
We issue a very interesting series of booklets, covering all varnishing and finishing problems. Write and tell us what you have in mind, and we'll send you the booklet you need—free. Berry Brothers' varnishes and varnish products are for sale by good dealers everywhere.



BERRY BROTHERS
Established 1858
Factories [illegible]
Branches [illegible]

"Around the H sold in a Berry H agon," charmingly illustrated in color by H. M. Daniker, the famous artist of children, sent free on request. The babies will enjoy it.

8,000 DEAN LOCKSTITCHED APRONS

TEN CENTS EACH Send us name of your dealer (who should keep *Dean Lockstitched Aprons and Rompers*) and 10c., and we will send you an embroidered ruffled apron. 10c. is for packing and postage only.

The W. H. Dean Co., 126 Everett Building, New York City
Dealers write for particulars. A Thousand Styles.

Kennebec
CANVAS COVERED CANOES
Easy to Handle—Light—Steady [illegible]
Steady and drawn [illegible]
KENNEBEC CANOE CO., 10 R. R. Sq., Waterville, Me.
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IF you were ever late for an engagement, or soiled the bosom of a clean shirt, because of fumbling with ordinary studs, you will send for this TRIAL MODEL. It is MAILED FREE to show the convenience of

LARTER SHIRT STUDS & LARTER VEST BUTTONS

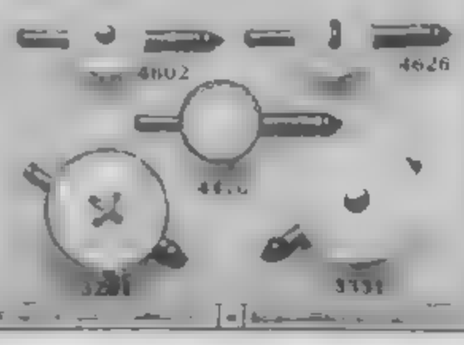
"Save time and worry for men in a hurry"

The Larter Shirt Stud enters eyelets or button holes instantly, and automatically adjusts and locks itself in stiff or negligee shirts.

It may be identified by the trade mark on the back. It is your guarantee that if an accident happens to the back, a new one will be given in exchange. [illegible] your jeweler.

Write for the Free Trial Model
and see how easily the Larter works.

Larter & Sons, 21 Maiden Lane, N.Y.
Manufacturing Jewelers



SWEEPER-VAC.

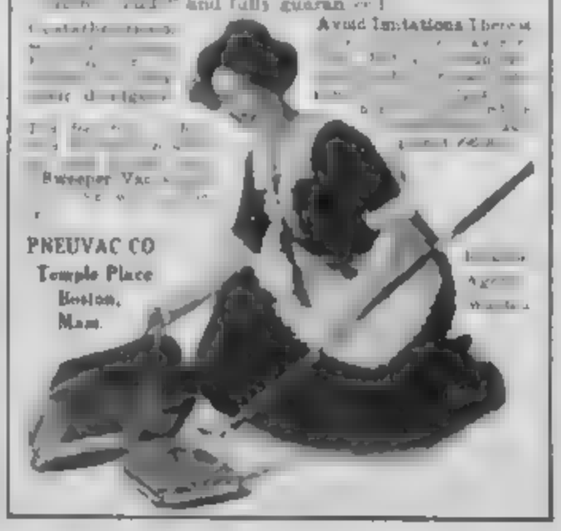
The Original Vacuum Carpet Sweeper

The *only vacuum sweeper in the world* that runs *in combination* a Real Vacuum Cleaner [illegible] a Real Carpet Sweeper with the possibility [illegible] each as an independent complete machine

The combination Sweeper-Vac gathers *all threads, lint, pins, matches, etc.*, and is guaranteed to remove *from a cupful to a quart of solid dirt* from any large rug *after* it has been beaten.

Our free trial offer allows you to prove these [illegible]

[illegible] Vac combination [illegible] machine is [illegible]" and fully guaran[illegible]

Avoid Imitations There is [illegible]

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PNEUVAC CO
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STAG TOBACCO

THE most INSTANTANEOUS success in the whole history of tobacco making.

In The 5¢ TIN

WHY?

The 5 Cent tin has absolutely solved the question of FRESH TOBACCO. It holds 18 smokes, just the right number to keep fresh until they are smoked up. A simple idea, but it is rapidly pushing dried-up tobacco off the map.

The FRAGRANCE-FLAVOR of Stag Tobacco has actually given a great, new pleasure to smoking. It is a delight not only to the smoker himself but to everyone who is near him.

The CONVENIENT TIN—it does not bulge the pocket.

We ask you to try Stag. Inside each 5 Cent tin is a guarantee of your money back if you want it.

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

"The Garter Trot"

It's a new dance caused by garters that fall and dangle around the legs.

Brighton Garters stay put; so wear the garter that wears the best.

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

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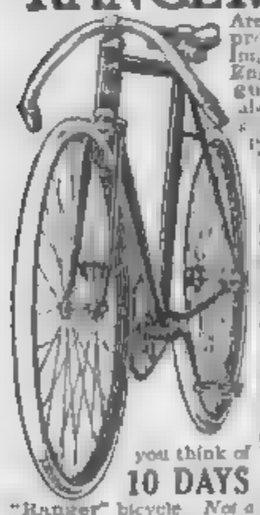
Contained in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 17

"RANGER" BICYCLES



Are equipped with puncture-proof [illegible] roller chain, [illegible] Enamels [illegible] guards [illegible] Wood Rims [illegible] *price offer* [illegible] to the first purchasers in 1913 models in each town. Write us today

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible] you think of buying any other bicycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL is allowed on every "Ranger" bicycle. *Not a cent in advance*, if you do not wish to keep it after riding it for 10 days and putting it to every test. Our "Ranger" bicycles are of such high quality, handsome appearance and low price that we are willing to ship to you *prepaid*, for your examination and trial, and leave it entirely to you whether you wish to keep it or not.

LOWEST PRICES Our great output, perfected methods and machinery enable us to offer you direct from the factory the best bicycle ever produced at a price that will be a *revelation to you*. Do not buy a Bicycle or a pair of Tires until you receive our large complete catalog and learn our direct factory price and *attractive new offer*.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list free.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town and locality to ride and exhibit 1913 Ranger [illegible] is furnished by us [illegible] Write at once for Catalog and a remarkable *special proposition* we will make [illegible]

TIRES, rear wheels with coaster brake, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Do not [illegible] a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-55, CHICAGO

AGENTS—EARN BIG MONEY
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[illegible] Sample box, 10c. [illegible] ful opportunity for live [illegible]

Comette Mfg Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

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For books that tell WHAT patents bring MOST MONEY, and WHY—send 10 cents postage to
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, 510, Washington, D. C. Established 1869

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: The general impression seems to be, as I write this, that the House tariff bill will be a blanket bill, embracing the whole question in one downward sweep, leaving Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, to figure out some way of getting even by means of an income tax, which is a task that will occupy the exclusive attention of Mr. Hull for some time, if I'm any judge. The matter may be proposed by schedules after all; but that isn't the plan at this time. Whether it is proposed by sections or in one bill, the fact that the intention originally was to propose it in a blanket bill merely emphasizes the local issue side of it all. You see, Jim, when you put the complicated tariff proposition forth in one chunk, so to speak, there exist certain opportunities to avoid the fierce glare on various schedules that would be noticed if such schedules stood out alone, instead of being more or less secreted among a tremendous mass of other schedules.

Do you get me? There is that lovely, involuted, convoluted and otherwise scrambled Schedule K, for example, which has to do, more or less intimately, with the subject of textiles—cloths, Jim, and the materials from which cloths and other commodities of a similar nature are constructed. And there, also, are the chemical schedule, and the iron and steel schedules, and many others that might be subject to closer scrutiny if they were proposed one at a time than if bundled together; whereupon it would be harder and much more difficult to satisfy the local-issue boys and fix things up for them, with everybody concentrating on a schedule at a time, instead of allowing the impartial view of the public to be distributed on the aggregated wisdom of the Ways and Means Committee.

The Tariff and the Senate

There is no politics in it—not a lick! At the same time there are certain exigencies, such as the boys from Texas and the West, who are not so keen about that wool thing; and the sugar boys, from the sugar states; and the peanut boys; and the cotton boys; and the lumber boys—and all the rest! They feel that the interests of the dear people can best be conserved by a masterly and continued discussion of the affair en bloc, as John Dalzell used to say; and they will mourn exceedingly if the schedules come out one at a time. It was for no lack of appreciation of the necessities of the situation that there was such a fight to get the whole tariff revision put into one big bill; and this is highly important—these statesmen up on the hill are not elected en bloc. They are elected by districts, and each district has something it desires protected, or something it desires to be on the free list that some other fellow's district wants protected; and, as can plainly be seen, the best way to harmonize these conflicting issues is to present them all at once, so there may be an opportunity for a little discreet and essential trading back and forth under cover of the mass of schedules.

However, whether the bill comes out in sections or as one bill, there won't be much difficulty in the House, where the Democrats have about one hundred and fifty majority. Jim Mann and Sereno E. Payne will weep bitterly now and then, but Underwood will get about what he has in mind. When the House sends the bill over to the Senate the real trouble will begin. There are about seven patriots over there who would much prefer, and for whom it would be much more convenient, to go down to unhonored graves, unwept and unsung, than to see sugar put in the free list, to say nothing of a tidy bunch of gentlemen who are in exactly similar case as regards wool and a few other commodities. They can do things under a rule in the House of Representatives; but in the Senate any sturdy person with a voice and a rudimentary knowledge of the English language—provided he is a senator—can hold up a tariff bill until the sheep come home—and will, unless the sheep come home with about fifteen per cent of duty

Make new walls and ceilings of BEAVER BOARD—and they will never crack.

THAT'S one great Beaver Board advantage over lath and plaster—and there are forty others.

Beaver Board is a pure-wood-fibre product—light, strong, clean and wholesome, firm and permanent.

It isn't a mere covering for walls [illegible] whole wall, except the timbers to which it is nailed.

The panels are nailed in position, then [illegible] and the decorative panel-strips put in position. That's all.

With plaster you build several walls, one over the other. First lath; then a coat of plaster; then another; probably a third; then wall-paper. It means delay, litter, confusion at every step—and a less attractive, less durable and less sanitary wall in the end.

Cover old walls and ceilings with BEAVER BOARD—and they'll be better than new.

BETTER, because they won't crack and deteriorate with age, are warmer, and resist the passage of sound.

Better looking, because the pebbled surface of Beaver Board is a perfect surface for painting in the soft, restful color effects so suggestive of good taste.

More sanitary—because the pure wood fi[illegible]

[illegible] modeling uses of Beaver Board are as important as its use in new buildings.

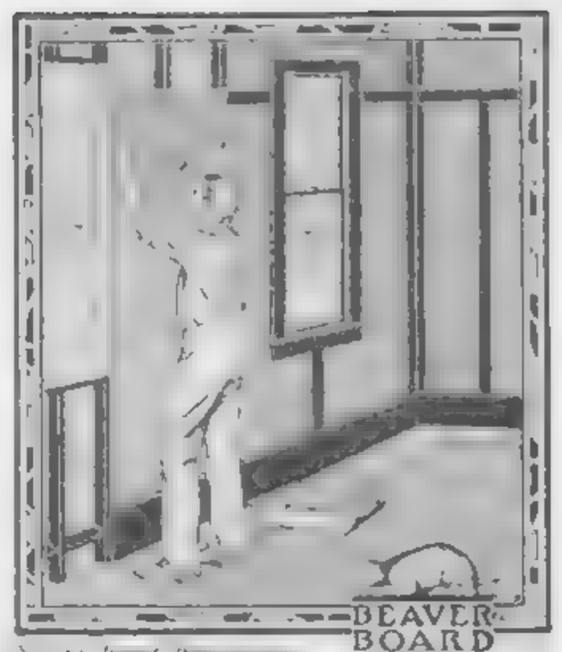
Helpful suggestions to meet your individual wall and ceiling problem will be gladly [illegible] our Designing Department with no obligation on your part.

Write for painted sample and "Beaver Board and its Uses," a book that shows by photographs of real rooms, the wide field of Beaver Board [illegible] supply, lumber, hardware and [illegible] and decorators, in ideas to meet all [illegible]

GENUINE BEAVER BOARD is patented and has [illegible] trade-mark on the back of each panel and sample. It has also a light cream color all the way through, that comes only in the use of sanitary, durable, PURE WOOD FIBRE. Insist on seeing both trade-mark and color before buying.

The Beaver Companies

United States:	104 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada	104 Wall Street, Beaverdale, Ottawa
Great Britain	4 Southampton Row, London, W. [illegible]



Beaver Board over an old plastered and [illegible] No more cracks and repapering [illegible] to give [illegible] not put on [illegible] the board is all up and painted.

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Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight. Very durable. All [illegible] Sizes from 7 to 8 in. Sent [illegible]

On receipt of $1.00. Money [illegible] Write for Panama Hat Style Book. Free.

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SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System [illegible] [illegible] —no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare moments [illegible] five hours each day. For booklet, write

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
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Every Mother Should Know About This Tapeless Blouse

YOUR boy's comfort demands it; your [illegible] it. Don't [illegible] a tape-strung [illegible] kind.

TAPELESS BLOUSE

The blouse without a string of any kind anywhere. [illegible] Amply cut and perfectly tailored of guaranteed *fadeless* materials. Collars soft or laundered, or neckband [illegible] your dealer's name and receive helpful booklet. Address

Schaffner Brothers
Cleveland, Ohio

Like a clean china dish

Our Contribution to the Pure Food Movement is the

LEONARD CLEANABLE
One-Piece-Porcelain Lined
REFRIGERATOR

It is immaculately clean. It is easily cared for. It is wholesomely sweet. It is absolutely sanitary.

Made of solid one-piece porcelain, indestructible and beautiful. A fitting addition to any clean home. 50 styles—prices from $18 up. Also a beautiful line of all porcelain refrigerators.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND ALLOW 30 DAYS [illegible] BACK IF UNSATISFACTORY. We [illegible] as Ohio or Mississippi Rivers. Send [illegible]

C. H. LEONARD, President
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
134 Clyde Park Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich. (5)

Spooning with Dad

THE parent is happier who sees his youngster eating and enjoying what he knows to be the right kind of food. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is that kind. The remarkably pleasant Kellogg flavor is enhanced by a dependable freshness. Kellogg's is so generally well-loved that it has a steady sale with every grocer and stale corn flakes are out of the question if they're Kellogg's, and not an imitation.

Nothing Succeeds Like Failure

is a better aphorism than that expression of smug complacency, nothing succeeds like success. It was what Tennyson meant by men rising on the stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.

Scarcely an autobiography of a successful man could be written—were he truthful—without a record of his failures.

But it's hard to make an honest confession of failure. That's why we think it is going to be hard to start our new page. For it will be called

Why I Failed

Some weeks ago a man had the courage to write for *The Country Gentleman* an article telling how he failed in the poultry business—of all things!

This looked to us like real news, so we published it: partly because we admired the man's honest courage, partly because we believed that failure breeds success.

Our mail ever since convinces us that we were right in both instances. A lot of our readers want to pin Carnegie medals on the chest of the author of the poultry-failure article; the rest of our readers are trying to show how he could have succeeded.

Hence the new department: *Why I Failed.*

We want stories of your failures.

Crops that grew and flourished, but yielded little; stock-raising projects that didn't turn a profit, dairy herds that turned out plenty of milk, but didn't pay; extensive plans that were intensive failures; orchard, garden, poultry or any other agricultural project that didn't turn out right on account of causes that you can explain.

If you can tell the reason for your failure, you will come pretty close to the true philosophy of the aphorism which heads this announcement.

We do not promise to publish all the contributions we receive for the *Why I Failed* department, but we will pay market prices for those we believe to be worthy of publication—because they will help others to success.

Address your communications to

Why I Failed Department

Independence Square **The Country Gentleman** Philadelphia, Penna.

P. S.—We don't want plain hard-luck stories.

on their wool. It's just beginning, Jim. We shall have the tariff with us until away along in the summer.

There is a marked decrease in the number of officeseekers to be observed in the lobbies of the big hotels, though some congestion is still noticeable in the sitting rooms of the lodging houses down the Avenue. It is currently reported that Postmaster-General Burleson had half an hour to himself in his office a few days ago; and Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, was able last Thursday to go to his dinner without being followed by sixteen candidates for comptroller of the currency. There's a job that seems to be the admired of all admirers! It is a neat little job—salary five thousand dollars a year; and it lasts for five years.

Of course somebody will get the job; and that will leave two hundred and seventy-three, or thereabout, original Wilson men—able though unemployed comptrollers of the currency—in the position, as regards Secretary McAdoo, of an old Ohio man I know, who has a grudge against General Charles H. Grosvenor.

The general was in Congress for twenty years from an Ohio district, and in the course of his ministrations to the wants of his constituents he provided a job as assistant doorkeeper at the Capitol for my friend. After a few years it became necessary for the general to remove his client from office, which he did. Whereupon, of course, the former doortender sat down moodily, lamented the decadence of the Republic, and paid particular attention to the deficiencies of Charles H. Grosvenor as a public servant, as a man, as a soldier and as a patriot. He had a lecture about Grosvenor that grew in length and bitterness as the years went on. Whenever he read or heard anything mean about any other man he appropriated the censure and stuck it into his lecture on Grosvenor.

A Shattered Precedent

Finally the general was beaten. He was retired from Congress; but his friends gave him a dinner and a chest of silver containing three hundred pieces as a token of their good will. Somebody happened along and told the former doortender about the gift.

"What's that?" he asked.

"They gave Charley Grosvenor a dinner last night and presented him three hundred pieces of silver."

"Huh!" said the old man. "They were liberal. That's ten times as many as they gave Judas Iscariot!"

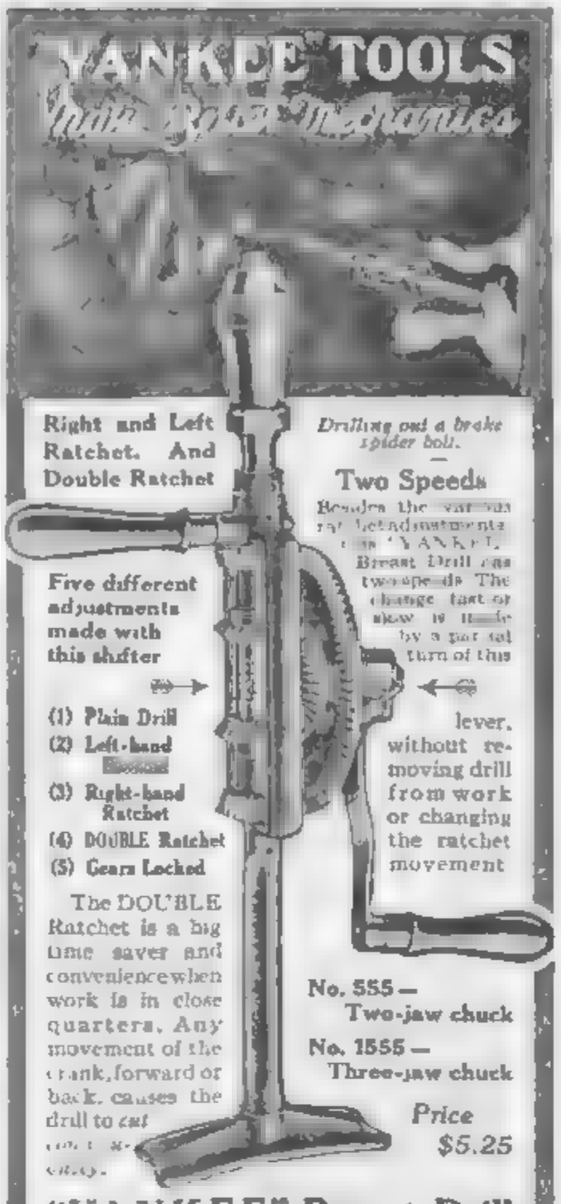
The Administration is gradually shaking down, and it won't be long before everything is going smoothly and no jars or grinding noises will be noticeable. Uncle Thomas Marshall is finding it hard to fit himself into his vice-presidential niche; but he is having the time of his life notwithstanding, and incidentally managing to get his name in the papers now and then. There are very few of our new crop of statesmen who know more about the gentle art of publicity than Uncle Thomas.

After he had been in office about a month he dropped over to see Josephus Daniels at the Navy Department. It was purely a social call, with a little politics on the side. Secretary Daniels, not being as yet an experienced cabineteer, received Uncle Thomas cordially, sat him down on one of the big leather couches that flank his desk, and conferred with him. Meantime George von Lengerke Meyer, who went out as secretary of the navy when Mr. Daniels came in, happened along; and when he saw the vice-president affably chatting with the secretary of the navy in the secretary's office, he raised his eyebrows and exclaimed sotto voce—do you assimilate that, Jim?—sotto voce: "Well! Well!" Which was quite a fervency of expression for the restrained and cultivated Mr. Meyer.

Various secretaries, bureau chiefs, rear-admirals and similar important persons exclaimed also. Then, after Uncle Thomas had finished his call, they had somebody lead him aside and tell him what he had done. It was simply frightful! He had broken an unwritten law, or convention, or precedent, or something, by calling on the secretary of the navy. You see, he ranks—isn't that great in the greatest Republic the sun ever shone upon?—he ranks a Cabinet member, and it is the duty of the Cabinet member to call on him. They told old Uncle Thomas he positively mustn't do it again, and he promised faithfully. Won't that make a hit in Columbia City, Indiana?

Yours wonderingly, BILL.

YANKEE TOOLS
with Yankee Ingenuity


Right and Left Ratchet. And Double Ratchet
Five different adjustments made with this shifter
(1) Plain Drill
(2) Left-hand
(3) Right-hand Ratchet
(4) DOUBLE Ratchet
(5) Gears Locked
Drilling out a broke spider bolt.
Two Speeds
lever, without removing drill from work or changing the ratchet movement
No. 555—Two-jaw chuck
No. 1555—Three-jaw chuck
Price $5.25

The DOUBLE Ratchet is a big time saver and convenience when work is in close quarters. Any movement of the crank, forward or back, causes the drill to *cut*

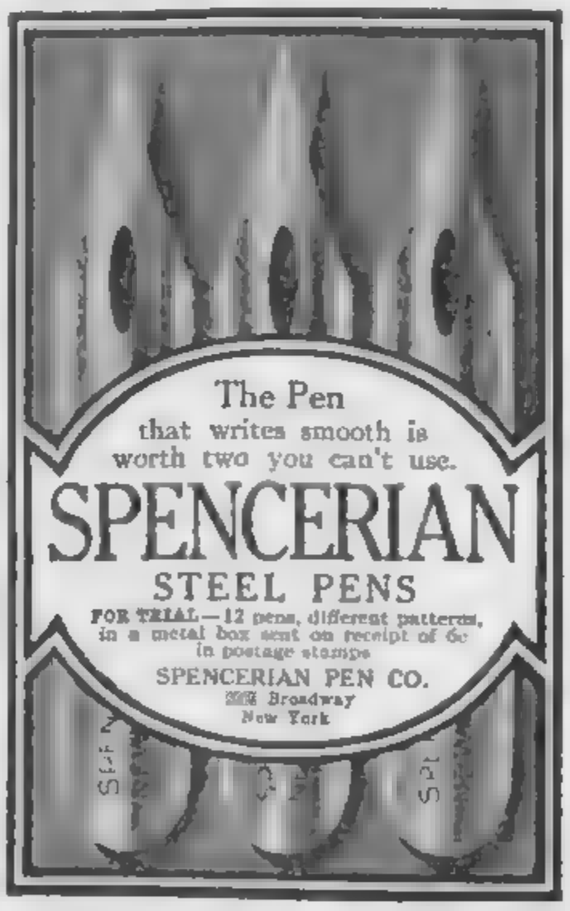
"YANKEE" Breast Drill

appeals to garage men and other up-to-date workers not only because of the time and labor it saves, as compared with any other tool for like purposes, but because *it works with splendid efficiency in ways and places where no other drilling tool can be worked at all*

Your dealer can supply you

AUTOMOBILISTS—Write for booklet, "'YANKEE' Tools in the Garage". Mechanics and Householders—Write for "'YANKEE' Tool Book"

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia


The Pen
that writes smooth is
worth two you can't use.
SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS
FOR TRIAL—12 pens, different patterns, in a metal box sent on receipt of 6c in postage stamps
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
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HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

Give **Grenville Kleiser**, (former Yale Instructor), fifteen minutes of your time daily at home and he will teach you by mail how to make after-dinner speeches, propose toasts, tell stories, make political speeches, address board meetings; his Mail Course will help salesmen sell more goods, develop power and personality, improve memory, increase vocabulary, give poise and self-confidence; it will help a man earn more, achieve more. "Your Course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms," says JOSEPH P. DAY, New York's foremost auctioneer.

Price advances soon—write *to-day*, and get full free particulars by Mail.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 780, New York

"No Hot Work at all, I cooked the entire dinner in my *Rapid* Fireless Cooker"

30 Days' Trial—

THOUSANDS of men work in offices and shops equipped with electric fans, push buttons, cash registers and other time and energy saving machines, yet never give a thought to the saving of time and strength in the daily grind of their own hot, stuffy kitchens. But every man is "right on the job" when it's a question of the *taste* of home cooking and the *size* of home bills.

I will guarantee to improve the taste and goodness of all your food, cut down meat and grocery bills—save a big slice of your monthly fuel or gas bill—and make the kitchen work lighter, cooler, shorter. I guarantee to do this if you will let me put my RAPID Fireless Cooker in your kitchen for a month's trial. *Cooker removed at my expense and money back, if you say so, after 30 days' trial.* Meats, vegetables, desserts, chili sauce, jams and all preserves taste infinitely better cooked in a RAPID Fireless Cooker than *cooked away* on the stove. All the natural, nutritious juices and relishing flavor are kept *in* the food, not boiled or baked *out*. And no *long hot work*. No bending over a *baking* oven.

Voluntary letters from RAPID users claim that the RAPID has reduced gas bills 50 to 75 per cent. This is particularly true where the family depends upon extravagant cooks and maids. We have these letters on file and will gladly send copies to you.

RAPID cooking keeps the kitchen cool, cuts the work of preparing dinner in half. Nothing burns, wastes, spoils, boils over, dries up, is under or over done in a RAPID. Remember, this is *not theory*, but the *actual daily experience* of 150,000 families who are now using my—

Cut Down Meat and Grocery Bills

Rapid Fireless Cooker

DELIVERED ON MY STRICT MONEY-BACK OFFER

The RAPID is the fastest, most dependable cooker possible to build. It roasts, bakes, steams, stews, boils and fries. *For preserving alone* the RAPID pays for itself in a single season, besides reducing the work to the *minimum*. Such delicious jams, fruits, canned vegetables and pickles were never put up by the old exposed boiling method. Strawberry jam cooked in the RAPID has all the exquisite, fine flavor of fresh picked fruit; all fruit cooked in this way retains its natural, full, plump shape, aroma and color.

Instead of paying 10 and 15 to 25 cents a can next winter for fruit and vegetables, put them up at home in the RAPID without any extra trouble or hot work, when all produce is at its best and cheapest—just as the big establishments do—at a cost of 3 to 4 cents a can.

Don't fail to send now for my Free Books on Cooking and Preserving. My book on Preserving is a revelation to the housewife.

I sell direct from factory to home. This month my *May Sale* offers a special *Big Saving* on regular factory prices. If in a hurry don't wait for catalog. Order now. May Sale Price, Three Compartment Cooker, the size we recommend, $12.85. You run no risk of disappointment. My guarantee protects you fully.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY, 172 Addison St., DETROIT, MICH.

The RAPID is a big, clean-built, handsome, durable cooker, equipped FREE with extra sized cooking outfit of Wear-Ever Aluminum Utensils. All cooking compartments and covers lined with the famous Wear-Ever pure aluminum, which cannot rust or corrode. (Regular retail price of these famous trade-marked utensils $4.00.)

Get My FREE Books on Cooking and Preserving

For Summer Homes, Seaside Cottages, the Camp, Houseboat, Country Home, Farm or Ranch, the RAPID is the economical and logical cookstove. A single burner oilstove, or a campfire, and a RAPID will cook a big dinner perfectly—cook it while you are gone fishing or golfing.

Special May Sale

Big Saving on Regular Factory Prices.

Model B
$50

The Cash Register of the Automobile

The most economical and practical accessory you can put on your automobile is an accurate, expense checking and ever watchful Stewart Speedometer. And here are the economical reasons:

Automobile manufacturers, tire manufacturers, big store owners with fleets of trucks, the large taxicab companies all agree that from 60 to 75 per cent. of all car upkeep goes for tires. The tremendous wear caused by weight, speed, gravitation and motive force is spent on the tires of your car. How much mileage have you been getting from your tires? How can you tell without a speedometer odometer?

Stewart Speedometer

MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

The most popular Speedometer in the world

The big secret of low car upkeep is in selecting the toughest, sturdiest and longest wearing tires, and accurately checking their mileage—by a Stewart Speedometer.

There are tires and tires. Some are guaranteed for 3,500 miles; some are guaranteed for 5,000 miles. Some are guaranteed for 25% additional mileage—some for 30% and 40%. There are guarantees of all sizes and kinds.

But if your car is not equipped with a Stewart Speedometer you must make your tire adjustments purely by guess work. You merely get tires—not tire mileage. You would not buy gasoline except by standard measure—why then buy your tires by guess work?

The Stewart Speedometer is a standard measure of all tire mileage.

Millions of tires are being bought by hundreds of thousands of car owners only after a studied, intelligent and persistent consultation of the odometers on their Stewart Speedometers. The Stewart is a guarantee of tire guarantees faithfully lived up to.

If your car is equipped with a Stewart you will at once note a wonderful change of attitude by the tire people when it comes to making tire adjustments.

And the efficiency and economy of the Stewart Speedometer does not stop with tires. It keeps an accurate, money-saving tab on gasoline and oil consumption. A tab on gasoline and oil consumption means a check on the efficiency of your motor. In fact, practically every item of your automobile operating expenses can be checked right from the mileage figures showing on the dial of your Stewart Speedometer.

At the same time consider what waste a cheap, unreliable, inaccurate speedometer can effect. It is worse than a faulty cash register.

In tire, gasoline, or oil expense a Stewart Speedometer will pay for itself in no time. It positively and unfalteringly registers every variation of speed from the lowest to the highest. The accuracy of its trip and season registrations are sworn to by the transcontinental route finders, the route markers in the big national reliability runs and the leading automobile map makers.

The Stewart is built like the finest watch. It is made on the famous magnetic principle. It is built in the largest exclusive speedometer factories in the world.

You should also know that Stewart accuracy and its protection against interfering atmospheric conditions is guaranteed by the fact that each instrument is compensated. If you buy any other are you sure it will retain its accuracy? Over 400,000 of this year's cars will be equipped with magnetic speedometers. We are the sole makers of the magnetic type.

The trip part of the odometer is an absolute necessity in touring and following road maps. The Stewart odometer can be reset at any time to any tenth of a mile, permitting you to make side trips or ride about town and then set your odometer from where you left off and resume your trip. There is a great pleasure in knowing the speed of your car. It saves you from fines and arrests. More important than your watch.

By all means see that your new car is equipped with a Stewart. Remember the economy it will effect. Insist on it; you will save money. If you do not have a Stewart on your present car, arrange for an exchange at once. Find out if your upkeep costs are right.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory, 1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

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Dreams of the Past

The hard work of house-cleaning, dusting and polishing becomes a dream of the past when you have an

O-Cedar Polish Mop

It puts an end, forever, to the constant getting down on your hands and knees and back-breaking stooping to clean, dust and polish hardwood floors. And no more stretching to dust the tops of doors, the tops of tall furniture, open rafters, the mouldings, etc. Neither do you have to crawl under the bed to dust. Or sit on the stairs to dust the steps or banisters one by one.

Try—Test It—At Our Risk

Simply deposit $1.50 with your dealer with this understanding: if the O-Cedar Polish Mop is not satisfactory to you in every respect after a two days' trial your money will be refunded without a question. Put it to every dusting, cleaning and polishing test. Sent prepaid, upon receipt of price when not at dealers.

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